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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AN INDIAN ENCAMPMENT

From the Water-colour Drawing by Frederick S. Challener

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1913 No. 1

THE GLORY OF THE "SHANNON"

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

PRINTS PUBLISHED BY COURTESY OF MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON

FOR those faint hearts who fear that Britain is doomed to speedy decline, no better tonic could be prescribed than reading of naval history of the Great War. From 1792 to 1815, Britain was fighting for bare life; she saved herself and she saved Europe by her unconquerable fleet. Everyone knows Nelson's name and the fame of Trafalgar and the Nile; but in those great and gallant days, there were a thousand little battles which have passed into oblivion.

For more than twenty years British ships of war of all ratings were fighting almost daily in every sea. From the Poles to the Tropics, by day and night, at all seasons, in fair weather and storm, they were chasing their foes, or circling about them in black powder smoke, or hammering away yard-arm to yard-arm, or firing as they ran, or flinging the bare-foot boarders stripped to the waist and cutlass in hand on the hostile decks in final desperate assault. But who knows, or care how the *Junon* beat off fifteen gunboats in Hampton Roads, or how the *Unicorn* ran down the *Tribune* in a chase of two hundred and ten miles, or how the *Amelia* battered the *Aréthuse* in the tropic moonlight, with the muzzles of their guns almost touching? Such fighting will never be seen again. It passed with days of sail; but the tradition is alive in the King's ships—dreadnought, cruiser, torpedo-boat, and submarine—of the present day. The tale may be read at length in the neglected chronicle of James. There is not a page in it but is calculated to foster pride of race and admiration for mere human courage and devotion to duty.

Of all these sea-duels, the most famous and memorable is the brief and terrible encounter between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake,* off Boston lighthouse, a hundred years ago. It is remembered and it deserves to be remembered for many reasons. Since Trafalgar, British ships had been regarded as invincible. The war of 1812 began with a series of unexpected reverses at sea. Britain heard with incredulity, rage, and gloom that British captains had lowered their flag to the despised Yan-

From an engraving by Williamson

CAPTAIN LAWRENCE

Commander of the United States Vessel the CHESAPEAKE

kees. The *Guerrière* and *Java* had struck to the *Constitution,* and the *Macedonian* to the *United States.* Our ancestors felt as we felt when we learned that a British regiment with arms in their hands had surrendered in the field to a ragged Boer commando. Nothing could efface such black shame. Although these single-ship actions had no effect whatever upon the course and upshot of the war, their results depressed the British unduly and naturally and justly elated the Americans. The British frigates were unlucky beyond doubt, but the Americans deserved to win because they had bigger, better-built ships, because they paid more attention to gunnery, because they were bold and skilful seamen, and because they adopted the favourite British tactics of dashing attack and close action, while foreigners preferred the safer game of long bowls. As Lucas pertinently remarks, war is not knight-errantry, but business, and the surest way to defeat your enemy is to attack him in superior force.

Nowhere outside of England was the course of the Great War followed with more eager interest than in the good old city of Halifax. In and out of the harbour passed famous ships which had fought under Nelson, and in the garrison had been quartered historic regiments which were to win fresh laurels in the Peninsula or at Waterloo. Officers of the army and navy mingled with Halifax society and married Halifax girls. De Quincey has told how the mail coaches carried the news of victory down from London. "Oh, those were days of power, gallant days, bustling days, worth the bravest days of chivalry at least." When the news of a victory reached Halifax, the merchants hired a military band to play patriotic marches and loyal tunes on the roof of the market building, while they drank

THE CHESAPEAKE (ON RIGHT) COMING ALONGSIDE THE SHANNON

success to British arms in their reading-room opposite. The whole town would be illuminated and parties of young people would stroll about admiring the effect of windows full of candles. When the *Guerrière* was lost, the whole city was plunged in gloom.

According to local tradition, the famous fight begun in Mr. William Minns's book-shop, opposite the Parade. An old Haligonian remembered Captain Broke coming in with a walking-stick in his hand and his epaulets setting firmly but carelessly on his shoulders, and saying, "Well, Minns, I am going to Boston." Boston Bay, between Cape Ann and Cape Cod, was a favourite cruising ground, for into that funnel poured a great deal of American commerce. Broke further told Mr. Minns that he intended "to challenge the Constitution." He had been a frigate commander for eighteen years and had never encountered an enemy's vessel of the same class. Mr. Minns ventured to think that the *Shannon's* eighteen-pounders would have no chance with the *Constitution's* twenty-four-pounders. Broke replied that he intended to fight yard-arm to yard-arm and to depend on the devotion of his three hundred men, "each of whom, will, I know, follow me to the death, and stand by me to the last." He would trust more to boarding than to the calibre of his guns. If this ancient Haligonian's memory served him aright, Broke had decided on his tactics before he left port. The *Shannon* was already famous for her many captures and for her captain's foible of giving his share—always the lion's share—of the prize money to his crew. By such treatment, by firm discipline, and by constant gun-drill, Broke had made his frigate perhaps the most effective fighting machine of her class in the navy.

THE CHESAPEAKE FALLING AWAY FROM THE SHANNON

Why did Broke mention the *Constitution* in his chat with Mr. Minns? He had many reasons for wanting to fight this particular frigate. Every post-captain in the navy was burning to wipe out the disgrace of the surrenders. "We must catch one of those great American ships . . . and send her home for a show," Broke wrote to his wife. But he had, I venture to think, a special reason for naming the *Constitution*. That vessel had defeated and taken two British frigates and Broke was a member of the court-martial held on young Captain Dacres for losing his ship. The court-martial was held on board H.M.S. *Africa*, a Trafalgar ship, in Halifax harbour. Only a naval officer can appreciate Broke's feelings. To sit in judgment on a brother in arms, whose sword has been taken from him, to know that your verdict may ruin his career is a severe ordeal. Dacres was freely blamed as a young and inexperienced officer in giving up his ship too soon. A Boston *canard* stated that he had fought two duels in consequence of his inglorious surrender. The facts are he was the first to own defeat, and he was unlucky. He fought his ship until every mast went over the side and the *Guerrière* was wallowing, an unmanageable hulk, in the trough of the sea. It was impossible to work her main-deck guns, the sea swilled through the open ports, and the *Constitution* simply chose her own position where not a gun of the *Guerrière* could reach her and proceeded at her leisure to pound her helpless enemy to splinters. Dacres himself was wounded and seventy-seven out of his crew of three hundred men were struck down before he gave in. It is difficult to see what else he could have done. None the less to lose one's ship for whatever reason is black disgrace. There are no excuses in the navy.

THE CHESAPEAKE SURRENDERING TO THE SHANNON

On March 13th, 1813, the *Shannon* and her sister ship, the *Tenedos*, weighed anchor, and, two towers of white sail, glided magnificently down the harbour past George's and Thrum Cap to the open sea. They went to cruise in company off Boston Bay, where homing prizes flocked thickest. Their business and duty was commerce-destroying; but what they hoped for was a battle with a couple of the four American frigates refitting in that port. They were to catch as many of the enemy's merchantmen as they could, make prisoners of their crews, and send the captured vessels with the minimum number of British sailors to navigate them to Halifax, there to be adjudged in the court of vice-admiralty. Prizes meant prize-money, and "dashing in coaches," so service in frigates was much more popular than in the great three-deckers, the lumbering sea-waggons, whose business was to fight in a line with the like ships of the foe. Why frigates hunted in couples is obvious. One could support the other with her guns and boats, if engaged near land and render aid if her consort in chase should get on shore. For more than two months the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* plied their trade, overhauling luckless merchantmen and bringing them to, or beating out to sea with scanty canvas when the cold easterly gales with rain and snow would force them on shore. The *Shannon* took some twenty-five prizes, which were destroyed because Broke would not weaken his crew by sending men off in them. The only exceptions he made were vessels belonging to Halifax, re-captures and the property of British subjects, but he begrudged a single one of his three hundred who "would follow him anywhere." He needed them all to work the ship and fight the guns.

On the first of May, the *President* and *Congress* eluded the vigilance of the British cruisers and, favoured by

TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO HALIFAX HARBOUR

the fog, got out to sea. Of the two that remained in harbour refitting, the *Chesapeake* was nearly ready for a cruise by the end of the month. Broke took a course which recalls the palmy days of chivalry. He sent Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* a formal challenge to come out and fight him ship to ship. It is as courteous as an invitation to dinner or to spend a month at Brokehall. He gives the number of his crew and of his guns. He mentions that he is short of provisions and water. He has detached the *Tenedos,* so no British ship will interfere with the duello. This amazing letter begins: "Sir,—As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the *Shannon* with her and try the fortune of our respective flags." It ends, "Choose your terms —but let us meet." This was not the only instance of a British captain trying to obtain "the satisfaction of a gentleman," in those days when a case of hair-triggers found a place in their portmanteaus as naturally as their razors. Sir John Yeo, of the *Southampton,* challenged Porter, of the *Essex,* and Parker, of the "bold *Menelaus,*" "sent a message" to Mallet, of the *Atalante,* of the same tenor as Broke's. There seems to be some doubt whether or not Lawrence received the letter. At all events, he acted as if he had.

In the captain of the *Chesapeake,* Broke had a foeman worthy of his steel. Physically he was a giant, as a fighting captain he was bold and successful. Only a short time previously, in the *Hornet,* he had defeated the *Peacock* by the same methods that had proved so effective in other single ship actions, dashing attack, good seamanship, and first-class gunnery. His word to his crew just before the fight began was "*Peacock* her." His ship was as fit as the ship-wrights and rig-

gers could make her. He had a picked crew. No vessel ever went into a fight with better chances of success. On this beautiful June day she began to spread her canvass at noon and, as light airs prevailed, set all her sails, even her stunsails, and proceeded slowly down the bay, a stately white cloud, with three large American flags rifling from her rigging and a broad banner at the fore inscribed, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade." Under shortened sail the *Shannon* tacked to and fro, waiting for her adversary to close. Only one British flag flew at her mizzen. "Mayn't we have three ensigns, sir, like she has?" a sailor asked. "No," said Broke, "we have always been an unassuming ship." A number of pleasure-boats followed the *Chesapeake* down the harbour to see the fight, and a dinner was prepared in Boston to celebrate the victory.

In those days of sail, there were two well recognized kinds of tactics. One was to open fire at extreme range, keep away, and aim at the rigging of the hostile ship in the hope of knocking away a spar and so render her unmanageable. The other was desperate "in-fighting," laying your ship as close as possible to the foe, grappling with him, and turning the sea-fight into a land fight by invading his decks with a rush of boarders. This was the favourite British method and the battle of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* is a classic example of it.

It took all afternoon for the *Chesapeake* to reach the *Shannon*. At ten minutes to six the fight began, and all was over by five minutes past. This most famous fight lasted just a quarter of an hour.

You are to imagine the two fine frigates drifting slowly nearer and nearer in the lovely June weather, both heading east and sailing on parallel lines On both, every gun is loaded and run out; around each gun is grouped each gun crew, all along the low, dim perspective of the main-deck; the powder-monkeys are ready to carry cartridge from the magazine; cutlasses and boarding-pikes are laid out for the boarders; down in the cock-pit, the surgeon and his mates are waiting with lint and bandages, saws and knives for the first wounded man who will be carried down to them. Naval gunnery was not a fine art in the old days. The *Shannon's* main-deck guns were loaded alternately with two round-shot or with one round-shot and one grape, all along her broadside. Imagine, if you can, the effect of these missiles fired into a wooden ship, at pistol-shot range, when you could see the faces of the men you fired at.

Broke had made his little speech before action to the *Shannons* from the quarter-deck. They were "to kill the men." "Go quietly to your quarters and don't cheer," he ended. The *Chesapeake* was now close; her crew gave three cheers; but it was "still" all over the British ship. As the bow of the overtaking *Chesapeake* reached slowly past the stern of the *Shannon,* the captain of the fourteenth gun pulled his lanyard, the gun roared and the shot was observed to strike near the enemy's second port. Then a bow-gun spoke; then the rest as fast as they could be fired, but there were only two broadsides fired. Now Broke's gun-drill told, and the effect of the well served guns at close range was deadly. The two frigates were shrouded in smoke. Slowly the head of the *Chesapeake* turned away and her stern ground along the *Shannon's* side towards the bow until she was checked by the fluke of the *Shannon's* anchor catching in the *Chesapeake's* quarter port. In this position she was raked by the British guns.

This was the critical moment of the fight. The *Shannon's* boatswain William Stevens had fought under Rodney in the Battle of the Saints and was now nearly sixty years of

age. As the ships scraped, he went over the side and began to lash them together. He had his left arm hacked off by repeated sword-cuts and he was mortally wounded by musketry, but his lashings held long enough to make a bridge for the boarders. Broke, who had run forward, saw the Americans flinching from the quarter-deck guns, and calling, "Follow me who can!" stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail to the *Chesapeake's* aftermost cannonade and so to her deck, with about twenty men from the forecastle. He had ordered the main-deck boarders and quarter-deck men to be called away, but he did not wait for them. Not a man or an officer was to be seen and the British swept forward over the bloody deck. At the gangways there was some slight resistance but the Americans were driven below, or they flung down their arms. Never was speedier triumph.

Two unlucky incidents took place almost at the same instant, at the opposite ends of the captured ship. The boarders had swept the deck clear of the foe in a few breathless minutes, and reached the forecastle. Here the Americans threw down their weapons. Broke placed a sentry over them and turned to give orders to fire into the *Chesapeake's* main-top, when three of the Americans who had surrendered, snatched weapons from the deck and rushed at him. The sentry's shout warned him of his danger. He wheeled about, parried the midmost man's pike thrust and wounded him in the face, but one of his comrades stunned Broke with the butt-end of a musket and the other laid his head open with a cutlass. His assailants were at once cut down by the furious *Shannons*, but the wounded captain was never the same man again.

As the first lieutenant Watt followed Broke over the side with the quarter-deck boarders, he was shot in the foot and fell on his knee Quickly rising he gave orders to fire one of the *Shannon's* six-pounders into the mizzen-top, whence he had received his wound. According to Dr. Akins, a sailor had run on board with a small British flag on a boat-hook. With his own hand, Watt lowered the Stars and Stripes from the mizzen-peak and bent on the British flag. In the tangle of colours and halliards, he bent on the British flag *below,* instead of *above,* the American, and when he began to haul the two up, the American was uppermost. To the men of the *Shannon* peering through the thick smoke, this could have only one meaning, and they fired at the dim figures on the quarter-deck with deadly aim. A grape-shot carried away the top of Watt's head and killed four or five of the men with him. Then the flags were hoisted properly. The Americans below surrendered and the fight was done.

Two broadsides and a swift rush of boarders and the battle was over. Before the following yachts could realize what had happened, the American crew were in the very hand-cuffs they had laid out on the deck for the British, and the two frigates were making sail for Halifax. This was the most murderous fight in the long annals of single-ship actions. The victorious *Shannon* lost eight-three killed and wounded and the *Chesapeake* one hundred and forty-six. Almost one man out of every three engaged was struck down.

Sunday, June 6th, 1813, was a very beautiful day in Halifax, a day long remembered. During the morning service, some one came into St. Paul's, whispered to a friend in the garrison pew and hastily left the church. An observer thought of fire and followed him. Soon the church was empty. All the city were on the wharves and house-tops cheering like mad a procession of two frigates coming slowly up the harbour past George's Island. The first was a

From the Painting by Lane

SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE

Captain of the British frigate Shannon, which captured the American vessel Chesapeake and took her into Halifax Harbour.

"little dirty black ship," said Aunt Susan Etter who saw them with her own eyes as a girl of thirteen, "and the other was a big fine ship." The first was the *Shannon,* her paint sadly weathered by three months cruising and the second was her prize the *Chesapeake* still fresh and glittering, from the Boston shipyard. As they passed, the spectators observed that the decks were being swabbed and that the scuppers were running red. The bands played and the ships in harbour manned their yards in honour of the victory. The two vessels anchored near the Dock Yard and at once began to send the wounded ashore.

No visitors were allowed on board the *Shannon,* for the captain's head wounds made quiet imperative; but two eye-witnesses have left on record what they saw 'tween decks of the *Chesapeake.* Both were boys. One writes:

"She was like a perfect charnel house. Her main deck from forward of the mast to the extreme stern of the vessel was covered with hammocks, in which lay the wounded, the dying, and the dead, each hammock having a cord or rope suspended to it from the roof of the deck, so that the poor fellows might lay hold of it and ease themselves up. . . . Very many . . . lay writhing in their wounds."

The other boy was Thomas Chandler Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick." He gives more details:

"The deck was not cleaned (for reasons of necessity which were obvious enough) and the coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore, as if in a slaughter-house. She was a fine built ship and her splinters had wounded nearly as many as the "Shannon's" shot. Pieces of skin and pendant hair were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate; while several of the sailors to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the port-holes by visitors in boats, were lying asleep on the bloody floor, as if they had fallen in action and had expired where they lay."

Great honour was done to the victors. The Halifax merchants presented Broke with an address and a piece of plate. The home government promoted him, gave him a pension and made him a baronet. He never entirely recovered from his wounds. Aunt Susan Etter remembered the white handkerchief he wore about his head in the streets of Halifax. He quitted the service and spent the afternoon of life as a country gentleman, devoted to his family, tending his estate, reading Horace and going to church. Incidentally, he underwent a formal court-martial for altering the equipment of his ship. The second lieutenant, the Halifax boy who brought the vessels safely to port, was never out of his clothes and hardly slept during those six critical days was made commander and rose to be Sir Provo Wallis and Admiral of the Fleet. He died in only 1891, more than a houndred years old. Honour was also done to the dead. Lawrence, who brought his ship into action so "handsomely," as Broke wrote, died of his wounds on the way to Halifax. Haliburton saw his huge frame lying on the quarter-deck of the *Chesapeake* with the Stars and Stripes for a shroud. His last words "Don't give up the ship!" will never be forgotten by his countrymen. On Tuesday, June 8th, his body was buried in old St. Paul's cemetery.

The lasting glory of the *Shannon* does not lie in the careful organization of victory, nor in the success of her deadly onslaught, nor even in wiping the stain from the tarnished flag. It is found in the spirit of her commander, who obeyed "the imperious call of honour." Broke was a rich man, happily married; he might have spent his life in ease and comfort, but, *"Surely,"* he wrote, *"no man deserves to enjoy an estate in England, who will not sacrifice some of his prospects, either by actual service, if possible, or at least by example of zeal and voluntary privation in her cause."*

ON THE ATHABASCA RIVER

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY ("JANEY CANUCK")

FIRST OF A SERIES OF SKETCHES, DESCRIPTIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM ATHABASCA LANDING TO GROUARD ON LESSER SLAVE LAKE

"I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."—Hamlet.

ALL the world is a deluge of rain when we leave Athabasca Landing, and we wait at the hotel till the last minute, hoping the storm may abate in order that we may reach our steamer without losing too much starch. But the horn is making the most asthmatic lamentations, meaning thereby that everybody should be aboard; so we say good-bye to all at the hotel, promise to be good, to take care of ourselves, and to come back soon. I say "we" because editors like writers to be impersonal, but actually there is only myself, the other passengers having gone down to the river over an hour ago.

It is a troublous jaunt which I make, for a streak of wind turns my umbrella into a cornucopia; the fat drops of rain splash into my eyes; I take the wrong turn, get mired, and lose my rubber shoes. When the river is reached, I find the descent to the steamer is buttered with mud and so steep that sliding is the only method of locomotion possible.

A vastly tall man stands on the gangway at the foot of the hill, holds out a pair of arms that must measure ten feet from tip to tip, and says, "Come on, lady." The lady comes, but with such impact that we nearly go through to the opposite side of the steamer. Our final resting-place is on a banana crate, which, in all conscience, is yielding enough, the fruit proving to be over-ripe. The passengers are distinctly amused, but the freight master is in no gallant temper over it and disapproves of the whole affair. I could tell you what he said to the vastly tall man, but you would have to come very close to hear me.

After supper, which consists of beef with stuffing, macaroni with cheese, pork with beans, white fish, stewed tomatoes, escalloped corn, boiled potatoes, walnut pickles, catsup, soda biscuits, pumpkin-pie, apple pie, currant buns, cocoanut cake, cheese, coffee, stewed figs, tooth-picks, and other things which I cannot remember, I crawl to the deck to find out where Grouard is and how we are to get there. Although thither bound, my knowledge of its location is shamefully vague. Here is what I learn. We sail north and west down the Athabasca River till we come to Mirror Landing at the confluence of the Athabasca and Lesser Slave River, at which point we leave the steamer and make a portage of fourteen miles to Soto Landing. This portage is to avoid the Government dams which have been built to make the Lesser Slave River navigable. At Soto Landing, we embark on the *Midnight Sun*, another steamer of the Northern Navigation Company, and travel on till we enter Lesser Slave Lake, down which we journey to its extreme west-

ern end, where Grouard sits on a hill overlooking a bit of the lake called Buffalo Bay. Without mishaps, we ought to reach Grouard in four or five days, but no one will cut off our heads if we loiter a bit on the way.

There are about thirty male passengers on board and seven women. This half hour I have been talking to a plausible prolix villain whom I almost love. He is going to make three million dollars from his oil-wells on the Mackenzie River. He says so himself. He has been down north for several years and walks like one who has been used to the spring of a snow-shoe beneath his foot. His clothes have the odour of the forest—that is to say, of leaf mould, poplar smoke, and spruce resin. He went to England two years ago to persuade Grandfather Bull to invest in oil and asphaltum, but was not as successful as he could desire.

"I figure," he says, "it will take another century to convince grandfather, and by that time the fourth generation of American 'Coal-oil Johnnies' will have squandered the dividends on actresses and aeroplanes. Pouf! these Americans have no idea the world belongs to the Lord."

It was well I agreed with him so civilly, for he said:

"If you wish to invest in some oil stocks, madam—and no doubt you will after what I have told you—I will see to it that you get in on the ground floor and no questions asked."

Now, I did not like to inquire of him what is meant by "the ground floor," lest he should think me the veriest ignoramus, but I am persuaded it means something most excellent, for I have frequently heard promoters mention it to people like me who have not much money to buy with.

This man originally hailed from New Zealand, but he tells me that country is no good; it is too far from Fort McMurray. At Fort McMurray life is one round of pleasurable anticipation and all the day seems morning. Who can tell at what moment "a gusher" may shoot into the clouds and blot out the sun itself? Then it's gorged with gold we should all be—those of us on the ground floor—and arch-millionaires, with hundreds of universities and public libraries to give away. What would be the use of having oil and hiding it under bushels of rocks, we'd like to know?

At this point the purser explains that the steep ascent to our right is called Bald Hill. It can be seen from a long distance and is one of the features of the landscape from which in the winter the freighters measure distances—a kind of gigantic central milestone. Surely this is a country of vast horizons, both mentally and visually.

About every twelve miles we pass a stopping-place where the winter freighters and their teams are fed. These houses and stables are built of logs and are sheltered by the forest. I prefer to say they have a roof-tree, the words seeming to suggest a good deal more. In spite of their "splendid isolation," these stopping-places do an excellent business, and, while warm and well-provisioned, are still somewhat in the rough. The purser says this roughness is not worth regarding, for while, here in the country, a fellow roughs it, in the city, he "gets it rough."

"And that reminds me, ladies, of an errand to you," he continues; "you are probably aware there are only sixteen bunks on this boat and eight mattresses. You, of course, will use your own blankets and pillows, but I perceive you have not secured mattresses. It would be wonderfully easy if you were to carry off one, or even two, from the priests' staterooms, for at this very minute the priests say prayers on the lower deck."

"And believe me," he concludes in a highly chivalrous manner, "you two ladies have an unquestionable right to the mattresses, so that I shall consider your act to be one of perfect propriety."

Thus encouraged by the purser, I

proceeded with my room-mate to seize our "unquestioned rights," but, approaching the priests' door, my heart failed me and our undertaking seemed a plain and undeniable demonstration of wickedness, like the robbing of a child's bank. They are such quiet, well-deserving men, these eight black-smocked brothers who are going North to the jubilee of the great Bishop Grouard, whose like never existed. Also, they are very polite, and the one who is an astronomer and comes from Italy, picked out the tenderest cut of beef for me at supper.

"Pray, don't be silly," snorted my room-mate, "the rules of their order say distinctly they shall deny themselves and not sleep softly. Besides, when men take terrible vows that they will never get married, it is a woman's stoutest duty to steal their mattress whenever the opportunity serves."

She also told me with rapid brevity some names which Clement of Alexandria, a Father of the Church, applied to women in the early days of the Christian era. She had read about them in a history.

In the falling of the night, at the mauve hour, our ship having been made fast, we go ashore and talk with the Indians who are camped here in a wigwam. One of the passengers who has lived among the Crees for many years, tells me I express myself with redundancy in that the literal meaning of "wigwam" is camping-ground. She says the Indians have many grotesque folk tales which are told by the men. Each story has a moral which they desire their wives to consider from an educative standpoint. Once there was a man whose *utim* (that is to say, his dog) used to turn into an *iskwao,* or woman, when it became dark. She had yellow hair and her arms were white and soft like the breast feathers of a young bird. This happened long ago before the Indians were baptized and when people were not so pious as they are now.

Any man can do the same thing to this day, if he happens to know the magic formula.

There is also a tale about a woman of the woods whom we, in our scientific conceit, call the echo. Once when her man was away for many moons on the great *sepe,* or river, the woman took another husband, so that when her man came back she flouted him and slapped his face. That night the moon changed her into a voice, and now she calls for her husband to come and love her, but he only mocks at her.

This habit of the husbands in telling tales with palpable deductions attached would seem to be common to races other than the Indians, for the Romans, likewise, had a story about the echo. It appears that Jupiter confided to Madam Echo the history of his amours, and when she told his secrets among her friends, she was deprived of speech and could only repeat the questions which were asked of her.

The Cree story is the better one. It has a fine human motive which the other lacks, and also it drops a much-needed tribute on the worn altar of domesticity.

When a fire is lighted with birch bark and tamarack knots, we sit beside it and are more merry than you could believe.

The sweetheart of Jacques dances for us to the well-cadenced rhythm of a Tea Song. I cannot spell her Indian name, but it means "Fat of the Flowers," by which term they express our word "nectar." The Cree is a droll language.

"Ha! He! ne metatow,
Ha! Ha! ne saghehow,"

she chants and re-chants as fitful flames make sharp high-lights on her dark skin, causing her to appear as the flying figure of a bronze Daphne, and, in truth, the boughs of the trees lend likewise to my fancy, for as she dances into them, they seem to absorb her, even as the laurel absorbed

the pale Grecian nymph of old time.

"Ha! He! I love him,
He! Ha! I miss him."

This is a supremely cunning song in that it utters in six words (if we exclude the interjections) the summary of all the love songs which have ever been written—"I love him: I miss him." I am glad it was framed in the unsophisticated North.

And "Fat of the Flowers" sings another song, which is addressed to her lover. She is lonely for him, our interpreter explains, but drinks her tears in silence. Sometimes his presence comes to her in the hour of twilight and she kneels to it as the poplar kneels to the wind. When he returns to the camp fire she will give to him a blanket made out of the claw skins of the lynx, and a white and scarlet belt from the young quills of the porcupine.

I can see that her honeyed words are agreeable to Jacques and give him fulness of pleasure, for there is a tell-tale joy in his face.

Jacques, who is a riverman, was educated at a mission school on the Mackenzie, and he tells me that "Fat of the flowers" is nearly as "magniloquent" and clever as a man. He is almost sure there is a little white bird that sings so sweetly in her heart.

After a time, our dusky friends steal away one by one to their rest, or two by two. The ship lolls lazily on the bank, and there is no sound save the whimper of the fire and the deep breathing of some over-tired sleeper, but once a sleeper laughed aloud.

I step carefully between the recumbent forms on the deck lest I hurt them or disturb their quietude. I am sorry now that I stole the mattresses. Surely I am a bitter sinner and unlovely of heart.

In the morning, when I told the Brothers how I had privily taken the mattresses because I disapproved of their vows concerning marriage, and because of the unseemly remarks Clement of Alexandria had applied to women in the early days of the Christian era, they laughed again and again with much hilarity. Indeed, one of the Brothers said he applauded my moderation and marvelled that I was good enough to leave their blankets and pillows. Another gave it as his opinion that Clement's "pleasantry" was a shabby-minded one, and the result of an ill-governed disposition, but this Brother, like the others, evaded the question I had raised as to celibacy.

What Clement of Alexandria said was that women, like Egyptian temples, were beautiful without, but when you entered and withdrew the veil, there was nothing behind it but a cat or a crocodile.

For the December number the title of Mrs. Murphy's sketch is, "Some Northern Pioneers"—Mr. O'Kelly, and the newspaper editor, and the squaw wife, who will write a book some day.

THE DIVORCE COURT IN CANADA

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

"DIVORCE in Canada; why, there is no such thing as divorce in Canada." So exclaim an Ontario-born friend to me recently, at mention of the phrase. He spoke with all the fervour and enthusiasm of a man who is in the wrong. Perhaps he had forgotten, as more than he are apt to do, that Ontario is not all Canada. Perhaps, too, he had read the article in a very well-known United States magazine, in which a great Catholic prelate extolled Canada as the one great shining example of a nation which does not countenance divorce. The error of believing that divorce is not obtainable in Canada and that marriage can only be annulled by special Act of Parliament is shared by a large number of people.

One dislikes to rob our own Dominion of the praise of any man, but the truth is that every Province in Canada, with the exception of Ontario and Quebec, either has or could have divorce laws. In the Maritime Provinces and in British Columbia the divorce court has been in operation since before Confederation, though in the case of Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, the enabling legislation putting in operation the Matrimonial Causes Act of England has not been passed by the Legislatures, the divorce law in these Provinces thus being reduced to a dead letter.

Perhaps the better taste shown by the Canadian press in not dragging into the limelight of publicity the sordid details of wrecked marriages, such as seem the delight of some British editors, is the reason why our Dominion has acquired the reputation of being without divorce laws and a divorce court. Even in British Columbia, which has had facilities for divorce since its early days as a Crown colony, one meets residents who are unaware of the fact. Yet in Vancouver last year there were probably fifty divorces granted, and the growing popularity of the divorce court has been made the subject of a public warning by one of the judges.

"A few years ago, we had a divorce suit only once every six months or so, and everybody knew about it; now we have one every week, and nobody takes any notice," remarked an old court official regretfully.

Obviously, the extent to which the spectacle of divorce raises feelings of regret or satisfaction in the spectator, depends upon his own philosophy of life, and of married life in particular, One hearty-voiced philosopher with whom I discussed the subject later on, took quite a different view.

"For my part," he said, "the thing I like to see best is lots of marriages. It's a healthy sign. The next thing I like to see is lots of divorces. It's a healthy sign, too. If every mismated marriage could be undone, and both parties given another chance until they all got well mated, this would be a happy country."

It sounded to me at the time like common sense. Having been present at the proceedings in nearly every one of the fifty or so divorces granted

in Vancouver that year, I knew that the interests of morality and justice had been promoted by the granting of each decree. When the marriage oath has been trampled on to the extent of bringing one or other of the parties under the scope of the English Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 (the divorce law now in operation in England and the colonies) nothing more essentially immoral than to force the innocent party to continue in wedlock with the guilty can well be imagined. Recently the Law Association of Ontario, at its annual meeting in Toronto, placed itself on record as being in favour of establishing a divorce and matrimonial division in the High Court of Ontario. Should this recommendation be acted upon, Quebec will remain alone among the Provinces in Canada, in being without facilities for divorce legislation. Divorce being repugnant to the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, which views marriage as a divine sacrament, it is extremely unlikely that Quebec will ever contemplate the passage of divorce laws. The attitude of the predominating religious faith in Quebec towards divorce precludes it from being discussed on merely secular and utilitarian grounds. To many people, however, there does not seem to be any essential difference between dissolving a marriage by an Act of the Parliament of Canada, by a decree of annullment by the Pope, or by a decree of divorce of a judge of the Supreme Court. The fact of the marriage being ended by one authority or another seems to be the kernel and essence of the whole matter.

As between the desirability of divorce by special Act of Parliament or by petition to a judge, the opinion of those who have had opportunity of studying both methods is entirely in favour of the latter method. In point of easiness of access to a tribunal, and of the safeguarding of public interests by an inquiry conducted in public, the advantage is clearly in favour of a trial by a judge. The Parliament of Canada sits but a few months in each year; the courts are open practically the whole time. If a divorce is sought by Act of Parliament—as at present it must be in Ontario, Quebec, and the Prairie Provinces—the parties must bear the cost of conveying their witnesses to Ottawa, there to appear before the special committee of the Senate. Ottawa is a costly place for principals and witnesses to live in, and the delays in getting before the committee are often very expensive. After the evidence is taken it must be transcribed and printed to form part of the record and application. The average cost of procuring an Act of Annullment is probably not less than a thousand dollars. This makes divorce by Act of Parliament a form of class legislation, in favour of the man or woman who has the thousand dollars, and puts it out of the reach of many injured parties who have not got the thousand dollars. Money is held at law to be a solution for many wrongs, including matrimonial wrongs, as the practice which allows monetary damages to be claimed against co-respondent proves. If class legislation is to be allowed in divorce matters, surely it should be in favour of poor folk, who have not the solution of worldly riches. It is an added calamity to an injured party to know that his poverty precludes him from obtaining such relief as law and custom have provided.

Against the high cost of obtaining a divorce at Ottawa is the fact that a decree before a judge can be obtained at comparatively small cost. It is one of the wise provisions of the British divorce law that a wife can claim "suit-money" from her husband, irrespective of whether she is a petitioner or a respondent. On the one hand the law holds that she is entitled to a sufficient amount of money to prove her wrongs, and on the other hand to a sufficient amount to prove her innocence. The cost of

a divorce suit can therefore be judged by the amount of suit-money granted in an ordinary case. This amount in British Columbia, a Province in which legal fees, like most everything else, are probably higher than in the other Provinces, is fixed at $150. Liberty is given to apply for more after this amount is disbursed, if it should prove insufficient, but in most cases this amount is found to be quite adequate.

In regard to the feelings of the parties engaged in seeking divorce there is much less to harass and distress them in proceedings before a court than before a Senate committee. Except where damages are claimed against a co-respondent—in which case a jury trial is compulsory —the trial is heard before a judge. Although ostensibly open to the public, the case is usually heard with only the parties, the court stenographer, and the lawyers present, the witnesses being brought in one at a time. With a mind trained to demand only relevant facts, the judge wants only to have proof of marriage, of domicile, and of unfaithfulness, and where the respondent is the husband, proof of cruelty or of two years' desertion. Much of the distressing material which forms a part of the history of these unhappy stories, but is not relevant to the issue, is not asked for, and if volunteered is quickly checked. Such a heart-rending cross-examination as that which "The Butterfly" gets on the wheel of justice in the presence of a jury as shown in the well-known play, "The Butterfly on the Wheel," is quite unknown. When one remembers the numerous requests that come to newspaper correspondents at Ottawa to smuggle out a copy of the proceedings for private reading, and reflects upon the possibility that some of these requests are granted, both by correspondents and members of the House, the "public trial" before the judge rather savours of Star Chamber proceedings by contrast. One suspects that many a kind friend of the parties who solicits a copy of the evidence would not care to be present in court unless invited.

More serious still than either is the suggestion that the vote on a private bill to annul a marriage may in some cases finish up by being a straight party vote. Members have been known to be solicited to support a petitioner's request on the ground that he was a life-long Liberal or a consistent Conservative. Certainly if reports from authoritative sources are true, in the case of a petition involving the name of a well-known and highly-honoured public man, which came before the House last year, the matter was made an occasion for a straight party vote of the gentleman's political friends and opponents. One of His Majesty's judges of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, who had, previously to his elevation to the Bench, been a member of the House of Commons, in both places having unusual opportunities for studying the question of divorce, has expressed himself in a private conversation as being impressed with the advantages in every way, of divorce being granted by a judge in open court.

With the possibility that Ontario may establish a divorce court, based on the Engish practice, comes an added interest by reason of the probability that the Matrimonial Causes Act of 1857 will be amended along the lines indicated by the Majority Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce. These amendments provide (1) for the decentralization of the sittings for the hearing of divorce and matrimonial causes, to enable persons of limited means to have their cases tried in the High Court locality; (2) the abolition of the powers of magistrates' courts to make orders for the permanent separation of married persons; (3) the placing of men and women on equal footing with regard to grounds for divorce; (4) the addition of five grounds for divorce which are generally recognized as, in

fact, putting an end to married life; (5) the addition of grounds for obtaining nullity of marriage in certain cases of unfitness for marriage; (6) the prohibition of published reports in the press until after a case is finished, the prohibition of drawings and photographs of parties and witnesses in the press, and the right of the presiding judge to order that portions of the evidence inimical to public morals be not printed; (7) a more explicit definition of cruelty.

The question, "What is cruelty?" has been a difficult one to determine in the past. The old Ecclesiastical Court, which granted divorce *a mensa et thoro,* prior to the passage of the Act of 1857, held that it was necessary for a wife to prove that bodily injury had been inflicted upon her, so as to make her fear for the safety of life and limb. Want of civility, abuse, or insult was not held to be cruelty, save in the case of spitting in the face. The practice of the Ecclesiastical Court in suits for divorce *a mensa et thoro,* have been followed since by the courts in granting judicial separations. Divorce *a mensa et thoro* was not, strictly speaking, a divorce, in as much as it gave no right to remarry, but was only, as its name implied, a divorce from bed and board. At that time *a vinculo matrimonii,* or disssolution of marriage, could only be obtained in England by an Act of Parliament. To this day dissolution of marriage of persons domiciled in Ireland can only be obtained in that way, just as in the case of persons domiciled in Ontario and Quebec.

Under modern practice a broader interpretation has been given to the word "cruelty," following certain leading cases, as in the case of Walmsley v. Walmsley, in 1893, where it was held that studied neglect and coldness and insult which produced melancholia was legal cruelty, though no physical violence was used. Disgrace and shock following a criminal conviction which caused the breakdown of the wife's health was held to be legal cruelty in two leading cases. Many of the distinctions turned on very fine points. Thus in the Plowden case it was held that three days' cruelty in three years was not enough to support the wife's plea of cruelty. Cruelty by a husband who was suffering from insanity was not held to be legal cruelty in the Hall case. In the Curtis case acts of violence done while the husband was suffering from brain fever was held to be not enough to support the plea, though in a later case acts of cruelty performed while the husband was suffering from delirium tremens was held to be enough. Acts of cruelty to children of the petititoner are not enough, unless it is shown that the acts had been committed by the husband in the presence of the wife for the purpose of giving her pain.

The proposed new definition of "cruelty" offered by the Commissioners is very wide. It reads: "Cruelty is such conduct by one married person to the other party as makes it unsafe, having regard to the risk of life, limb, or health, bodily or mental, for the latter to continue to live with the former."

Cruelty is to include not only physical acts of violence, but also grave insults, offensive conduct, inebriety and drug-mania. The wide scope of the definition of "cruelty" is of exceptional importance because cruelty is grounds for granting divorce. The other grounds are wilful desertion for three years or upwards; incurable insanity after five years of confinement; habitual drunkenness, found incurable after three years from first order; and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence. These are all "very grave causes," as the Commissioners point out.

Unfortunately, Lord Gorell, of Brampton, the Chairman of the Commission, has not lived to see his report acted upon, his death at Mentone at the end of April having prevented this. As judge and later as

President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty division of the English High Court, he had probably heard more divorce suits and granted more divorces than any other English judge, and his experience and judgment upon the great question of divorce are reflected in the Majority Report of the Commission, which, if acted upon, will also in turn affect the practice of divorce in the Canadian courts.

Of course, there is the Minority Report to be reckoned with, and while it is the report of a very small minority of the Commission, it represents a very influential section of British public life. It is headed by the Archbishop of York, and his Grace's objections to extending the grounds of divorce may be taken to have the support of the English Established Church behind it. The forthcoming legislation amending the practice of divorce in England will be looked forward to with interest by Canadians who appreciate the importance of the amendments. A cynic who was asked his opinion as to the greatest cause of divorces, replied, "Marriage, of course." So long as we have marriage as an institution, so long does there seem to be a need ahead for providing divorce facilities for those unhappy "unions" which have failed to unite.

CHATEAUGUAY AND DE SALABERRY

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS CAMPAIGN TAKEN FROM DE SALABERRY'S OWN LETTERS

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

IT was the battle of Chateauguay which turned back the final attempt of the Americans to penetrate into Eastern Canada during the War of 1812. That battle was fought and won by Canadians—a fact of cardinal importance in the history of the Dominion. It was not only an evidence of the loyalty of the new subjects in the Lower Provinces; it gave them a spiritual stake in the country. It had been their land by occupancy before the British came. Now they had defended it with their blood—and in defending it had defended the new regime—and now it was their country in a new and closer sense.

This phase of Chateauguay had not come about haphazard. It had been foreseen and fostered by the British Government. "It is His Royal Highness's commands to me," wrote Sir George Prevost, Governor-General, to (then) Captain De Salaberry in reference to a regiment to be raised by the young French-Canadian officer, "to take every opportunity of doing full justice to the motives which induce His Majesty's faithful Canadian subjects to come forward upon this occasion and by treating them with liberality to secure the offer of their services on all emergencies." "His Royal Highness" was the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.; but the far-sighted and just policy was probably inspired by Lord Liverpool, the Premier of the day. The young officer to whom the letter was written was later the victor of Chateauguay.

By an appropriate coincidence in the centenary year of Chateauguay the papers of the Canadian De Salaberry family have come into the possession of the Dominion Archives. These papers, which include over eleven thousand letters, contain a wealth of material for the early history of Canada under the British regime; and among other things they contain De Salaberry's own accounts of the small skirmish that had such great results and of the campaigns that led up to it. In this article it is proposed, with the necessary explanations, to allow the victor of that day to tell his own story.

Charles Michel d'Irumberry de Salaberry, to give the hero of Chateauguay his full name, came of a family which was distinguished in the annals of France as far back as Henry of Navarre. He was of the third generation in Canada, his grandfather having served before Quebec and Louisbourg in the conflict with Britain for New France. Charles was born at Beauport on November 19th, 1778; and at the early age of fourteen volunteered into the militia. In

1794, under the auspices of the Duke of Kent, who took a strong interest in the whole De Salaberry family, he became an ensign in the regular army and went to serve in the West Indies. From that time until 1810 he spent most of his time with the colours in various parts of Europe and the New World. He was a captain by 1799, when he was just of age. He was in the disastrous Walcheren expedition of 1809. A year later he came to Canada as aide-de-camp to General de Rottenburg, and was still in his native Province when President Madison declared war in June, 1812. It was in the autumn of that year that Sir George Prevost wrote his pregnant letter to De Salaberry, and De Salaberry raised his famous battalion of Voltiguers.

As soon as the corps had been organized, Major De Salaberry—who had been given his majority for his services in that connection—was sent to the frontier to watch the movements of the Americans, while Sir George Prevost made Chambly his headquarters. The young major—De Salaberry was then thirty-three—had seen some stern campaigning in the Old World; but he found the duty of watchdog in the forest wilderness a life full of harassment.

"I have undergone great fatigue, both of mind and body, for three months past," he wrote to his father, the Honourable Louis De Salaberry, on November 30th of that year, "but particularly from the 17th to the 27th. The troops that I have with me have been lying in the woods in the open for ten days, fully accoutered and in momentary expectation of the enemy. The Voltiguers in particular have behaved well."

The campaign of 1812, not commencing till autumn, was of necessity brief. There was no regular battle. The chief duty of the "advance" was to "stalk" the enemy. But once De Salaberry came face to face with the foe and saw them melt away without risking an engagement. The reason given by the American general was that the roads were flooded; but it is probable that the Canadian position was too strong to be attacked without serious loss, and the American commanders in these campaigns were very careful of their men. For his services in this instance De Salaberry was mentioned in general orders and at the end of the season he found himself a lieutenant-colonel. Moreover, the next summer he was again given the post of danger and of honour on the "advance."

This was the year in which the Americans made their chief efforts to penetrate into the heart of Canada. It was the only year in which the safety of Montreal was threatened. On the frontier of the Eastern Townships De Salaberry was kept constantly on strain. The Americans were restless and had to be watched continuously. When they took an opportunity for rest and recuperation, the little British and Canadian force opposing them was pushed daringly over into American territory. The first account of activity which we get from De Salaberry's pen is of the aftermath of one of these raids:

"We returned yesterday morning," he wrote to his father under date of August 6th, "from a most harassing expedition, to cover the retreat of the flotilla from Lake Champlain. We only went to the lines and there met the flotilla. Our men were much disappointed at not having gone into the States. We made an uncommon rapid march without leaving a man behind on the march either going or coming. . . . I never have felt such heat in my life, it is wonderful how our men stood it out. The militia cannot march with us (the Voltiguers). In one day march towards the frontier we gained eight hours on them and then only about half came up to us."

The next letter we have from him shows us the development of the campaign towards Chateauguay. It also tells of the second time De Salaberry came face to face with the Americans, only to have them fade away without fighting. The letter was written to his father from Lacolle on the 24th of September.

"For the second time," he writes, "an American army in my front has decamped. On the 18th, or 19th, I received intelligence that the enemy had surprised the piquet at Odelltown, composed of frontier corps, killed three, and taken six, and had established himself at that place. I immediately marched from Lacadie and when I arrived here I found 5,000 in my front, which were the next day increased to 8,000 or 9,000. I set to increase the abbatis and to raise several wood entrenchments and to destroy the road and wait very quietly the attack. The enemy had twenty times my numbers, but my several positions were so good that had they forced me, their loss would have been great. Finally, on the 22nd, General Hampton decamped with all his troops, alledging that he could not cross the woods for want of water and that he would lose all his cattle and horses. (Last year the great quantity of water prevented the Americans from coming in). It is true that there is a great want of water, and we suffer very much. But I believe he was afraid his army might lose too much in men.

"By correct information I find that the enemies are gone to penetrate into the country by Norton break and Chateauguay. Had my advice been followed, those roads would have been as much cut up as this. The advice was known to be good, but the officers of the Canadian Quarter-master General's Department have been too idle to see the work completely carried into execution, and I conceive the enemy will get in. I hope whoever may be appointed to command in those parts will be as successful as myself, but, entre nous soit dit, I fear not."

How little the young De Salaberry dreamed of the honour which awaited him! There is a touch of self-confidence in these sentences—which, we must remember, were written for the eye of his father alone—but without that confidence would the result of Chateauguay have been the same?

Eleven days later his prediction as to the route of the American general was justified and he had already been concerned in a brush with the enemy's outposts. He tells of the affair in this letter:

"Chateauguay, Oct. 5th, 1813.

"My Dear Father:

"I have only a moment to inform you of my return from near Four Corners, having got within two miles of the American army, and had an engagement with their advance. Five Americans were killed on the spot and we have an Indian and one Voltiguer wounded.

"Had it not been for an Indian who fired his piece on seeing the enemy's first piquet, we should have surprised and carried off two guards and perhaps got into the middle of the enemy's army. The Indians behaved very well at first, but when they found the enemy reinforced they all ran off. I brought them back twice, but at last they left me entirely and carried off with them the fifty Voltiguers I had with me. Only Chevalier (his brother) and three Voltiguers remained with me. Luckily I had my gun with me, and so had Chevalier, and we continued the action for another half hour and made our retreat good.

"They ought to have taken me. The American arms are loaded with twelve buckshots, some with one ball and three buckshots. So you may conceive how we were peppered, l'etait comme de la grele.

. . .

"Everything was too much hurried by the damned savages. We were till ten o'clock at night looking out for a position and for water in the midst of a vast forest, surrounded by the enemy, a pleasant situation! Next morning I proposed to the Indians to return to the attack. But they refused and every one of them left me. I was, of course, obliged to return. I had 200 Indians and have not one with me now.

"I am ordered up to the frontier again to-day to make some arrangements. I have been constantly on the move since 7th September. I believe they mean to kill me and my corps. This is what one gets by being active and perhaps intelligent. I wish I could with honour get away from the army. I am tired of it, and am unable to go through the immense fatigues, both of mind and body, to which I am constantly exposed. Why does not the Governor send his Quarter-master-General, adjutants-general of the army, and militia to make reconnaissances? Still, he is not pleased because I did not make the reconnaissance complete and that I did not rout the whole American army with about 250 men and 200 runaway Indians."

In the same strain of weariness of the harassing campaign, but softened by an infusion of marital affection, he wrote next day to his wife, Marie-Anne, daughter of the Seigneur of Rouville. The original of this letter is in French, while his official correspondence and his correspondence with his father are in English.

"What a misfortune it is, my dear love," he wrote, "to be separated so long from what one holds most dear. What misery! I am always in fear that you are ill. . . . Write me, dear Marie Anne, a good long letter and reassure me in regard to your health and that of the little one.

"Wars which are long drawnout are grievous and wearying. Ever since the happiness of my marriage to you I have very keenly experienced this truth. A married man is not suited for such a profession. However, we must be patient and make the best of what cannot be avoided. If the Governor and the generals believe that they can always harass me as they have since the declaration of war, they are infinitely mistaken, for certainly I shall find a way to get rid of them and recover my happiness close to you."

That "way" was to come sooner and more gloriously for himself than he thought. The next three letters tell of the fateful day on the banks of the Chateauguay. The first is the official report to General De Watteville:

"On the Chateauguay River,
"26th Oct., 1813, 8 p.m.

"Sir:

"In the action of this day, which began by the enemy attacking our advanced piquets in great strength on both sides of the river, the enemy has been obliged to abandon his plan. Our piquets supported in time by the Canadian Light Company, two companies of Voltiguers, and the Light Company of the 3rd Embodied Militia, behaved in the bravest manner. After the action we remained in quiet possession of the abbatis and posts we had occupied previously.

"The enemy's force appeared to me to have been at least 1,500 men, with 250 dragoons, and one piece of cannon. Three of our men, who saw the American army passing, at best part, make it amount to more. There were about thirty axemen with them.

"I cannot conclude without expressing the obligation I owe to Captain Ferguson for his cool and determined conduct and his extreme readiness in executing my orders. Captain Daily, of the 3rd Battalion, in gallantry cannot be surpassed; he contested with fifty men against a force ten times in number. Captain Daily is wounded in two places. Captain Bruyere behaved with gallantry and was wounded. Captain Jean Baptiste and Juchereau Duchesnay have evinced great gallantry and so indeed has every officer employed, particularly Adjutant-Major Sullivan, whose bravery has been conspicuous. Captain Lamotte and many of the Indian warriors behaved well. In the evening Captain Lamotte, with a few Indians, exposed himself very much, and so did Adjutant Hebden, of the Voltiguers. By correct information there appears no doubt the enemy have retired to the Outade [a river].

"This report is made by wood-fire light."

On the day immediately following the victorious commander wrote to his wife, but the letter has unfortunately been lost. We have, however, a short missive sent to her three days after the battle. It also is in French:

"Rieviere Chateauguay,
"29th October, 1813.

"My dear Anne:

"I write you just a word to let you know that the enemy commenced his retreat yesterday. I believe that we have saved Montreal for this year. I received this morning your letter of the 27th. You should have received mine of the same date. It is certain that we fought against the whole American army. Its losses were considerable, much more than we thought when I wrote.

"I hope that they are going to let us rest and that I shall have the happiness to see you shortly. I am very tired. Rouville [her brother] is well. A thousand regards to you. I kiss you a thousand times, also the little one."

The same day he wrote his father a further account of the engagement of the 26th:

"Dans le bois en haut de la Riviere,
"Chateauguay, Oct. 29th, 1813.

"My Dear Father:

"The 26th has been a glorious day for me and those of my troops engaged. The American army, commanded by General Hampton and another general, has been repulsed by a little band, all Canadians—and yesterday that army commenced its retreat, or will endeavour to get into this country by another road. The enemy's force consisted of all his troops, about 7,000 men and five pieces of cannon, 300 cavalry. The action lasted four hours, and it ended in the enemy being obliged to return to his former position five miles back, leaving many of his dead and wounded behind him and a great number of his scattered men in the woods, also many drums, 150 firelocks, etc., etc., baggage.

"The number of men engaged did not

Poste Chateauguay
29 Oct. 1813

Ma chère amie,

Je t'écris un petit mot pour t'apprendre que l'ennemi a commencé sa retraite hier. Je crois que nous avons sauvé Montréal pour cette année. J'ai reçu ce matin ton billet du 27. Tu dois avoir reçu la mienne de la même date. Il est certain que nous avons combattu contre toute l'armée ennemie. La partie a été considérable, deux contre un. Nous le croyons quand je t'ai écrit —

J'espère qu'ils vont nous laisser en repos et que j'aurai le bonheur de te voir sous peu. Je suis bien fatigué. Rosalie est bien — . Mil respects chez toi. —

Je t'embrasse de mille fois ainsi que petite Fetit. —

Ch: De Salaberry

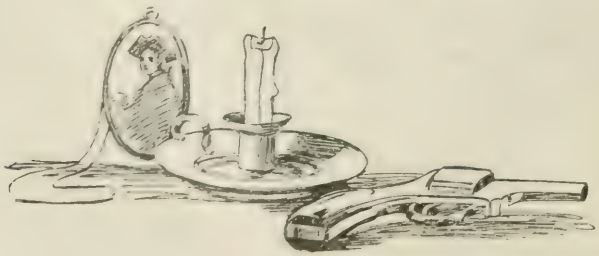
Facsimile of a letter written by De Salaberry to his wife three days after the battle at Chateauguay.

exceed three hundred—the rest were in reserve on the lines I had constructed. Our killed and wounded are only twenty-four, including officers. There were none but Canadians amongst us. I was in the first line during the whole of the action and afterwards with a small reserve beat off a large body of Americans and saved Captain Daily and his company. I chose my own ground, and after the action pushed on my piquets two miles in advance of where they were before. Without arrogating to myself too much credit, I am proud to think that this defence on our part has at least prevented the American army from penetrating to la Prairie. We are here situate about thirty-five miles from Montreal. This is certainly a most extraordinary affair. Chevalier, Taschereau, and all officers in this action conducted themselves with great bravery. The prisoners have been about twenty-five. We are all very much harassed and I am not well."

De Salaberry's estimate of the result of the engagement at Chateauguay was more than justified. It not only "prevented the American army from penetrating to la Prairie." It not only "saved Montreal for this year." It so thoroughly discouraged General Hampton that he fell back on Plattsburg and took no further part in the operations of that year. He was so disheartened that he found an excuse for refusing to co-operate with General Wilkinson in an advance on Montreal from the west; so Wilkinson, after his defeat at Chrystler's Farm, although he was able to continue his march as far as St. Regis, opposite Cornwall, had then to withdraw into winter quarters and the whole American plan of campaign in Eastern Canada fell to the ground.

Meanwhile Chateauguay will remain one of the surprises of military history—a sphere, however, in which surprises are not rare. The part played by De Salaberry and his small force was as astounding as its results were important. With only three hundred men he held off an entire army of seven thousand during a four hours' engagement and handled them so severely that they had no heart to try again. His positions were well chosen; and his defences were well constructed. But greater than all else seems to have been the magnificent audacity of himself and his men. His few followers ranged over so great a territory and were so omnipresent that General Hampton no doubt thought he was face to face with the whole British army.

Still, there seems little doubt that if the American commander had so chosen, he could have overwhelmed De Salaberry's defence by sheer weight of numbers; although that success would by no means have opened the road to Montreal. As to why Hampton did not press on, even at heavy cost in men, there have been a good many guesses. Possibly it was faintness of heart; possibly it was that he disapproved of the American plan of campaign, which had been drawn up by others, and consequently was not sorry to see it fail; possibly it was because of his love of wine. His own excuse was the "rawness and sickliness" of his troops and the shortness of his provisions. Be that as it may, his sluggishness converted a brilliant outpost action into a decisive battle, and made De Salaberry and his Canadians the saviours of Lower Canada.



From the Painting by A. Dickinson

LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES DE SALABERRY

Commander of the Regiment of Voltigeurs at Chateauguay

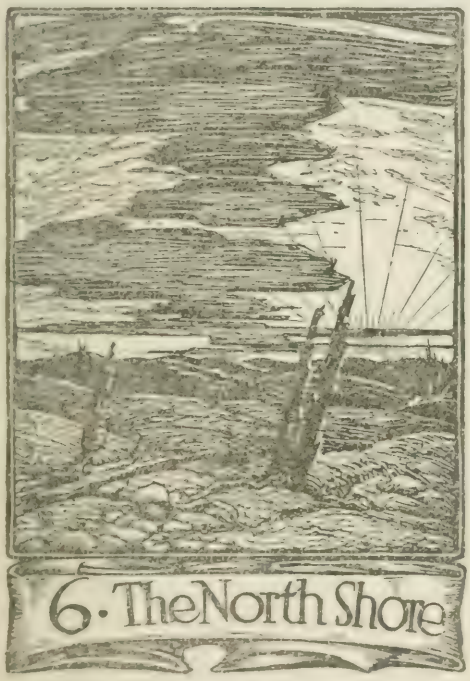
THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL

THE SECOND OF TWO SKETCHES OF TRAVEL ACROSS CANADA

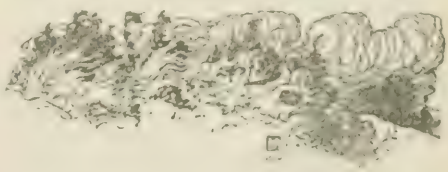
BY BRITTON B. COOKE

DECORATIONS BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



In the melancholy of deserts and the sorrow of the waste places there is a quality which is all too often overlooked, an underlying tenderness, a wealth of patient resignation. Beneath the seeming gloom is a constant optimism which one finds only in nature. The grim armies of the spruce, frozen upon the slopes of these northern solitudes have no prettiness to recommend them, no delicacy of colouring or variety of form, and yet each up-swelling morning when the sun appears they seem to lift their heads in salute, as though merely to see the miracle of the dawn were enough for them to wait thus, bound to the frozen earth. So always, I fancy, does the desert wait, and at each rising and each setting of the sun flushes with the memory of some underlying hope, belying the melancholy men seem to find.

This train enters now such a region, the wilderness on the North Shore of Lake Superior. The men in the smoking compartments grow tired of their cigars. Women nod over magazines and novels. Conversations stumble. A hush comes over the car, broken only by the stertorous efforts of the locomotive at the head of the train. He persists unabashed, but does not whistle for right-of-way, since there are none to dispute it save an occasional gang of navvies sweating over one square yard of this gigantic railroad. The gang waves red handkerchiefs thoughtfully and is swallowed up in hazy distance. Civilisation pays them to maintain this ribbon of steel in the wilderness.



About are low hills, each hill like its neighbour, mile upon mile. There

is no green here except where a mad second-growth of poplar seeks a career in a fissure of rock. The rock is gray and cold, not even cragged, which might lend it character, but

rounded. Neither stream nor lake, nor half-grown tree, nor voice of bird or water mingles with the humming of the swaying train. Even the wind is dumb, lacking strings to play upon, and sweeps low over the land, touching with furtive hand the dull blueberry shrubs that struggle at the foot of the ballast-slope. The never-ending hills, like mounds in a forgotten cemetery of Titans, appear and disappear, swinging into new groupings with each turn of the sinuous path, offering always new perspectives of the old bleakness as though they thought to cheat you, and always melting and merging into the general outline of gloom and mystery.

*

"There's silver in those hills," said a fat man, finally breaking the silence of the smoking-room. "Yes, sir. Bushels of it, I bet."

"Indeed," replied the youthful Oxonian to whom apparently the remark had been addressed. "Is it mined?"

"Not yet," uneasily, "but—but it's there. I've heard mining sharps say so."

"I see," returned the Oxonian, losing interest.

"Did y'ever see her lookin' more —more God-forsaken?" demanded the talkative one, craving conversation.

"See what?"

"This here—this bit'v country?"

"This is my first visit to Canada."

"First! Then you don't understand about this here region. This part we're passin' through used to be a fine piece of country. Had trees on it and everything. And then there comes a fire—a whale of a big fire—and the whole stretch goes up in smoke!"

Silence.

"Not a tree nor anything left. Rain falls and washes away the soil. Whole thing's gone to pot. Makes a person think of a poor old woman I knew out West once. She lost all her children, one by one, and still kept on livin' and livin'—without havin' anything worth livin' for."

The idea amused the Oxford man, who smiled indulgently.

"The Greek Mother!" he said. "That would be a better likeness."

"The what?"

"I referred to the classics."

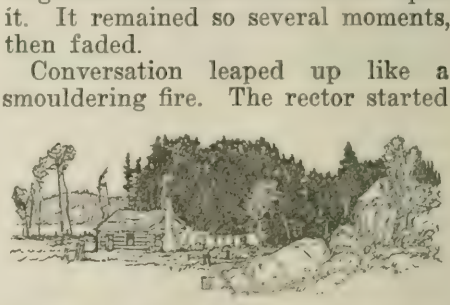
"Oh!"

The blighted country moved heavily past. Cigars were re-lighted. The porter diverted the company by polishing the panellings till they shone.

"Look!" called the fat man suddenly. "Look! Sun's settin'!"

We looked: the old lawyer going to Winnipeg to attend an important directors' meeting, the rector from Kent, an Indian civil servant, the Oxford graduate, and I. And we beheld the grim, disfigured hills turning black against the flaming West, each black mound tipped with a rim of golden fire where the sun fell upon it. It remained so several moments, then faded.

Conversation leaped up like a smouldering fire. The rector started



a story. The Indian civil servant looked bored.

"Say," said the fat man aside to the scholar, "have dinner with me, will you?"

"I—I'm afraid I—not just yet."

"Oh, come on," retorted the other. And they went out, together.

Not all the North Shore is wilderness. There is the sharp-etched beauty of Jackfish, where the cold fingers of Superior reach in about the rocks. There are muskegs full of cedars and wild roses. There is the canyon of the Nipigon, and, for that matter, two cities. But the blighted land adds the note of sadness which makes the song linger in the memory, the hint of tragedy which lends the tale depth.

The train rolls its length to rest at the side of the wind-swept platform at Fort William. Crowds descending from the train are swallowed up in the greater crowd which swarms out of the city to meet it and to bid goodbye to some that are to board it, westward bound. To one side is the harbour, crowded with grain vessels; to right and left are the blank shapes of elevators; and beside the main lines, miles of storage and switching tracks, and herds of grain cars awaiting their turn under the elevators.

"Katrina," quavers an old voice from somewhere in the crowd. "Katrina! You will be leaving me now! O, Katrina! My little Katrina!"

"Hush, Moot-her. Hush!"

"But Katrina—you will make a letter to the neighbour woman, Jacobi, that she may read it to me to say how you and the man get on?"

"Iss Moot-her. Iss," hurriedly. "But Hush! Hugh is ready. The bell makes a tolling. Good-bye, Moother, good-bye!"

The engineer who is to take the train over the next division of the road and whose faded blue "overalls" are freshly washed and ironed, nods to his fireman to set the bell valve open: the heavy brass intones a second warning that the time for departure has come. The engineer lays a gauntleted hand on the gleaming throttle and draws the heavy bar smoothly, notch by notch, toward him, liberating the steam. He watches his straining drivers. He listens to his valves, catching and sobbing with the rush of steam. The great black pistons quiver with the white energy they hold. The rods strain, the tires bite the rail. The train slips out. There on the station platform remains one old woman. gazing after the train. Her friends catch at her hands to lead her off.

The Oxonian and the other had observed the episode: a wedding party, the young persons setting off for the West in a colonist coach ahead, the bride, like all brides, beautiful, but with a strange foreign sort of beauty, probably a Slav type. The

husband, young and ruddy, proud beneath his awkwardness.

"I was speaking to the conductor," explained the Canadian to the Oxonian. "He says the young fellow's an Englishman, was a foreman of freight handlers. He boarded with the old woman and now he marries the daughter. They are going West to take up a homestead in the Peace River country."

"And what race is she?"

"Foreigner of some kind."

"Curious! I suppose it is an episode in the process of assimilation. And they call these people British citizens?"

"Citizens! Of course! I'm one. My father was Irish, my mother was a French-Canadian. I was born in the United States at a time when my parents were working in the New England mills. I am married to a Swedish woman."

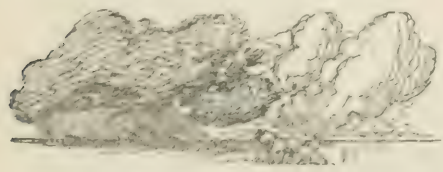
"And you—"

"I am a British subject!"

"But—"

"And what is more, I am the Colonel of our regiment, out West."

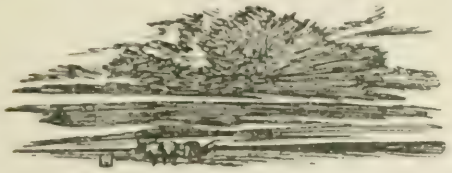
There were, on the train, as it sped westward, nineteen different languages, and people born in scores of different parts of the earth. Most in the train were elements in the making of the new nation. The train, as I venture to believe, is the chief factor in the reduction and compounding of the various elements.



The prairie comes, like Dawn, like a cool wind, like soft music welling up out of silence, like a serene lake at the end of a troubled river. Many small valleys roll into a few larger valleys. These, in turn, flow out in long, sweeping lines, carrying with them only a faint undulation. The timber disappears. The lakes are fewer, rounder, more shallow. The woods dwindle into stretches of low brush; the brush dissolves into scattered clumps of low willow. One colour melts into another. The train begins the traverse like a madly spinning bowl launched by a giant hand across this smooth-rolled green. And the prairie opens out with a wide smile. This is the land of sweep and swing, height and breadth, depth and length. The land of no limitations, where there is neither master nor servant, past nor present, but only to-morrow, smiling behind to-night's dull sunset, and Opportunity waiting for his cue.

"I don't know," observes Jones, the Canadian. "I can't get used to this country. It's monotonous, yet it's

never twice the same. I get dizzy here. It's so flat. I feel like a baby let loose on a big, flat roof by accident, and likely to stumble on the



edge any minute, and fall over. I feel I'm high up in the air because I can't see anything higher, except clouds and grain elevators. I'd rather be ten thousand feet up, in my mountains in a comfortable gully. This here country'd make me godless, too self-content, too self-reliant. Mountains make a man, well—wait."

"Wonderful colouring," mused the Oxonian, smoking one of the fat man's cigarettes. "It recalls Morrice. I like it. See! Yellow merging into brown and green, green stippled into blue, blue into purple, purple into emerald sky: the impossible possible."

"Wait till you see more of it," the other cautioned. "Wait till you see Winter—the everlasting whiteness, solemn as a woman with her first baby sort of warning you not to wake it. It—it's uncanny. I've seen the snow look pink, while the shadows looked full of purple, and then suddenly, with the shifting of a cloud it would become sheer white again, terrific white. Blind you. In the fall it gets so yellow that it makes the sky yellow—looking down on nothing but wheat."

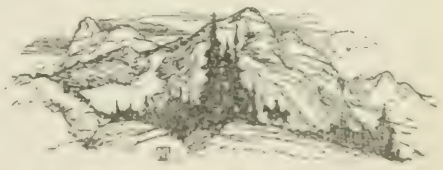
We pass Winnipeg at the door of the plains proper. The long train thrums diligently toward Calgary on the other side of this sea, passing Regina, Moose Jaw, and Medicine Hat. And now, over the horizon, appears a cluster of purple clouds, directed by a high-riding wind. He deploys them to right and left, deftly, as we run. They mount the sky. They pass the zenith and meet the horizon on the other side. The prairie is dark, and suddenly still.

Somewhere action is imminent. From which direction it may come one cannot tell. The heavy air hangs motionless. Only the dried grasses along the right-of-way stir in the wake of the flying train. A gopher squints at the glower.

There is a rush of wind and again the stillness. Again the wind. Stillness. A flash! A note of thunder! And the wind rushes from cover, cool and sweet-smelling, through the window screens. Big drops splash against the glass. Sweeping sheets of silver flit across the land.

We swing in beside a valley, one of the few valleys in the prairie. It is a huge coulée which cherishes in its heart a small stream. This vast scene, this monstrous rainstorm seem to pay tribute to this stream, as a strong man pays tribute to a woman. Water hurries to it in numberless rivulets that break in over the edge of the coulée. The stream swells as we race. The low green bushes which in dry weather huddle thirstily over the water-course, jealous of the sun's bold eye, riot in drink. There is movement everywhere, the train, the flying drops, the stream! Behind the clouds lingering daylight finally departs. Night drops. And in the night, over the humming of the train, I can hear the rain, thrashing against the windows, washing six hundred miles of country at a sweep.

In the dining-car next morning is a man who, having made his fortune in real estate, is now studying medicine. He is forty. In this country they do not think it is ever too late to do anything.



"Why," explained the stout man to the Oxonian, "he's made his money; why shouldn't he spend it on a college professor if he wants to?"

The flatness ends. The plain is swept up into swelling green hills, and sucked down into velvet valleys, in which impetuous mountain rivers ride hard over the clear, cold pebbles. The long, smooth traverse on the prairie is completed. Here lies a city of the foothills, a wealthy merchant prince. Westward lie the peaks of a continent's vertebrae.

The last engine of the plains is unharnessed from the cars and rolls heavily away into the maze of tracks which lead somehow to the roundhouse, where he is to be rubbed down and repaired like an Olympian runner in the hands of his friends. In his place comes another, no plainsman, but a mountaineer, greater, blacker, more ugly, if that were possible, than his predecessor. Softly he backs down upon the waiting train. There is a quick collision and to the lifeless tons of colonist cars, diners, and standard sleeping-cars is set a head, a heart, and a single eye, glaring at the fastnesses ahead. Laundrymen, grooms, curriers, and attendants finish their tasks and step aside. The bell tolls for the departure.

This is an earnest business, this negotiation of the mountains. We run lightly from the Calgary yards, leaving the switch points of the sidetracks chattering behind us, and the semaphores moving gravely in the gathering dusk to cover our rear. The city recedes into the distance. We enter a valley and begin to climb; at the foot of the valley the Bow River rushes east. The speed does not seem to slacken, but there is more pull on the couplings; they creak. We surmount the first big rise, and, looking down, see sun-lit slopes of green across which fall the long shadows of cattlemen and cattle. The sun, which from Calgary was hidden, is here visible, dozing off toward Japan. Presently he drops behind the farthest line of foothills. The dusk comes up. A heavy golden moon peers balefully over the horizon and as he rises casts the hills, as we top them, in deep black shadow. The air on the observation platform grows cold.

The Oxonian and the fat man have lingered in the dining-car with two bottles of mineral water between them; for they had become friends, such is the power of the Western train.

"I've seen mountains, you know," says the Oxford man, a little afraid of being misunderstood, "in Wales, you know."

"Any good?" says the fat man.

"Very!"

"Wait 'll y' see *these!*"

The train climbs steadily.

"Is that one?" demands the academic one, suddenly pointing with the stub of a cigar.

"Where? That? That purply thing? No. Just a cloud. Y'd think

it was a peak, though, at first, wouldn't y'?"

The waiters in the dining-car are counting the silverware, and the head waiter is adding his receipts.

"There!" whispers the fat man, in a hoarse whisper. "There they are!"

"Over there?"

"Yes!"

It is the first clear view of a peak that rivets their attention. Even the waiters leave their silver cleaning for a moment to peer from the windows. The car is suddenly quiet, save for two Hebrews playing pinochle.

Each mile lifts the train to a higher vantage point. With many turnings it winds past the first great spur of rock, then a second, then a dozen, and on all sides are nothing but peaks. At Banff there is an alteration in the passenger lists: some leave, others come aboard. The two travellers, oblivious to the passage of time, stand on the observation platform.

"I was born among these mountains," says Smith, "and I love 'em. Ev'ry time I go 'way from this country and these mountains, I get sort of hungry t' get back. Ev'ry time I get back and see 'em, like this here now—I feel *diff'rent*. I feel healthier, an' cleaner, an'—Oh, well, dammit there's somethin' *noble* about these hills. Now, isn't there?"

"Mighty!" assented the Balliol man, for his speech had become contaminated.

One does not write of mountains lightly. Men have tried to paint them and have failed—miserably. Others have photographed them. It is only the thin soul of a camera that can attempt to record their immensities. Snap the shutter! Turn to the next film! You have a picture, and it is no doubt worth having, but it is really only a little better than a hurried memoranda.

Late in the night comes a change in the motion of the train. The vigilant brakes lie close to the tires. The locomotive is no longer pulling, but answering the pull of gravity. We slip softly down into the velvet maw of the Yoho Valley, through the great spiral tunnels bored in the thighs of the hills, the peaks glittering in the moonlight, close to the river, whose song comes up through the stillness of the Great Pit. It is walled by precipices and has planets set in its very ceiling. It is a place of fearful heights and awful depths, a place of calm so intense that only the rumble of the train keeps the ear from catching the music of night birds crying a mile down the valley, and the silver tinkle of a water-fall flitting down the face of a precipice.

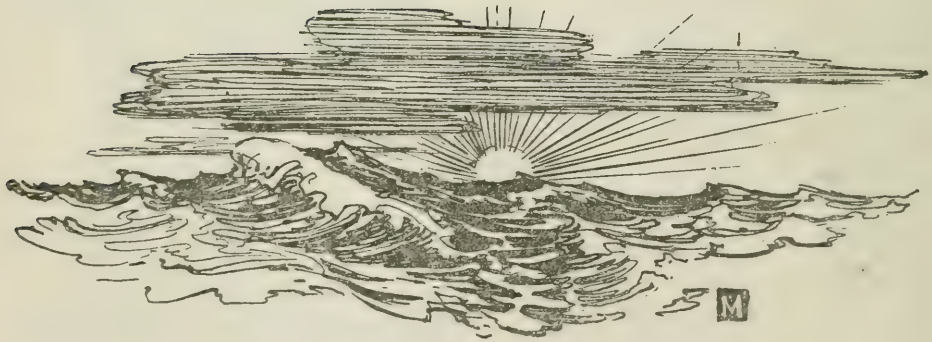
Here in the valley bottom the sky is higher than it ever was before, yet closer. The brakes are released. The oil-burner which has taken the place of the coal-burning engine out of respect to the forestry regulations of the Province of British Columbia, has met the Kicking Horse and is racing with it, cheek by jowl, through the night-shadowed mountains.

Of the remaining distance through

to the City of Vancouver and the edge of the sea I shall not write. Having thus entered the mountains one can see only for oneself. Of the Thompson Canyon and the Fraser Canyon, and of the Fraser's sudden conversion from a riotous life in a gray-blue gorge to a placid state among green meadows and trees—I shall not write. Of Victoria and the Island of Vancouver, of the whole brilliant, fascinating coast, with its touch of Orient and its flavour of the south latitudes, one can write but lamely. They are a fitting end to the cresendo. There is no anti-climax.

The few impressions of which I have thus written are only some out of many. You will not see what I saw, nor what your neighbour sees from his window across the aisle of the car. For we are, by good fortune, differently adjusted—open to different impressions, and to different interpretations of the same experience.

This, I venture to believe, is wherein the Art of Travelling lies: that the mind is in a mood to receive the impressions and to suppose interpretations. Catch the spirit of this Western train, which is the spirit of this country. Revive in you the sense of Adventure. Catch the rhythm of a young nation's tumultuous pulse. So —at least, in this Western Hemisphere—one may truly practise the most ancient and the most refreshing of the arts.



THE GRAY WIG

BY JANE PRATT

THIS story is told by me, who used to be Mary Hale, of Boston, who later wore the gray wig, and it is partly about Arnold Brackett, whom I saw first when I was in that disguise, and how he became a farmer in Western Canada.

He might have bought his farm in California, where he went from New York not long before his trip to Alberta, or even perhaps in dear old Massachusetts; but here in Western Canada they know how to make farming appeal to the imagination, with their talk of steam plows and virgin soil, and they propose comfortable terms for gradual payment year by year, as the millionaires or somebody ought to do in the States. And so Arnold Brackett—Arnold Brackett of all men!—was fired by ambition, and is becoming one of the lords of the new earth out here.

As to the gray wig, I wish I had it now. Heaven knows it made me unhappy enough! Heaven knows how once I loathed it! But if I had it now I would put it away in the farthest corner of my most precious drawer —and tuck it out of sight among all the little things—and then, when Arnold has to be away all day, and I am lonesome, just for a minute or two, off on this great prairie, without even the Rockies which we had in Calgary to look up to, then I would go and look at the foolish little things and be all right again.

But the gray wig will never again be seen by mortal eyes.

This story begins on one sunny afternoon in February, in the little front sitting-room of Mr. Jack Dalrymple's red brick bungalow on the rolling prairie on the outskirts of the new city. There I sat, just twenty-four years old, dressed in a sober, middle-aged housekeeper's gown, with the gray wig on my head, and a few little natural wrinkles on my forehead, and which came, I think, from my not having worn glasses when I should have at school—over which little wrinkles and around my ears the iron gray hair drooped as if it grew. There I sat with Jack Dalrymple's sock stretched over a wooden egg, pushing the darning needle in and out somewhat slowly and dreamily. The little sitting-room seemed a real sun parlour, and the low, broad window-seat below the wide window to the west caught the sunshine like a burning-glass.

Such sunshine! I had never known anything like it in Boston. It seemed fairly to squeeze the pungent odour out of the row of young geranium plants, gay with great scarlet clusters, and, soaking into the great tiger cat asleep on his cushion beside them, make him sleep as never Boston cat slept, as if he never could sleep enough.

Then my eyes wandered past the tiger cat and the geraniums, over the undulating, fenceless, soft-brown prairie, powdered with soft snow and swimming in light, to the snow-covered mountains beyond. A shack or a substantial farm-house with fenced ground stood out against the great

sky here and there, and along the black line of one of the trails which disappeared between the knolls of a near, low hill a farm wagon drawn by two horses, a shepherd dog trotting on ahead, made its slow way. Against the horizon a horse and his rider moved—black.

These were the only signs of life in sight. For the rest there was the immensity of the great stretch of sky, the undulating prairies swimming in a light which seemed like a living presence, and, looking down from the west, the jagged white peaks of the Rockies.

As I thought of my three months as housekeeper for Mr. Jack Dalrymple, and his friends, it seemed just then as if this were all of it—the sun washed air and the earth and the mountains. At Uncle Tom's, on Newbury Street, we had been shut up with our own troubles and vexations; there was no background. Somebody had advised deep breathing for our nerves, but we never remembered it. Here I could not help taking great breaths of the clean, glad air. It was like wings. It filled one with courage.

Then, too, the brick bungalow, cheerfully but inaccurately spoken of as "the shack," had been so dirty and neglected when I first came it had been enough to fill anybody, certainly an inexperienced body like me, with a sort of desperate energy. Three young men of a neatness and conventionality as to themselves and their clothes living in such a place! Three big dogs and cigar ends and pipes everywhere! The ashes and cinders from the range wandering over the kitchen floor and making little excursions into the dining-room and front hall! The sheets of a blackness! And yet they were all so grateful for the cleanliness and the well ordered meals and the good food, as soon as they were accomplished. They used to forget to go out evenings in the first surprise of it. But now I was feeling a little strange, for though housekeeping matters were running like clockwork, there was a decided change in our household. Two of the men had gone with their dogs, having accepted positions at Bassano, a town which was on the edge of a great boom, and besides the cat Tiger and Mr. Jack Dalrymple's dog Patsy, and Patsy's master, there was only the newcomer, Bruce McKenzie.

Bruce McKenzie was a dark young Scotsman from Aberdeen whom Mr. Dalrymple had become much attached to during many vigorous arguments on theology and philosophy, interspersed with much poetry rolled out sonorously from the deep throat of the young Scotsman. But there had been times when the voice had lost its buoyancy, when the arguments had rattled about rather loosely, and then after that we did not see Bruce McKenzie for a week or two. It was quite evident that a hotel with a thriving bar, patronized by many convivial acquaintances, was hardly the best boarding-house for the young man, and, at my employer's request, I consented that he should take the place of the two who had gone to build up Bassano. He had been with us a week now, and nobody could have been more solemn or more grateful than he. He insisted on bringing up the coal for the range, he was always watching to see if there was not something he could lift or carry.

And just then it was that my peaceful reflections in the sunshine were broken into by a sudden wet splash on my cheek. You can well imagine that I was not crying about Mr. Bruce McKenzie bringing up the coal for the range. I was remembering suddenly the home on Newbury Street, and poor Uncle Tom, but what brought the sudden pang was the thought that the girls had never written, that I did not know even where they were.

But I straightened up, brushed away the obtrusive drop, and began

darning vigorously, planning for supper at the same time.

My needle had been pulled through hardly twice when there came a ring at the front door. I had always considered Mr. Dalrymple's front door bell a piece of somewhat pretentious ornamentation. Telephone calls were common, but never had I heard the front door bell ring before. It gave me a queer, startled thrill, but, remembering, as I always tried to do, the weight of my years and my gray hairs, I took my apron off, slowly folded it up, deliberately laid it over the mending basket, and slipped the whole into a corner before I went to the door.

When I opened it wide in the blaze of the afternoon sun, a young man, tall and rather thin, with a soft gray hat and quiet gray eyes, stood on the little front piazza. His overcoat was dark gray woollen instead of fur, which made me regard him at once as a stranger just arrived.

"Is Mr. Dalrymple at home?" he asked, in mild, almost hesitating words.

"He is never at home so early," I answered. "Have you—have you an appointment with him?"

The young man gently protested that he had no appointment. He was Mr. Dalrymple's cousin, Arnold Brackett. They had been having some correspondence about his coming to Calgary, but nothing had been decided. When did I expect Mr. Dalrymple home?

Patsy the dog had come out and was sniffing inquiringly at the stranger's legs. A clock in the dining-room struck four. It would be two full hours I knew before the master of the house would arrive.

"You didn't happen to hear Mr. Dalrymple say anything about me?" he asked without the slightest impatience, "that I might come?"

"No," I said, and it occurred to me that I perhaps ought to doubt if this were really Mr. Dalrymple's cousin, but I found myself quite incapable of the shadow of a doubt, and ended cheerfully, "won't you come in?"

And then, as if to make up for my slowness in reaching so simple a conclusion, I soon had this unexpected guest seated in the big, leather-covered arm chair, which I had turned to the best angle for the mountain view, while I slipped into the kitchen, where the kettle, just beginning to sing, made the thought of tea an almost instant fact.

The queer thing about Arnold Brackett was that the minute you saw him, almost, you felt as if you had always known him.

Remembering my position, I sought to combine the impersonality of a Boston waitress with the hospitality of a Southern matron. I wished to imply that as Mr. Dalrymple's housekeeper I was entirely at his service. But he quite ignored the tone of helpful formality which I assumed and met me cheerfully as a fellow American. As I came in with the tray he rose to make room for it on the little table by the big window and to place a chair for me as if I, of course, were to stay too.

"This is Miss Hale?" he asked. "And you are from Boston. I'm a New Yorker, myself. Jack has written my sister and me how good you've been to them all. I judge they had been eating fried boots and pemmican for some time before you came."

No, I politely refused to drink tea with him, and I left him alone a good deal while I was preparing supper and setting a room ready if Mr. Dalrymple should ask him to stay over night, but even then he found time to say a good many things. He sat with his long legs stretched out in the sunshine, stroking the cat, and, in his slow, meandering voice he managed to give me much information. He had come out to buy land, irrigated land he thought he would buy, and later, if things went well, he might get hold of some boys who had

never had a chance and see what he could make of them. He hadn't amounted to much himself yet because he hadn't cared for law in his father's office, and nothing else had offered so far that he did care very much for.

So he ran on until the master of the house, straight and soldierly on his saddle horse, rode past the window; in a minute he had dismounted, and I, thankful that everything was progressing so well there, disappeared into the kitchen.

It was at once decided that this newly arrived cousin should make his headquarters at the bungalow while he was looking over the irrigated land belt, and in the week that followed Arnold Brackett's arrival I saw a great deal of him, and I began to grow very fond of my gray wig, for I fancied if it had not been for that he would never have consulted me about his plans as he did.

I tried to be practical and wise in my advice, you may be sure, but it was rather difficult to preserve this attitude long at a time, because, in the first place, I knew absolutely nothing about irrigated land except what I had read in the charming blue covered circulars edged with borders of golden grain with which the prospective farmer supplied himself every time he visited the Canadian railroad's land offices, and, in the second place, this new arrival was in such high spirits that it was quite impossible to remain serious long at a time with him.

The somewhat lackadaisical manner of his arrival had disappeared. He was up for early breakfast with his cousin, who, his hand in half the enterprises of Calgary, made long days, and now it was two saddle horses instead of one which cantered off down the black trail into town. But Arnold was soon back, and intent on telling me all his adventures. If I was paring vegetables, or moulding bread, or dusting, it made no difference, and if I had to leave him in the midst of a narrative he pulled out his latest blue and golden circular and read facts and figures about subsoils and irrigation ditches until I returned.

A farmer he wished to be and a farmer he would be, cooking his own meals if necessary. He explained to me about the steam plows, the paternal supervision and instruction of the railroad company.

"Why, it's just such greenies as I they expect," he said. "I shall put in wheat the first year, for that's simple, and then when I know more I'll try diversified farming. And I want to go to a town where nothing is started, no post-office, no school, be one of the founders, you know, like George Washington."

In such cheerful strain he discoursed by the half hour.

Or he told me what he had seen and heard on his ride. He was like a child on a holiday. A Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, gorgeous in his red coat and riding like a cavalry officer; a squaw with gay petticoat, blanket, and moccasin, knife in sheathe at her side, and pappoose on her back; all the new houses going merrily up; the covered basements and tents sheltering families which he occasionally ran across; the stories of the men who knew Calgary in the eighties, when the railroad had just come and there was no Calgary—all these things were unfailing delights for him.

"And now Mrs. McLeod receives on Wednesdays, and Mrs. Helmuth receives on Thursdays, and they want me to be a society butterfly," stretching his long legs out and rubbing Tiger's nose. "But no butterflying for me. I must go on a tour of investigation and pick out my farm."

But before the farm was chosen something happened at the brick bungalow which came near to being a tragedy.

Bruce McKenzie was at supper the day that Arnold Brackett arrived, and he slept in the house that night,

coming in late. The next morning he was not himself. He drank a strong cup of coffee and went away without eating, and for four or five days after we saw nothing of him. Mr. Dalrymple had inquired at the hotel at which he had formerly lived. He was there, and there was no doubt how he was spending his time with some of his old cronies.

But in the middle of one afternoon toward the end of the week, when I was resting in my room in slippers and kimona, Mr. Brackett in his room on the other side of the house, I heard the front door open, and a man's step go quickly through the hall. I was lying on my couch in the sunshine, with my hair spread out over the pillow, and I lay there thinking I ought to find out who had come in at this unusual hour, but telling myself that, as Arnold Brackett was in his room, he would know, when, sharp through the stillness, two pistol shots cracked. At once I was in the hall. There, in the passageway between the two men's rooms, stood Arnold Brackett and Bruce McKenzie. Bruce, with his collar off, his shirt and vest open, was leaning against the wall, his head back, his arm thrown out as if to support himself; Arnold was examining the pistol which he held in his hand. It was the same pistol, I thought, which I had seen a day or two before in the Scotsman's room.

"Oh," I gasped, "are you safe?" and I ran and put my hand on Arnold Brackett's arm. Then I did something I never did before. Everything grew dark, and I felt myself slipping to the floor.

The next I knew I felt a dash of cold water in my face, and I opened my eyes to see Arnold Brackett kneeling beside me.

"Can you get up? Let me help you," he said.

I staggered to my feet, and he put his arm about me and guided me to my room and to the couch by the window. Then he brought a coverlet which lay across the bed and spread it over me, painstakingly, to the chin. He went out, to appear again in a minute with something in a glass which he made me drink, putting his hand at my back to support me. It was just then that I remembered that my hair was down, my own hair, all crinkly, and foolish, and young—I had just been washing it and drying it in the sun—and I fell back and shut my eyes, for I did not dare to look at Arnold Brackett again. I knew he was standing there and looking down at me, watching to see if I was going to faint again. I did not dare to open my eyes, but I said faintly, "Was anybody shot?"

"No, no," he answered impatiently. "I saw the fool just in time, with the pistol aimed at his heart. He was half crazy, and fought when I grabbed it. We both had hold of it, but I held the muzzle down and fired into the floor—You're surely all right?"

"Yes, yes, quite right."

"Then'll I'll go and take a look at my other patient, and if you want me you're to call."

As he turned to go out I opened my eyes just a tiny bit and looked at his back.

But after he had closed the door softly behind him, I lay in the sunshine with my eyes shut. Arnold Brackett knew that I was a sham, a deceiver. And yet he had been heavenly kind and gentle. He had come from a tussle with a half crazed man and from danger of death and had put the glass to my lips with as steady a hand as he had had when he took the tray from me the afternoon he came. He had seen I was a sham, a deceiver, and yet he had laid the coverlet over me as carefully as if I had been a child.

I began to sob, but I did not dare to cry for fear the men would hear me. I was able to get up, but I did not dare to rise and put on my disguise and my old womanish dress. I was afraid.

Just then there came a tap at the door.

"Are you feeling better, Miss Hale?"

"Oh, much better. All right, thank you."

A shadow of a pause, and then, Jack will be at home soon now, and will you tell him that Bruce and I are going to the Alberta to-night? He hates to meet Jack, and I must stick by him until he is straightened out. I'll telephone to Jack this evening." And in a minute of two I heard the front door shut.

My first impulse was to get up at once, to put my hair on the top of my head in the way I used to wear it, to slip on a white waist with elbow sleeves, and a navy blue skirt, and to meet Mr. Jack Dalrymple at the door when he came, saying, "This is I. I have been deceiving you."

But what right had I to greet my employer in any such fantastic, dramatic style. He had engaged an elderly housekeeper, and an elderly housekeeper I must remain until he gave me permission to quit my disguise. So I dressed as usual, slowly, heavily, only thinking all the time that the minute Mr. Dalrymple returned I would tell him the whole story. He might turn me out if he wanted to; nothing else but full confession was possible.

If I had done wrong I certainly suffered for it in the hours which followed this resolve. It was time for supper, and no Mr. Dalrymple; it was seven o'clock and I ate, or pretended to, and still the master of the house did not come. The telephone rang, and I rushed to it, expecting to hear either Arnold Brackett's voice asking for his cousin or Jack Dalrymple's explaining his absence. It was a strange man, wishing to speak to my employer. I sat idle, alone except for Tiger, asleep on his cushion, and Patsy, lying alert, cocking up his ears and stiffening at every sound. Again the telephone sounded through the stillness. My heart nearly choked me. Was it some bad news, or Arnold Brackett, cold and distant, asking to speak to his cousin? It was the insistent stranger, still inquiring for Mr. Dalrymple. I went back to my chair, feeling as if I were condemned to sit there always, in my detested disguise, deserted by everybody.

As a matter of fact, Jack Dalrymple had met Arnold Brackett down town, and after that had been detained by urgent business, of which his mind had been so full that he had forgotten to notify me that he would not be home until late. At breakfast we talked about Bruce McKenzie, but breakfast finished, I said breathlessly, "Mr. Dalrymple, I want to see you a little while before you go."

He looked surprised. Arnold had not told him, then:

"Jack is the *straightest* fellow!" as he gave ear to my blundering tale Arnold Brackett had said. Somehow his straightness seemed all against me. I thought, even while I was speaking, that I could have told Arnold Brackett so he would have understood, but with my employer, his chair pushed back from the breakfast table, his eyes attentively upon me. I could only blunder through the barest facts.

I began stiffly, like a dull Sunday school story, with the fact that when my widowed mother had died when I was only fourteen I had gone to Boston to live in my Uncle Tom's family; and I added that I had lived with them until six months ago, when Uncle Tom's business had failed.

I thought he would not care to be bothered with Uncle Tom's wife's peculiarities, so I could not explain how, if Aunt Louise had not been so unkind, had not seemed to want me to go, I would have stayed with them, Aunt Louise and the two girls and Uncle Tom, and worked like a regular slavey for them all; but I did tell him that I took the little money that was my own and came to Western

Canada with our old neighbours in Broadmeadow, the Browns, and that when they went on their ranch, though they asked me to go, too, I decided now at last to make my own way, with my two hands and the only skill I had, what my mother had taught me of housekeeping and what I had learned myself in our many domestic crises in Newbury Street.

I added, as I came at last to the confession: "You see, I am only twenty-four years old."

"What?" said Mr. Dalrymple, short and sharp, straightening himself in his chair, folding his arms, and fixing his eyes sternly upon me.

I took a long breath, held my hands so tight together I could feel the sharpness of the nails, and, rejoicing to be on the home stretch now, blurted out, almost cheerfully, "Only twenty-four, you see, and I had never been among strangers or done anything by myself. I was frightened when I thought of telling people I was a working housekeeper, because, of course, I knew I should make mistakes, and then I knew there were so many young men here, trying to keep house by themselves—"

Jack Dalrymple's grave countenance confronted me.

"Well," I ended briskly. "I had this gray wig, such a natural little wig I wore in some amateur theatricals in Boston when I played an old lady's part, so I decided to wear it, and with my glasses and these dresses I made a very good middle-aged housekeeper—and really if I hadn't done it you probably never would have engaged me. And I have"—my voice somehow failed in a queer little catch, but I picked it up again to add, unsteadily—"I *have* tried to make you comfortable."

Except for his one exclamation he had listened without a word, and his listening made everything I had done appear childish, absolutely foolish and unexplainable.

When I had finished he said:

"Your uncle's last name was?"

"Stanwood," I finished.

"Yes, 'Stanwood,'" he repeated. "That's a mighty queer coincidence. I lost something through your uncle's failure. You know, of course, that he died some two months ago?"

"Died?" I cried. "Oh, I knew his heart wasn't right. Why didn't I stay?" And then, my eyes filling with angry tears: "You needn't think we are all deceivers and cheats, all our family. We have always been honourable people, and Uncle Tom did not mean to do wrong; things were very much against him."

Unable to keep a proper composue, I rose from the table, and Mr. Dalrymple rose, too, genuinely distressed.

"I certainly meant no unkindness in what I said, Miss Hale; but you must understand that this story is a very great surprise to me."

"When do you wish me to go?" I asked.

"Go?" My mind evidently was running ahead of his.

"I never can keep up this mummery any more. I am sure it would be best for me to go."

He did not dispute me, but said kindly, "I certainly do not want you to go until you have some other position. Do you think Mrs. McLeod could suggest something?"

"I had thought it would be best to see her," I answered, trying to speak bravely.

Just before we went away he came back into the dining-room to say, "Of course, you will continue to be my elderly housekeeper as long as you stay here, Miss Hale."

His voice was not unkind, there was even the faintest flicker of a smile, and I accepted the wisdom of what he said.

But they were dreary days, those in which I continued to wear the little gray wig. I came to think of myself in prison, in prisoner's garb. But the only thing which made living possible was keeping up my courage, and meantime I did my best to make

it cheerful for Bruce McKenzie, who was back again, struggling against a black depression. He, I was sure, had not in the least taken in my appearance in the hall, and I liked to hear him talk about Arnold and his kindness.

Arnold himself was out of town, scouring the country for his model farm. I had seen him but a minute when he had come for some articles for his journey, and we had both been stiff and unnatural. I had asked Mr. Dalrymple afterwards if he had repeated to his cousin what I had told him, and he had responded coldly, "Yes."

"I have not seen Mrs. McLeod yet," I faltered.

"Oh, well, no hurry," he had answered abstractedly, "you know I'm glad to have you stay as long as you're willing to."

Arnold's cousin was very much immersed in business matters just now, and evidently was spending little thought on his erratic housekeeper.

And so the days went on, and now it was March. The powder of snow over the prairie was all gone, there were soft, summerlike clouds in the soft, blue sky. The sunshine grew warmer and warmer.

Then one morning when I was all alone in the house the telephone bell rang sharply and insistently.

"Miss Hale?" Oh, thank the Lord, it was Arnold Brackett's voice, gentle, meandering, just the old Arnold. "Miss Hale, may I come to see you this afternoon? And, Miss Hale," hesitatingly, "Miss Hale, would you mind—being just yourself? I want to see the *young* lady, you know, herself."

I was hungry for his news, and not a word would he say until I was quite myself. So I ran to my room and put up my crinkly, dark hair, that seemed glad to be released, just as I had always worn it, and ran my fingers through it and fluffed it out at the sides, and went back to him with the wig in my hand, ready if Mr. Dalrymple should come home unexpectedly.

Then he told me all about the farm, with its farm house and barns already built, and how Bruce McKenzie, who had been a year on his brother's farm in Saskatchewan, had promised to be his foreman.

"Do you remember how I told you, the first day I came, about what I should like to do, giving poor boys a chance on my model farm? Well, this is a sort of beginning. Bruce is fine, rich soil, but he hasn't been raising the right crops, and," with a rapid change of metaphor, "when he has himself well in hand he'll be just the right man to get my street boys into shape." He paused and got up and stood before the window, gazing at the Rockies, and then he came and stood before me.

"Will you come to the farm with me?"

"To the farm?"

"As mistress, as my wife?"

He took hold of my hands, and the gentleness and the strength of his took hold of my soul.

"Yes, Arnold," I said.

My consent seemed to go to his head. There was no doing anything with him. He exulted in my hair as if it were a newly-found fortune. He discovered the poor little wig fallen to the floor, and, holding it up like a rat, he thrust it into the range.

"But Mr. Dalrymple will never have me without my wig, he said so," I cried in sudden terror.

That was the reason I went to the dear, kind Mrs. McLeod that night, and we were married before the week was out.

Mr. Dalrymple went down town to board, Bruce McKenzie departed at once to the farm to put things in shape there, and we spent our short honeymoon at Banff.

And the gray wig, which was the only piece of deceit in the whole matter, will never be seen by mortal eyes again. But indeed I did not mean to be dishonest.

MADAME MERCIER

From the Painting by Greuze. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE THIRD ACT

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN

THE Secretary of the Relief Fund looked up quickly as the man in the ragged kharki entered. From his figure the visitor might have been an Indian, but his face was English. In one hand he carried a faded sombrero, and he shuffled into the room with the hesitation and shyness of one unaccustomed to meeting his fellow creatures.

"Been out in the woods?" the Secretary inquired, anxious to open conversation without loss of time.

The man nodded. "Away up in Ungava," he answered. "The fire passed south of me, and I knew there'd be a blaze-up somewhere down here, but never expected this." He waved his hand towards the window, beyond which lay the black and charred remains of what had once been the main avenue of the prosperous little mining camp.

"You've been alone?" queried the Secretary with sudden alertness.

"No, my God, not alone!" answered the man in kharki. "One can't travel alone in woods like these. There's always the silence." He took a step forward, and placed his bony fingers on the extreme edge of the desk. "Say," he asked suddenly, "can you tell me the names of those who have perished in this infernal blaze up?"

"I have a list here," the Secretary answered. "Of course it's very imperfect. There are scores we could not identify, but all the women and children are down, and—"

The man in the ragged kharki snatched the list from the Secretary's hand. His eyes scanned the columns of names, till presently they fixed upon one particular line. Then his thin lips hardened, and the paper trembled in his grasp.

The Secretary understood. This was only one of the pitiable cases that were passing through his hands daily. This was only one of the fathers to return from the woods to find home, wife—everything gone.

"God help you," said the Secretary quietly.

The man in kharki laid down the typewritten list. He replaced his sombrero and moved towards the door. At the threshold he paused, his hand upon the latch, and reverently groped the sombrero from his head. "God help me," he said, "and us all."

Then he softly closed the door behind him.

The man in kharki slouched down the temporary wooden sidewalk, stooping forward in the attitude of one accustomed to carrying heavy loads. On either side of him stretched long lines of tents, which the fire sufferers had erected over the ashes of their old homes. The whole civilised world had heard the sorrowful tale of the great forest fires, and thousands had extended a liberal hand towards those who had suffered most keenly.

The man in kharki entered the Recorder's office — or rather the tent that stood where the Recorder's office had been. He placed a blue-print

map upon the counter, and ran his finger along an unnamed creek, till he came to a place he had marked, and against which were some writing and figures.

"I want to register this claim," he said. "One can't miss the place. It lies at the crest of the only waterfall, travelling northwards. I've written full particulars on the map."

Presently the man in kharki emerged from the tent. He made his way to the chief hotel—the only building that remained standing. In the entrance parlour he wrote two letters, and got the proprietor to witness his signature. One of the letters he mailed to a firm of solicitors in Montreal city, and the other he placed in the large envelope which contained his registration papers.

Emerging from the hotel, the man in kharki made his way to the general stores, and bought a quantity of goods which he ordered to be sent down to his canoe at the main landing stage.

It was almost dark when this was done. Men stood about in little straggling groups, busy with their prospects of building up a new city. Somewhere in the twilight a wild bird was singing, and the sound of children's voices floated down on the still air. A soft "hush" had settled upon the camp—the evening hush of the great open spaces—and the man in kharki paused to listen, his hands clenched behind him.

Soon he retraced his steps to the Secretary's office. The Secretary greeted him cordially. "We have funds at our disposal," he said, "sufficient to rebuild the homes of those who have suffered most keenly. My chief difficulty lies in avoiding the impostor, but in dealing with you I know that I cannot be too liberal."

"Thanks," said the man in kharki. He said it soulfully, for it was long since he had met the kindness of a fellow creature. "But for me I am afraid you can do nothing. Have you a few minutes to spare?"

He moved towards the door, and presently the Secretary followed him. They made their way to the main landing stage, and entered a canoe that stood waiting. A few dexterous strokes of the paddle sent the frail craft ricochetting into the darkness. The man in kharki could evidently see well enough, for he paddled the canoe swiftly through the labyrinth of sunken logs and snags that strewed the water. On either side was the forest—silent, grim, indomitable.

Presently they reached a place where a narrow trail led from the water's edge. Here the man in kharki beached the canoe and motioned his companion to follow him. It was dark as pitch under the trees, but soon they reached a small clearing high up on the breeze-swept slope. The surrounding forest had been scourged by fire, and in the centre of the clearing lay the charred remains of a log cabin. Near to it, under the trees, stood a pile of stones, from the centre of which rose a wooden cross.

"Your place?" asked the Secretary. He had no need to ask the question, but he had to say something.

"My place," answered the man in kharki. "You've been here before?"

The Secretary nodded. "Once," he said quietly.

"You were a member of the rescue party?"

Again the Secretary nodded. "We found the boy — your boy — lying here," he went on, in the same quiet voice, indicating the heap of stones with the solemn little cross above them. "The chink you left with him bolted when he saw the fire coming, but the boy stopped behind and put up a fight. I guess he stood by you to the end, but a man doesn't stand a chance in a place like this. We buried him where he lay."

There was a long pause, then the man in kharki said, "You remember my boy?"

"I remember him well," answered the Secretary, his voice shaking. "A

fair-haired, bright-eyed little fellow. As white a little white man as ever entered a mining camp. It's a shame! An almighty shame!"

The man in kharki looked down at his ragged moccasins. He was trembling from head to foot. His hands were clasped behind him, as the Secretary saw by the starlight, and there was something in his face which the other had never seen before on the face of a human being, and hoped never to see again.

"He was only twelve," said the man in kharki, with a resignation that was pitiable. "If there is any mercy in Heaven, God might have spared *him*. But now that he is gone, Heaven, I suppose, has had its judgment. Listen, partner!—" he turned, with sudden alertness, and his knotted fingers caught the lapels of the Secretary's coat. "Six months ago," he began hoarsely, "I left this settlement, intent on prospecting a country which lies beyond the surveyed regions, many scores of miles north of here. I left the boy behind me, with the chink to look after him, telling him that when I returned I should be a rich man—rich enough to set him up in a proper way.

"I took with me a partner," the man in kharki lowered his voice, and his eyes again sought the ground. "He was a half-breed — Maulin by name, half French, half Cree. For three months we made our way northwards through the silence and gloom. We found nothing, saw nothing, spoke to no one. Days passed by, sometimes, without us speaking to each other, and the black flies and mosquitos were a nightmare.

"At length the loneliness — the gnawing crushing loneliness of those silent, infernal forests began to eat into our souls. It tore at our very heart-strings till our minds were aflame with heaviness. Often the sound of our own footsteps made us turn and curse.

"The half-breed was for hitting out for home, but I forced him on, and at length we struck the source of an unnamed creek, which runs north and south through Ungava. We decided to follow it homewards.

"Here fresh misfortunes began to befall us. One day, while we were steadying our canoe down a dangerous rapid, somehow she swung clear, hit a boulder, and capsized, emptying our stores into the river.

"I blamed Maulin, and he blamed me. These were the first words we had spoken for days, and we didn't go out of our way to pick and choose them. We began to hate each other like poison.

"After that we were forced to travel slowly, and range wide for game. The dry season had already set in, and fire after fire began to sweep the country. More than once we were hard put to pull through with our lives, for the land was sparingly watered, and timbered mostly with cedar and dead tamarack.

"The fires drove the game out of the country, and at length the day came when we had only a little rice and raisins left. We began to watch one another pretty closely, each thinking that the other was only waiting for an opportunity to make away with the canoe. At length it became clear that only one of us could pull through alive.

"And then—just at this time, we made a surprising find—"

The man in kharki paused, and looked at his companion.

"Gold?" queried the latter.

"Gold," said the man in kharki. He fumbled in his tunic pocket, and produced a large sample of quartz. The Secretary took it in his hand, and weighed it pensively. Then he gave a low whistle, and held it up to the starlight. He could see teats of gold, large as a man's finger tips, sticking out from the glossy quartz.

"That's only a surface sample," said the man in kharki. "When first I saw the lode I thought it would peter out, but it didn't. It got wider every way—sweeping up the hillside

in a dazzling glitter of yellow metal.

"Well, at our feet lay a fortune, and we knew it. We staked out our claim, and made things clear on the map. There's no passing the place from my description of it, and if you take a good man you'll be there in less than three weeks.

"If we had had anything to hate each other for previously, we had more now, so I called the half-breed to me, and explained things as best I could. In the end we placed our feet upon the vein, and swore solemnly before God to stand by each other till we both went down.

"But, in spite of this, I couldn't trust him. I couldn't rest or sleep, or even pray. The loneliness — the flies—the silence! The half-breed was worse than I. He kept on muttering and cursing and whimpering till it got on my nerves. At length one night, when I did fall asleep, I awoke to find him creeping up behind me, his gun in his hand. It was moonlight, and I could see the white glimmer of his teeth between his lips.

"When I hit out into the woods, it was for the boy. All those weeks of misery and gloom and hardships I had suffered for him. The half-breed was nothing to me, but the boy and I were everything in the world to each other. It was for his sake that I wanted to pull through, and it was for his sake that I—well, I finished him!

"It was my only chance after he had broken the oath. We fired simultaneously, but my shot told, and his missed.

"Finished him right away, almost, and as he lay there whimpering and cursing he said that he'd be even with me. 'Wait till you get home,' he said —those were his last words. 'Wait till you get home, then you'll see.'

"There isn't much more to tell," said the man in kharki. "I didn't waste time after that. It was all straight travelling, you see. A week ago I reached Flying Post, and saw the big fire to the south of me. It missed me by a mile or more, but I could see that the whole country was ablaze, and it was blowing a hurricane.

"This morning I arrived here—" The man in kharki looked round at the charred remains of his old home. Then he raised his hand, in a manner that indicated that the story was finished. He pulled the sombrero from his head, and walked slowly towards the wooden cross. It was the first time he had approached it, and at the foot of the little mound he stood looking down, his hands clasped in front of him. Overhead the aurora flickered and shone, for a moment lighting up the grim little scene.

Presently the man in kharki drew a heavy black revolver from his belt. He pointed the muzzle towards the sky and fired three shots in solemn succession, one after the other.

The Secretary bowed his head. He knew that his companion was firing a farewell salute to the child whom he had loved so dearly. In silence he turned towards the creek, and presently the man in kharki joined him.

Soon the two disembarked at the main landing stage below the settlement. The man in kharki drew the large envelope which contained the papers from his tunic pocket, and handed it to the Secretary.

"It's all there," he said, "properly drawn up and in order. I was in a solicitor's office once — before the boy lost his mother—and I know how to do the thing. Now I leave it to you to see the business through. I guess you're to be trusted, or you wouldn't have been selected for the post you now hold.

"In my letter I give the names of half a dozen men who have suffered by this fire. My claim goes to them. They're all men with families—men with boys of their own—who used to chum up with my kiddy. Also I give the name of a firm of Montreal solicitors, and of a Montreal capitalist, who are standing in with you. Good night, and thanks."

The man in kharki held out his hand, but the Secretary hesitated. "But—but," he stammered, "I don't understand. Where do you come in?"

His companion stepped into the canoe. He knelt down in the waist of it, and took up his paddle.

"Nowhere," he answered. "This is where I finish. I'm off back to the woods to live with the Indians, far enough away from here. This is the third act, you see. There's always something unexpected happens in the third act."

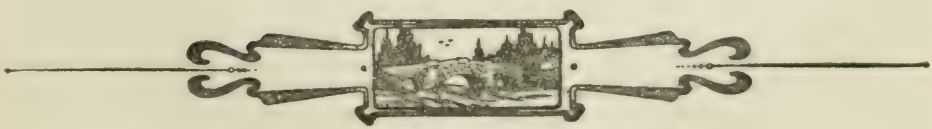
Then the man in kharki plied his paddle, and glided away into the darkness.

IN HEIDELBERG

By E. PAULINE JOHNSON

IN Heidelberg, where you were born,
The sunshine must be fine and rare
To leave such warmth within your heart,
To touch your thought and soul with that
Which neither suns or stars impart,
That strange, exquisite gift of God,
That fine and fairy thing called art.
Did fate decree your art and mine
Should weave into a future skein,
When you were born in Heidelberg,
And I was born—in Vain?

In Heidelberg, where you were born,
The day-dawn must wear strange disguise;
Now, it has left, its wealth of gray
And melting shadows in your eyes,
From whose deep, sombre beauty all
Your soul, God-given, speaks the clear,
Unblemished strength of all your art,
And writes that soul, a soul sincere.
Did fate decree your fleeting hour
Meet mine of storm, and stress, and rain,
When you were born in Heidelberg,
And I was born—in Vain?



THEIR FAMILY TREE

BY ANNE WARNER

FOLLOWING the day of the baby's birth they drove to the tract which the grandfather had declared should be the future kingdom of his first grandson, and there they planted it—The Tree—making of the hour as much gayety as was possible in the wide ocean-like prairie, and trying not to recall what tree-planting or the birth of a baby may mean in those happy, friendly parts of the world where other people are so common that one may safely scorn or even dislike certain of their fellow men, so many others as there are left to look up to or survey calmly on the level.

The tree had been a seedling in a pot for several months before the famous day upon which it was set formally forth to seek its own sunlight and water. They dug a hole and filled in loam with the earth resultant and mounded it up again and on the summit of the diminutive hill stood the little tree. The whole proceeding was not exactly scientific, but it was done with careful love and loving care, and the two together are nearly as good at growing things as science. When they had finished, a few stakes were hammered in between the young thing and the direction whence blew the most wind, and some grass was woven between as a protection. Then they came home to tell about what they had done.

"I truly hope that the tree will live," the baby's mother said faintly, as they all grouped about her bedside and told her of the planting. The baby's mother was a delicate, blue-eyed creature, far too frail to have ever done wisely in marrying on the prairie.

"It will live," said the grandmother, a dear, rosy body whom anyone would do well to marry anywhere. "It will live and it will grow, and so will he, too." And then she folded the baby that she was rocking yet closer to her bosom, and smiled cheerily at the white face on the pillow.

"I wish that they had planted it nearer to the house," the sick woman said. "It seems so far away tonight, and last night and all the other nights it was so near, right over there in its little pot, you know."

"It'll grow better down there," the grandmother assured her. "The time comes for everything to set out alone, and it came for the little tree to-day—that's all. Don't worry over it. It will live and thrive just like our boy here, bless him!"

And the tree did grow and thrive, just as the dear little rosy grandmother had predicted, and the baby boy did the same. But the baby boy's mother never left her bed, but just faded away—her spirit returning to some more-peopled and less-lonely place, let us hope—some place such as had ever made her eyes wistful to think or read about. They planted another tree over her grave, but it faded just as she did, voicing perhaps her cry for faces and voices and streets and houses, unable apparently to absorb the great Lesson

Book when its pages were too freely turned in too bright a light.

Those whom she left behind were almost too busy for loneliness. They worked very hard indeed and the little boy as soon as he was old enough worked with them. All sorts of prizes lay hidden in the air and beneath the sod for them and for him, and they sought them faithfully and with perseverance. Before he was such a very big boy a sort of warwth of plenty began to spread about. There was more leisure and more food for ideas to live on. It was always work and hard work, but it was not work of the kind to which one is driven by desperation or desperate need. And then after a while there came a school only six miles away, and a post-office, and finally—there came a girl.

A girl so exactly after the grandmother's heart that the grandmother held her breath, more or less, all through the months that stretched between the first meeting of "her baby," and the actual bethrothal. Such a neat, sweet, dear girl, and so capable. So strong, too, so healthy, so well, and so pretty. Such a good mother as she had, too, and such a well-to-do father. Decidedly a match laid in Heaven. And how the grandmother did pray that all might go well, so very, very well. There was a church now only eight and a half miles away, and she who had been too busy heretofore to ever have time to be religious, now took to going to service regularly. When everyone said the Lord's Prayer and she heard "Give us this day," echoing back from the low, flat beams above her head, she prayed doubly, so much did she desire all good for those two young people.

On Christmas day the Boy's family drove seventeen miles to take dinner with the Girl's family, and with the spring both families were well along in their preparations.

His family built him a house on his own farm by the tree, and they built it in such a wise that the tree shaded the piazza. "It makes me sad to think that I did not set out a dozen that same time; they'd been a real addition to the looks of the whole thing now," said his father, looking up at the strong, lithe boughs waving above his head.

"If you'd a set out a line along the fence they'd made a splendid snow-guard," said one of the uncles.

"If you'd set him out a wood-lot then he'd have had fire-wood for life," said the grandfather.

They all took the lesson to heart and forthwith set out a number of small trees, but all these were killed or sadly blasted in the Great Storm four years later. They should have been set out sooner; trees are a subject about which discussion is worse than useless unless the right end of them is already firmly set in the earth.

The Great Storm was that never-to-be-forgotten snow-storm that lasted so long and produced in some instances such fearful suffering and tragedies. It began on a Monday morning and the Girl, now a busy little wife and mother, sang over her wash-tubs while the white flakes fell steadily outside the window. She had a baby in the cradle and a toddling three-year-old climbing up where he shouldn't, and tumbling off of where he ought not to be, every three minutes, but still she sang gaily over her wash-tubs. From where she stood she could look out over the prairie and see the thick grayness that comes with a thinnish snow-storm. She could see the tree, too, where it stood just beyond the porch, its boughs absolutely brushing the front of the house, and its strong young limbs stretching protectingly over the porch-roof. She loved the tree—the one little tree in her little kingdom—and the babies had played with this autumn's leaves, and one of them had seen its spring for the first time that year, a little upturned face on which the sunbeams had fil-

tered softly through the green screen above.

It snowed all day. It was not very cold, but it was too cold for the snow to melt, and by four in the afternoon it was several inches deep. When the Boy, now husband and father, came in from the barn he was such a sight that the three-year-old tot screamed with joy, supposing himself to be entertaining a Santa Claus unawares.

"Why didn't you come through the sheds?" the young wife asked, as she ran for a brush. "Your clothes will all have to be dried."

"I didn't realise how deep it was until I got out into it," he answered. "In the barn I didn't think, for I was too busy to watch the snow."

A little later he called her to the window to see The Tree which had taken on a white and fantastic foliage of cloud-like heaps. If the tree had not stood close to the house they could not have seen it, the storm now having blocked all beyond two-score yards of radius.

"When you go back to the barn, be sure to go through the sheds," she said, when he made ready to go out again.

"I had thought of going up to father's this afternoon," he presently said, "but I didn't dare. I might lose the road."

She was cuddling the smallest child to sleep in her arms. "No, it wouldn't do to risk that in such a storm," she said, looking down with a smile upon the drooping eyelids. "Do come back from the barn as soon as you can. I do not like being alone in such a storm."

"I'll be back in half an hour," he answered. "I've just got to feed the cattle and horses for the night."

She rose and walked with the baby towards the cradle in the corner. "It's dark now," she remarked, as she tucked the quilt over the little one. "I don't remember ever seeing such a snow-storm in all my life before." Then she came back to the low chair and held out her arms and the little three-year-old ran and climbed up to be put to sleep in his turn.

"You'll spoil that child, Agnes," said her husband with the greatest content in his face, and the utmost disapproaval in his voice. "He's three years old. Grandmother never rocked me when I was that age."

"But she was your grandmother," Agnes said, turning her apron up over the little figure on her knees so that it was nestled as warmly as the other had been. "If she had been your mother it would have been different. Now don't interfere with my babies, go on about your work and leave me to attend to mine. And *don't* be long," she said laughingly.

He laughed a little and went out and left her. The snow kept falling as it grew darker. Soon it was so dark that after the second little one was disposed of, she had to light the lamp to continue her work.

The next morning the snow was still falling. It kept on falling all the morning, and it kept falling more and more thickly. Twice the Tree rejected its burden and the whole mass fell all at once to the ground just by the porch. Each time it startled her, for it swooped to earth like a great white bird of prey. She went to the window and stood there trying to remember if she had ever seen so much snow fall in so short a time, but the baby's cry recalled her from her thoughts.

About half-past two that day it grew as dark as night and lightened up no more. There was no wind, but the snow fell on, fell on unceasing. It made no drifts, it lay on level far and wide, and the level deepened minute by minute.

When her husband came in that afternoon he said that he had fed and watered the stock for the night.

"Then you won't have to go back again."

"Yes, I will, too. It beats all the way it drifts through cracks. I had to shovel as much as two or three

barrelfuls out to keep the floor from flooding and freezing in spots. It melts in there like anything."

"Do you think that it will keep on like this for another night?" she asked anxiously.

"I don't know. I hope not."

Then she set to work to get supper, singing as cheerily as ever, but her brave heart was troubled in spite of the cheeriness of her song.

After supper he took the lantern and went out through the shed and later came back the same way. "This will be fine for the spring-seeding," he declared when he came in, and she smiled. Neither meant that the other should know how ceaselessly the terrible snow was falling outside.

The children were put to bed and later the parents went to bed, also. She drew the little beds up close beside theirs, and slept with an outstretched hand touching the baby. Outside the snow was still ceaselessly falling. In the night the Tree shook itself free again, and again the mass came crashing down with a roar. The fire was going out and the house was getting very cold. Rousing her husband she whispered, "Take them in with us; it's so cold." He roused himself and drew the small boy in beside him. The child sighed, readjusted itself to the angle of its father's arm and slept on undisturbed. The mother held the baby close. She could not sleep again.

No dawn came on the next day. Only a smothered white light showed them that the outside world was level with their window sills.

"If it keeps on what shall we do?" she asked him as they both worked, shivering in the ghastly damp stillness of the morning's beginning.

"It must stop soon," he answered her reassuringly.

But it did not stop.

All day long on that third day it fell. Silently, ceaselessly, mercilessly, Deeper and deeper and deeper.

"Agnes," he said at noon, "I don't know what to do. The weight on the shed roof is caving it in and the braces don't seem to help. I've no long timbers."

She looked very thoughtful. "If it caves in what will the stock do?" she asked.

"I'm going to pull down the fodder and turn them loose," he said. "It's all that I can see to do. They can get water enough from the snow that drifts in."

She dipped the spoon with which she was feeding the baby into the cup of milk. "And the baby," she said her eyes dark with the anxiety which she hoped that she concealed, "and the wood for the fire."

"I must bring all the wood that I cut up into the kitchen this afternoon," he said, getting up quietly.

As he spoke something that sounded like an avalanche slid from off the roof and made a heap before one of the windows so high that one could not see out of that window any more.

She held out her hand that trembled visibly to him, although the other that helped support the baby on her knees did not flinch. "And if the shed roof caves in while you are in the barn what shall I do then?" she asked.

He was silent for a minute, and then said, "But, Agnes, there's no choice. We've got to have the wood."

"Yes, I know," she said, trying to dip up more milk with her shaking hand. "I know, of course. But bring as much as you can at once each time."

He worked very hard all the afternoon and filled part of one side of the kitchen with wood. The warmth set all sorts of little living things to coming out upon the floor and made a diversion of work which would have been exasperating at any other time.

"Suppose that we have an ant-log here?" she said trying to laugh, and just then, with a mighty crash, the shed roof caved in.

They were alone now—alone with the babies. And the horses and the

cows and the chickens were alone, too, on the other side of the wrecked shed.

And still the snow—the soft white pitiless snow—kept on falling.

That night they took the children into their arms and held them there all night.

In the morning no light came. The windows were covered completely.

There was a fearful hush in the air, and also a dreadful damp that seemed to speak from the grave.

Breakfast was eaten in a silly sort of stupor.

"We can't tell if it is snowing or not, now," she said trying to hush the baby, who demanded her milk loudly and long. He just shook his head.

The weird day crept on slowly. Very slowly.

In the afternoon the little one, exhausted by her woes, consented to eat something softened with water, and that eased one anxiety at least. But the others pressed closer yet. The older child could not understand the situation at all, and grew frightened — and then, all of a sudden, they heard an ominous sound above their heads.

The house roof was sagging!

"Oh, merciful heavens! What are we to do now?" she asked, turning white-lipped.

He was pale himself.

"How can you make it hold?" she whispered.

He looked about miserably; everything that seemed necessary was buried under the fallen shed roof.

Break up some furniture," she suggested.

"Too short. Oh, my God! If it goes in, the whole house will fall on us. Snow like this weighs by the ton."

"Could you brace it?" she asked.

"If I had stout pieces."

She looked at him. "The Tree," she whispered quickly. "The Tree."

He started, and then his face brightened. "Agnes," he said, "that's the very thing. I must get an axe and rope and climb out on the porch roof. I can get at it from there."

She looked at him from where she stood by the table, the baby on her arm. "If you slip?" she said, gasping a little.

"I shall not slip," he declared.

He went for the axe and rope at once and then climbed the ladder into the angle of space which was called by courtesy, "the garret." There he managed to get the end window out, and tying a rope around his waist worked hard, ceaselessly, cruelly, all the afternoon, to get strong supports from the Tree, knowing himself and all his dear ones to now be standing in deadly peril, and this dear Tree must save them. Towards five o'clock he came down and knocked the spare-room bed to pieces, and she helped him steady the pieces up the ladder, and with all he had he managed to brace up the roof.

After that two awful days crept by in the strange, deathly-still dampness which the fire did not seem able to dispel even when it burnt fiercest.

"Everyone will think that we're dead," the young wife said on the last night.

"If it has only stopped!" her husband answered. They each had a feeling as if perhaps it really was the end of the world. Neither had ever thought of the world ending in this way, just a gentle continuous downward drifting of what was lightest, softest, most fragile, of all Nature's toys, until life died completely, and was buried forever and ever beneath.

"How can we know when it does stop?" she asked timidly.

"We can't know until I can find a way out."

She came close to him, sat down in his lap, buried her face in his shoulder, and tried not to weep. "How long can we live this way, you know?" she whispered.

"Until long after our golden wed-

ding, I hope," he said, trying to laugh as he spoke, but his arms drew her very close and his voice was not quite as steady as usual.

The next morning the light of the real sun came in through the top of that garret window which faced the one that he had broken. It was the fifth day then. What a day! When he called down she came scrambling up the ladder like a rejoicing mouse to peep out at the wonderful sight. It was shining bright, but no brighter than her eyes as she looked, for it meant life.

And the next morning the white mass suddenly collapsed within itself, as heavy snows all have a way of doing, and the upper half of every window downstairs was free, and the lower half was leaking. Busy times. Another day passed before he could get out to the stock. They were all alive and not a bit worse for their imprisonment.

Another day and the wide white vastness stretched afar on every side and they could see off on its edge the black dots that meant the old home, and know that it was safe, too.

"They must be very anxious!" she murmured, trembling more now than she had during the danger.

"They knew that we were well fixed," he answered cheerily, and that day, to have all in order when they should be able to come, he began to work at the necessary repairing.

"The tree is gone for good," she said, looking out of the window. "What should we have done without it?"

"I guess I'll chop it down," he replied. "It looks mighty unsightly that way."

But she gave a sudden quick cry. "Oh, no, no, not that! It saved us, you know. It held the roof up. Leave it as it is and we'll make a vine grow over it. We mustn't chop it down as if—as if it were just any tree."

He looked quite sober, as if he who was always full of kindness and tenderness for every thing would have wilfully slain even a tree-stump. And then he started to laugh at himself, but stopped, as he saw the uplifted pity in her face as she looked at the tall maimed thing that had shaded her bridehood and her babies.

The next day the whole White Terror had become mere mud and slush, and through its depths came splashing the wagon bringing the old people to see with their own eyes that all was really well in the end.

After the family re-union the grandfather climbed up the ladder with the boy and looked at the bracing there.

"I don't see how you ever did it, Billy," he said. "Of course it's mighty poor carpentering, but it's awful good work for a man to get done alone like that."

"I don't see how I did it, myself," said the son. "Sawing into those wet branches and then hauling the pieces in through that window. I know I would never be able to do anything like it again, not unless Agnes and the children were in trouble again."

"It was a God-blessed good thing we planted that tree," said the old man, looking out on what was left of it. "You never can tell in this world what anything's going to be good for, but I guess planting trees is always safe to come out ahead."

"We're going to set out a forest this year," said the younger man, laughing, as he went towards the ladder. "Agnes is daffy on it now."

Later in the spring the order was sent for the beginnings of the "forest" to be shipped. The family in the little house went to stay with the grandparents while the little house itself was being thoroughly built over. They stayed a month, and when they returned they found what was like a new house and also what to the children was a real forest of little trees. But in the place of honour, even though it was little more than a stump, still stood The Family Tree.

THE CASE OF 100709

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

I LEFT the beaten paths and cautiously felt my way into the freight country which lies along Front Street westward from the old Union Depot in Toronto. Behind me was the old familiar glare of old familiar lights. Ahead was a strange street car with different looking people inside. I had not known there were such people in Toronto. I had supposed everything looked like Yonge Street and Yonge Street cars. As I stole cautiously into the gloom along Front Street I began to perceive on one side, lower than the street level, mile upon mile of railway siding, and the main lines lying clear for the express trains due to pull out about that time. To my left was a silent wilderness of ugly shapes that smelled of merchandise and axle-grease. Left and right were connected by railway tracks which ran across the highway.

I descended into the level below the street and felt my way cautiously over the tracks.

Somewhere out in midstream, as it were, yard engines were moving back and forth. On a main line the Vancouver Express was pulling out cautiously. Lights blinked and bobbed before her. A fireman on a switch engine opened his box to throw in coal, and the glare of the furnace made a lurid light in the smoke overhead. Ghostly semaphore arms rose and fell solemnly in the gray dusk. Back on the storage tracks I shrank, among a herd of freight cars. I had come for their story.

"Would you mind walking more quietly?" said a soft voice suddenly, a soft, purring, almost girlish voice. "It would be more—discreet in you, and less likely to attract the undesirable attentions of the yard constables. Please refrain from profane expletives!"

"Who—where are you?"

"Here," returned the gentle voice, "over to your right. That's it. Step up. I fear you are unaccustomed to the negotiation of such steep places. Mind your trousers. There. Are you comfortable?"

"I'm not particular about being comfortable," I said, "I want to see the freight yards and interview—er—the cars, box cars and such."

"Really," said the voice. "How interesting! I've often thought it would be good. The life story of a freight car, for instance. The human interest side of the way freight. Dear me, what a delightful assignment!"

"Delightful?" I said.

"Why—yes. Don't you think so?"

I said nothing. I was observing my companion on the top of the freight car. Presently, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I made him out. He was rolling a shapeless cigarette, a sallow, rickety-looking youth, lean-jawed, hollow-eyed, flat of chest and round of stomach. He was a delicate tramp. I looked for signs of "coke," but there were none. His hand as he held the cigarette was steady and his conversation was even enough, not cracked and erratic.

"I myself ascended to this vantage point," he explained, delicately wetting the edge of the cigarette paper with the tip of his tongue, "in order to think. I have been in town here a week, and I require a change. I took this quiet place to consider my problem, whether I should go to California or British Columbia. I haven't been on the West coast since—let me see—1909 it must have been, and I feel the impulse, as it were, upon me at present. Perhaps you can help me decide. Which would you choose?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," I returned, "I've never been there—to either of 'em. I'm too much engaged thinking freight cars now. What do you know about them?"

"These! These cars!" with a soft laugh. "My dear sir, I know everything—everything but statistics."

"I can give you those."

"But I know the freight car like a book. I've lived in 'em and on 'em and through 'em."

"Must have been interesting?"

"Intensely," he replied.

*

"You have told me," he said, as we sat there swinging our legs from the end of the car and smoking cigarettes, "you have told me the commercial side of the subject—one which is very interesting. I knew before that there were very many of these cars, but one hundred thousand on one road alone! Hm!"

"Yes," I said, "there are 100,000 freight cars of one kind and another on one line alone in Canada—and probably another fifty thousand foreign cars that have come over the line from American roads. That makes a hundred and fifty thousand freight cars, worth from $1,500 to $10,000 each—representing a total investment of, say between one hundred and fifty and seven hundred and fifty million dollars. Each travelling an average of 200 miles a day, carrying say forty tons of goods a day. The freight cars of Canada probably carry in a year three hundred and sixty billion ton-miles of goods."

"But what good are ton-miles?" he demanded.

"Hang me if I know," I said dreamily.

"What else d'you know?" he demanded.

"What else? Well, let me see. They can make a flat car down in the Angus shops in twenty-five minutes, once they have the parts assembled. They can make a box-car, lettering, painting and all, in an hour. They squirt the paint on with a hose and make the letters with a stencil."

"Curious!" he observed.

"Yes," I said, "and when a car gets in a smash they burn up the woodwork and fish out the trucks. Then they build a new top on 'em down in Montreal."

"Hm!" he said. "Poor things."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"The cars," he said.

We said nothing for a time.

*

"Look here," he began presently, "you belong to the passenger class. When you make a journey you go by first-class coach or Pullman. Even if you are what you call 'broke' you descend to nothing lower than a 'tourist upper.' You travel by passenger schedule at a rate of six hundred miles a day, or four hundred in a night. You see a rapidly-moving landscape, little stations that fly past with a gasp and a shriek. But you do not know the railroad or the people of the railroad. Now I, when I travel, travel by freight. I know the roads and the country, and I know the song of the road and the conversation of the cars. In some ways I am much richer than you, even though the railway company supplies you with fine linen and scented soap."

"These cars—this very car we are sitting on now—are like the porters of Bagdad of whom one reads in the stories of the Arabian Nights. They

play a minor rôle, not even a speaking part, in a thousand stories an hour, and in the great story of your —er—national development. They have their interest in Ottawa and in the West. They enter into almost every commercial consideration in the country. The Westerner cries, 'Box cars, not battle ships, we want!' and yet who knows one box car from another in this great army of them, this great restless army of ugly shapes that plod ceaselessly over endless stretches of railroad track?"

"That's very good," I said. "Did you ever speak with a box car?"

"Yes," he said calmly, "I have communed with them many a night, lying concealed in an 'empty.' Of course, you would be incredulous, but in the grunt and grumble of the freighter I often hear a story, the stories of box-cars."

"Hmph!"

"Take old 100709. The first time I saw that car was on the side of the big hill where the track drops into the Yoho Valley, and then picks itself up without a moment's hesitation and runs off along the Kicking Horse toward the West coast. I had been compelled by aggressive policemen in the town of Calgary—this was some years ago, before the tunnels at Field had been built—to seek my fortune in another metropolis, and to this end I had boarded the first convenient passenger pulling through from the East. It was the Montreal train. I knew one of the crew and I attached myself at a convenient point between the coal tender and the blind baggage. We laboured on up through the foot-hills to Banff and so on till we lay at the station this side of the big valley, and there the conductor happened to perceive my temporary advantage over the railway company—and it became necessary to think and act with considerable speed. It was then I saw 100709, glistening with new paint, lying between an old furniture car and a lime car, in a long freight, and just preparing to move out. I observed this in much less time than it takes to narrate the circumstances. I felt a sudden liking for that car. As the conductor of the passenger reached toward me, I jumped, took three steps, and was aboard the freight—westbound—which for some reason was being passed out ahead.

"The big grade in those days was a difficult business to negotiate. The engines forward were feeling their way down the steel. The cars followed cautiously. Old 100709 moved with the others, a brand new car that had been intended for the grain trade but had been commandeered by a needy car agent in Toronto for a Western shipment. There were twenty cars in that train, a motley procession; half a dozen ex-grain cars, now carrying furniture and package goods, a few box cars, a 'palace' horse-car, and so on. The others were a dejected lot, that creaked and cried, and whimpered like puppies as the locomotive led them forward to the brink of the great pit. Some held back, some with cranky brakes bucked. You never heard worse noise in your life. It was worse than a train of swine. Only old 100709 rode evenly, steadily and quietly between the blubbering furniture car and a lime car with the fidgets. You couldn't blame anything for feeling afraid of that grade in the old days. How did those old cars that had been on the road for years and in some pretty uncomfortable situations, too, know—what assurance had they that the engine was capable of holding them all? How could they know but what these new-fangled air brakes might not work—and the whole string of them go to glory together? Ahead of the line stalked a big double-compound—it was before they had the mallet type—hissing and fuming with importance like a high priest about to do a magic stunt and trying to frighten the poor, timid congregation even worse than it was. We all shook together, and the couplings charged

one another and cursed one another as we gathered speed on the down grade. But old 100709 ran quietly and soberly. When the brakes went on she answered like a soldier. When the air went off she neither leaped ahead like a stampeding steer, as some of the other cars did, nor hiccoughed and bucked like others. She moved steadily, with dignity. She played the game.

"We got down the big hill all right. We pursued the Kicking Horse, made our meets all right and at Golden I dropped off for a rest and a little refreshment. Probably I would have forgotten all about 100709, but she was cut out there with supplies for the mining rush, and what is more, she seemed to have brought me luck. I went prospecting with a fellow I met in a hostelry there and made three hundred dollars in one month. Then I desisted from the pursuit of wealth and came back to railroading."

"Well," I hinted, "go on."

"Oh, I forget just where I went after that, out to Vancouver, down the coast to 'Frisco, and later to San Diego, then across to New Orleans and up on a Gulf boat, and one fine morning down in Podersville, Alabama, I bumped into 100709."

"Where?"

"Podersville, Alabama. There she stood, a big, upstanding, honest-looking car, square on her trucks, straight of line and angle. Do you know, I was pleased! I was delighted to see that car. I had enjoyed that ride down into the mouth of Hell on 100709, and I had had good luck in Golden, B.C. Here, three years later, was this car again, herded among a horde of coal and oil cars."

"But how had it got there?" I demanded.

"How? Rolled, of course. I suppose one fine day a yard engine in Golden picked her up and batted her into a loading platform to be filled up with junk for Vancouver. Another yard engine would join her to a string of 'empties' flitting east. A yard man at Calgary probably cut out 100709 and dragged her under a spout to be loaded up with wheat. Then 100709 would be handed over to a freight bound for Winnipeg and then—Fort William, the North Shore and Toronto. By the time 100709 got to Toronto, after wracking around the West, she woud not be any too tight. Wheat would leak out fast—and they would give her a load of general merchandise, say for Buffalo. Anyway, here was old 100709, looking a trifle shabby, but self-respecting, on a siding in Podersville, Alabama.

"Now, that was in the days before the Car Association had printed all its rules about cars. The C. P. R., for instance, would send a car to a point in the States. It would get a receipt from, say the Lehigh Valley; the Lehigh would pass it on to another line and take a receipt, and so on till it reached its destination. But no one could tell when a car, once sent off its home lines, would ever be sent back. To-day there's a fee of forty-five cents a day all the time the car is on a foreign line, and a heavy penalty for each day that foreign company uses the car for its own purposes after it has been relieved of its original load. But at that time there were not these penalties. Old 100709 had been bandied about from pillar to post just to suit the whim or needs of whatever lines happened to have her in hand. But I learned that afterward.

"Just as I was looking at old 100709 I saw a fellow I had met one time on a branch line in Ontario.

" 'What are you doing here?' I inquired.

"Car chasing," he said, using the vulgar idiom.

"What?"

' "Car chasing. See old 100709 there! She has been away from home two years. Two long years. The other day the old man (the General Superintendent of Car Service) looks

over the list of cars and misses old 100709 again. We looked up our files and found she'd been gone two blessed years. So I fell into this job. I got orders to find 100709 and stick to her till I got her home. It took me a week to find her, by chasing up receipts from one road to another, and yard-masters' reports, and now I'm sticking by her, working her slow up north.'

"It took that gentleman three months to get 100709 home again to Canada."

"What became of her?" I asked.

"Became of 100709? Oh — she died. I'll tell you about that later. She was stolen once. She got down into the northwestern states one time and a little company that had a busy five hundred miles of track was dreadfully short of cars. Its own rolling stock wasn't safe in a windstorm and yet it had more goods to put over that five hundred miles than it had cars. So it stole old 100709—painted her new.

"They got her back, though, on account of a C.P.R. man happening to see a patent door fastening on the old brute which only C.P.R. and N. Y.C.R. cars had at that time. He made further examination and proved his car. The big road sued and the little road delivered 100709 and damages. It was an extremely crooked little road.

"Last I saw of old 100709 I was looking for transportation out of Cobourg east to Montreal. I hopped a freight and struck the old lady. I was shivering and trying to figure out what it was made me so depressed. It was nothing you could explain though. It was real intuition—and when I got to Trenton Junction I descended from 100709.

"There is a high embankment there, and fine pretty country lying below to right and left. There is a mild curve to the east of the station and while the 'con' was getting his orders I slipped on ahead to make a short-cut into town. The freight caught up to me and passed—a grand sight, a big high-chested bull pulling at the head, rocking a trifle as she struck the curve. The rain was slobbering off her head-light and dripping off her front. The wind was playing dirty with her smoke and exhaust, blowing it all down over her. But she bit into the weather like a past grand master and the grumbling herd followed her, rocking and swaying and roaring in the cyclops' wake. Then the old bull gave an extra long breath, the engineer lengthened her stroke, and gave her more steam—and yipi—three fool empties in the middle of the train were not heavy enough to hug the track and went off, dragging old 100709 and all the others behind with them.

"Somehow 100709 got it worse than any of the others. Her sheeting and uprights were smashed to bits and her cargo lay scattered in a pasture. It was a most unfortunate spill and although there's double track on the G.T.R. along there, it tied up traffic for five hours. I sat around and watched the auxiliary lifting the sound ones back to the steel. I saw them take off the floor and the sills of old 100709, and swing her two trucks on a flat while they set fire to the splinters. I was sorry to see old 100709 go. She had more spirit than most cars and she rode smoothly."

"But didn't they use the trucks again?"

"Oh, sure. They'd send 'em to Montreal, tune 'em up and put a new ready-made top on in an hour, but they give the new car a new number. Old 100709 was dead."

"Pathetic," I said.

"Pathetic! Don't trifle. I've told you the story of a car. Didn't you want the human interest?"

"But is it true?"

"Ask the car distributors in the Union. I got t'be going."

"Decided where?" I asked.

"Yes, British Columbia. I'll pick up something at West Toronto."

He was gone.

THE ACCUSED
From the Pencil Sketch by John Russell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

MACNAIR

BY EMERY POTTLE

MACNAIR came to the studio one afternoon about four, a brisk afternoon of late September, his cheeks were glowing red, his eyes clean and blue and alive like the sky of the day itself. Scarcely twenty, utterly devoid of that indefinable air of professionalism which attaches to the ordinary model, he suggested on the instant a personality.

"Do you want a model?" he asked briefly. "Sherman sent me. I'm Macnair."

"I'm looking for one," I admitted. "I remember Sherman spoke of you."

Without more words the boy got out of his clothes. The process was, like his entrance, quite without affectation. His body seemed no more to him without garments than with —no better, no less. Once naked, he slipped naturally into a good pose and waited. Unconsciously he had put himself against a gray-green velvet curtain. The strong, cold light from the big window struck full on him, chiselling sharp every vigorous line and curve, illuminating the freshness of his deeply tanned skin. His hair, parted in the middle and long enough to wave damply on his smallish head, was thick and blond. His features were gracefully irregular, a trifle dull in modelling, slightly impudent; and his well-made hands and feet, like a puppy's, were too large for wrists and ankles. The sum of it all was a green adolescence, boyish handsomeness—a fermenting mixture of weakness, pride, fire, and a hint of fierceness.

"Good," I said. "You'll do admirably."

"I'm very strong," he remarked. "I'm not quite nineteen. Shall I put on my clothes?"

I explained to him a little of the monument competition into which I had entered and of the circumstances connected with it. He seemed more interested in the fact that there was a contest involved than in the artist's notion of his work.

"I'd like to take a chance in that," he responded. "We'll get on together all right, I guess. If there isn't anything more you want to-day, I'll be going."

"No—nothing. Then to-morrow?"

"Surest thing in the world." He added, "I'd like to get out now and see the Columbia boys' football practice." The studio I had at the time was on Morningside Heights near the university. "Do you play?" I asked.

He nodded. "When I get the chance."

"Are those yours?" he suddenly asked, as he was on his way to the door. He pointed to a corner of the room where hung some pairs of boxing gloves and a collection of broadswords and fencing foils. "I'd like to learn to box well. Can you teach me?"

"I can box well enough," I smiled. "I'll give you a try some day, if you like."

"Will you? Well, good-bye," he replied with a hint of liking in his voice. "And I guess we'll get together right on that station of yours. We'll push the others off the island."

Little by little Macnair became tremendously involved in the progress of the work. He spared himself no pains, no fatigue of posing. More than that, through the kindly offices of the boxing gloves and the broadswords, the natural apathy of youth in making acquaintances gave way to an increasing liking for me. Once his confidence was established, Macnair did not prove to be reticent. He spoke freely of himself, but always in moments of his own choosing. And he spoke, as a rule, out of a certain sardonic sophistication as ingenuous as the innocence from which it seems all at once to spring full-armed. He had not a naturally humorous attitude of mind, yet his conversation, sketched in with vivid, piquant slang, was lively. Presently I discovered that he belonged to a poverty-stricken family in Fordham which had pretensions to gentility, that his father was dead and that he himself was the youngest of three brothers—"very hot boys." In the summer time the three of them were life savers at Coney Island—hence his brown legs and arms. In the winter the two older brothers had employment in a wholesale fur house, and Macnair posed for a living.

"My brothers take care of my mother," he vouchsafed, "I take care of myself."

At sixteen he had quit school, largely because it bored him. "Oh, my mother was sore, all right, because I chucked it," he laughed. "I would have went another year maybe, but a fellow gave me a job in an art store. It was a good chance. I got to know some artists, and after a while, when I got more shape on me, I began to pose. It's kind of footless. I like art, though, all right. I'd rather play football and baseball. Posing isn't so bad in winter, but, gee, it gets cold sitting round without your clothes on in some of you fellows' studios. A lot of these artists are dubs. They make me sick, some of 'em."

The boy had not been long in the studio when from his attitude of profession and self-possession one might have imagined that we were comrades sharing one atelier. And yet he was shrewd in finding out my personal habits, wishes, moods; these he never violated—rather, in secret ways that he thought I did not detect, he sought to gratify them.

Presently his supple fingers took to idle amusement in stray bits of clay. In the rests from posing the boy diverted himself by forming, with considerable dexterousness, familiar animals—cats, dogs, birds, and an occasional human figure. These he would show to me with an embarrassed laugh, then crush them into a clay lump.

"Your fingers are very clever," said I one day. "Have you any real notion that you'd like to do that sort of thing seriously? The world is full of fools with deft fingers—you've got to have more than that."

"I don't know," he answered vaguely. "I'd kind of like to do it if I got a good chance." Later on in the day he referred to the matter again. "It takes a good deal of studying to be an artist, don't it? I'd like to go to Paris. It's a sporty place. They booze a lot there, don't they?"

"It depends. You can do as you like, just as you can anywhere else."

"You can't play football and baseball and booze—you're down and out if you do. I don't booze any. Don't smoke but one or two cigarettes a day. Do they play football and baseball in Paris?"

"It isn't the best thing they do," I confessed. "They manage to have a good time notwithstanding."

Macnair's voice struck its note of sardonic comprehension. "Women,

I suppose. I'd like to see Paris." Then he added reflectively, "I bet I could be an artist if I wanted to be. Do you have to study very hard?"

"You don't *have* to. Paris is full of people who don't really *have* to study."

He nodded, his eyes alert with the new idea.

"You'd better stick to football."

"You think I'd go to hell in Paris," he grinned. "Everybody says I'm going to go to hell. Wonder why?"

One day, sitting naked on the high stool by the fire, his knees drawn up under his chin, his feet on the top rung, he announced that he was going to college. "Going to fix it up in a day or two. There's two—maybe three—colleges that want me to join. It's like this: two or three friends of mine—college boys—have seen me play and they're hot for having me go to their college and get on the teams. See? One fellow is from Marlow and another from Ward. The idea is that you sort of go in and pick out a fool stunt to do; an art course, maybe, or farming, or—oh, I don't know. These fellows have got it all fixed up for me. I think I'll go to Ward. It's more sporty there, and awful good athletics. My Ward friend says I can get in right away in the art course if I study up a little stuff. He gave me the books. It's a fruity-toot to do it. Then I get my board for being at the head of some foolish-faced eating club, and there's a rich guy who's going to pay my tuition. The Marlow bunch don't offer so much. It's a peach chance. I'll go all right, I guess." He looked up at me with a simple composure utterly devoid of moral perturbation.

At the end of a fortnight Macnair entered Ward College. He came once more before he left, to say good-bye. He wore new clothes of a highly collegiate fashion and a jaunty blue cap on the back of his head.

"So-long," he smiled. "I won't forget you. Thanks awfully for the boxing and the sword practice. And I guess you'll win that competition all right, all right. Me for the art course now. So-long."

It was during Christmas week of the following year that I next saw Macnair. After finishing my statue for the competition I had left New York for a holiday; and as it turned out ultimately that I was to be the chosen sculptor, the succeeding months were largely spent in Washington, where the work was to be placed. Later I went abroad and stayed during the autumn. I had heard nothing from the boy. He had promised letters, but Macnair was not of a letter-writing nature.

Towards midnight I had dropped into one of the big restaurants on Broadway for a bit of supper. I was too tired to choose a more subdued resort. The tables were nearly all crowded. Next me were a gross, red-chopped, diamond-studded creature and a shrewd-eyed, pert, pretty girl. Beyond was a boisterous table unmistakably of college boys. They were evidently out to make a night of it; in fact, the manager had frequently to calm their lusty desire for song and hilarity, which seemed a pity since it was the most genuine note in the room.

To my mind a far greater cause for apprehension was the fat beast next me. The alarming amount of champagne that he was imbibing seemed likely to be fraught with disastrous consequences. Evidently his pretty little companion shared my fear. There was a distinctly nervous shadow in her eyes and she shifted uneasily in her chair. Her efforts to get him out into the air were fruitless. Rapidly he advanced from dripping pathos to purplish anger.

"What do I spend my money on you for?" he suddenly bellowed. "Huh?" He proceeded to answer

this embarrassing demand: "Because I'm a fool. That's why! You treat me like a dog. Oh, yes you do! You run away from me. You laugh at me. It's funny for you. It ain't funny for me. *Huh?*"

The girl whispered something. "No, I won't keep still," vociferated her outraged host. "*You* keep still."

The college boys by this time had turned their entire attention to this new phase of the evening. And in the group I observed now, for the first time, Macnair. I saw that he had been drinking; his tanned cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled, his lips shone as red as poppies.

The girl beckoned to a waiter and gathered her furs about her as if she would go. A hairy lump of a hand jumped across the table, upsetting wineglasses, and caught her wrist. "No you don't, my lady."

With a nervous cry, more of anger than of pain, I fancy, she jerked herself free. "You hurt me. Don't." Her eyes agonizingly besought the waiter, but he did not appear.

"D—— me," he stormed, "you always want to run away from me. And I love you more when you're mad."

Her black, slightly almond-shaped eyes struck sparks. "I hate you. You're a beast," she threw at him, rising to her feet. With a quickness surprising and disconcerting, her companion seized his glass of wine and flung the contents straight at her. It struck her bare throat and ran down, dismally soaking the chiffon and pale silk of her gown. "Oh!" she gasped.

It was Macnair who acted. He rushed over to the young woman and with one hand began mopping her throat with his napkin, the other, in fist form, he shook under the retreating nose of the beast. "You dirty coward," he stuttered, "you big——"

Instantly the place was in a tumult. The curious crowd of patrons left their seats. The waiters hurried to the scene of the fray, and the distressed manager began looking for an officer. The scene was dramatic; the weeping girl, the half-repentant, half-gloating man at bay under the fist of a slim, steel-built, fire-eyed boy in a circle of over-dressed, overfed, overstimulated restaurant *habitués*.

I stepped to Macnair's side. "Put her in a cab and send her home," I said in a low tone.

His face softened in momentary recognition of me. "But this big slob—" he began.

"Don't talk! Do what I tell you."

He hesitated, then put his arm through the girl's and led her away, past the staring eyes. The man made as if to follow, weakened, dropped into his chair, where he rested, an inert heap, occasionally emitting a drowsy, sullen mutter. The onlookers drifted back to their seats with a semi-new sensation to discuss. The employees sighed in relief and went about their duties with furtive glances at the somnolent mischief-maker. Presently the manager came, whispered something to the half-maudlin creature, lifted him to his feet, and after a dozen frustrations got him out into his cab. The incident was closed.

I went home and Macnair's companions also departed, but Macnair himself did not return. I rather expected that the encounter would bring a visit from the boy, but it was not until a week later that he appeared.

"Halloo, Mac," said I, "I'm glad to see you. I've rather expected you'd be turning up."

"I'd have been around before, only I've been—" he stumbled over his phrase—"sort of busy."

"Playing knight-errant?"

"What?"

"Protector of the ill-treated female?"

Macnair reddened to his hair. "She's a fine girl, that girl is," he

instantly defended. "Just as fine as they make 'em. She's a hard worker and supports herself and keeps her little sister in school."

"Very estimable. How does she do it?"

"She's on the stage, in 'The Whistling Girl.' That was the manager of the company she was with. She says he's bothered her to death hanging around her. He's a swine all right. Say, it's awful what girls have to take from chaps like that, ain't it? And they stand to lose their jobs if they try to resent it. It makes you sick."

"As you didn't come back that night, I suppose you drove the lady——"

"Her name is Heleen Beauvoir. She's part French, she says."

"Miss Beauvoir then—home?"

"She was all to the bad in the nerves. I couldn't leave her, could I?"

"Certainly not, my son. You were most chivalrous. I suppose she confided these facts to you on the way home."

"Some of 'em. She asked me to come and see her, and I went. Say, she's going to leave the company. She can't stand it any longer with that old Zulu."

"Very proper of her, Mac."

"Don't you believe she ain't all right," he said challengingly. "'Cause she is."

"My dear chap, I don't know the girl. What should I think of her one way or the other?"

"Well, there's a lot of folks," he went on doggedly, "who think that because a girl is on the stage she is——"

"Oh, nonsense, Mac," I laughed. Tell me about yourself. How's the art course? And football and baseball?"

He grinned more like his old self than he had been that day. I'd hate to tell you about the art course," he replied. "The Prof. has got you stung to death. He talks about it perfectly lovely and you write down what he says in a foolish little book. Oh, it's great; I love art. But I got on the teams, pitched last spring and played end on the eleven this fall. I was the main squeeze. Marlow College tried to get me disqualified because they said I was a professional, but they couldn't prove anything." He laughed reminscently. "We had some awful good games. Oh, I was the candy rah, rah kid."

"It's vacation now, I take it."

He gave me a droll look. "College begun again day before yesterday."

"Oh! And——"

"I guess I won't go back. I know enough art now. They are all right, those Ward boys, but it's pretty dull there for me. They seem kind of young. I'm not much on the college end of it. I like the athletics, but the rest— Oh, I don't know. It's too tame for my business. I guess I'll stay in New York and get a chance here." He did not care to pursue the subject, for he rose, lighted a fresh cigarette, and strolled about the studio. "What's new?" he asked. "Got any more prizes? I'd like to see that one of me finished."

I showed him a bronze casting of the figure. He scrutinized it in silence. After a time he made his only comment. "It's bully, but it —it's different from me. Looks as if it had something inside it that I haven't got." As he was leaving he said, "I'd like to bring my friend up to see that one of me. Do you mind?"

"No, not at all. What friend?"

"Miss Beauvoir."

"I should be delighted," I soberly replied.

"Thanks. So long. Good-bye."

In the course of the next month Macnair dropped in several times. He did not often speak directly of his friend, Miss Beauvoir, but he aired on every occasion unmistakable evidences of the fatuous trend of his thoughts in the form of senti-

mental platitudes, reiterated combatively in regard to the injustice done to young women on the stage whose lives in reality were the embodiment of every commonly precept and virtue.

"A girl on the stage can be just as straight as a fellow's sister," he endlessly insisted.

Macnair was not very communicative. "I've not decided yet what I'll do," he would reply to a question about his occupations. "I got several chances."

Toward the end of January I had a note from him. "If you are going to be in to-morrow," he briefly wrote, "I'd like to bring my friend around to see the studio."

At four they arrived. Macnair came in first and after him the young woman of the restaurant. They diffused on the instant a sense of adventure with an affection of concealment. The young man was newly dressed in jaunty garments. As for the actress, who came forward with much outward manner, and I suspected some inner uncertainty, she was elaborate in a trailing gown of velvet, dully blue, and a huge, drooping black hat with a forest of black plumes.

"It is Miss Beauvvoir, isn't it?" I said, taking her hand, and smiling at Macnair to save him the words of introduction which I saw were sticking embarrassedly in his throat. "It's good of you to come to see the studio."

"I simply love to visit studios!" she returned, with a brilliant accent. "It is too sweet of you to let me come."

"Mac knows the place very well," I laughed. "I suspect he owns part of it."

"He's always kidding," said Macnair [illegible] of pleasant laughter.

"Isn't he the awful boy?" she de[illegible] at my ease. I took her about the place, pointing out what I thought might most amuse her, and Macnair followed behind, silently. The thing for which Mac had posed I kept until the last. "This will probably interest you as much as anything."

Miss Beauvoir put up her lorgnette to look at the bronze. She encountered Macnair's eyes and giggled. "Mac, I do believe!" she protested. Then they both giggled. "Excuse me, won't you?"—she turned to me with an effort of seriousness—"it's perfectly divine, I think, but I might as well be frank, I don't think it is quite so nice-looking as Mac."

My laugh dispelled her nervous fear of having offended me. "It was not meant for a portrait," I said.

"Ah, yes," she murmured, her gaze furtively on Macnair. "Art is *so* interesting."

She was decidedly at her best at the tea table. To find herself with two attentive men opposite her, mistress of an adequate tea table, a servant at her elbow in a *milieu* which decidedly pleased her fancy, gave ample opportunity for all the arts and graces that she commanded. Her pretty face flushed pink—she was not at all made up—in her eagerness to please us, and her lithe little hands darted here and there like white birds.

When it was evident that we were in the friendliest possible relation to one another, Macnair turned to Miss Beauvoir and said bluntly, "Heleen, let's tell him."

"Mac, aren't you dreadful! Well, tell him then."

Macnair grinned. "We got married last night." He reached out for her hand.

"Isn't it too awful that I should have this for a husband?" she demanded, as they were departing. "What am I going to do with him?"

"I can't imagine," I replied.

"Oh, I'll probably stay home and darn the stockings while you are playing," said Mac mournfully.

"You're an old dear," cried his wife, squeezing his hand. "and you shall do as you like. I'm going to get him a part in my next piece," she explained to me.

Macnair hung behind on the way out, just long enough to shake my hand gratefully. "Thanks. You've been awful white to us. Say, isn't she the best ever?"

I nodded enthusiastically.

"I'm the lucky boy, all right, and, say, it's a great chance going on the stage, ain't it? Makes the art course look foolish. Gee, I'm happy. Well, so-long. Coming, dear."

It happened to be another year before I say Macnair again. This was not remarkable, for he was a creature to whom absences and silences meant nothing. One gray, dismal, autumnal afternoon I ran across him in Central Park. He sat on a bench staring indifferently at a little girl, with her nurse, throwing nuts to a squirrel.

"O, Mac!" I smiled. "You? Halloo! How are you?"

"Halloo," he responded listlessly. "Where'd you come from?"

I noticed that he was shabby, shabbier than I had ever seen him. His eyes yere lustreless, his2face pale and without its usual tan. The note of his whole personality was dejection. On his sleeve a black band accentuated his despondency.

"You have had a loss?" I said, touching the mourning badge. "I'm sorry."

He nodded. "My mother—four months ago."

"I'm very sorry. And your wife?" I went on. "I hope she's all right. I have been away in Europe or I'd have looked you up before this. I—"

Macnair raised his eyes with a gleam of sardonic amusement. "I guess she's all right; I haven't seen her for six months. We've busted. That's all right," he interposed, as I stammered an apology. "You didn't know."

To my suggestion that he walk over to the studio with me, he complied without a sign of interest in the matter one way or another. Once in the studio he slipped down morosely into a chair by the fire and lapsed into silence. We smoked on, the two of us, neither yet at the talking point. Occasionally I shot a glance at him, but never caught his eye. It was hardly believable that this prematurely experienced young man in the slovenly suit of summer gray—too sadly thin for the autumn—worn-out, unpolished boots, soiled linen, his face rough with a three days' beard and marred with sleeplessness, boredom, dissipation, was the boy who had once sat on that high stool by this very fire, warming his naked, unspoiled, victorious body.

"She chucked me," said he abruptly. "Said I was lazy and wouldn't work."

"Did you go on the stage?"

"Uh—huh! for a while. Had a little Johnny part, walking on and off and saying 'Here comes the Duchess, boys!'" A flicker of a smile lighted the corners of his mouth. "It was too good for me. I couldn't stand the excitement of putting on a dress suit every night and painting my face and running out gayly, sort of holding hands with a bunch of Lizzie-boys, and then waving my little cane and getting rid of that *'Here* comes the Duchess, *boys!'* She was the Duchess, you know. It made me sore to see the fish-faced chump who had to make love to her in the piece. He was a wart, but he was pretty and sang tenor and got the samolcons. You've probably never been the chorus husband of a musical-comedy Duchess, but take my tip, it's a bum job. One night I punched the fish-faced boy's eye because he got too gay with her. And there was a row and he got me fired. And she said I was lazy and wouldn't work. After a while the piece went on the road. I ain't seen her since."

"Well, Mac," said I sympathetically, "what are you doing now?"

"Nothing much. A fellow wanted me to learn to be a chauffeur. It was a good chance. He had a garage and rented automobiles. But after I'd learned, the thing burned up. I've been chauffing around a little since, but I don't like it much."

"Where are you living?"

"I forget. Mills Hotel sometimes. I hadn't decided where I'd sleep to-night. It's a toss-up between the St. Regis and the Waldorf."

"You're broke?"

"Dead."

I reflected for a moment. "I've been married since I saw you last, Mac, and—"

"Many happy returns of the day," he put in, with a touch of his old impudence. "I'm married myself."

"Well, I don't live in the studio now. We have an apartment outside. There's a bed here and the rest of the things you need. You can stay here if you like. I'd be glad if you'd pose for me, too. I've some work to do and you are pretty well adapted for one of the figures. I don't know what you have been doing and it is none of my business, I suppose. You're young and sound. Get together, Mac. Will you come?"

"Will I? You won't see me coming for dust," he answered. "You've always been white to me. I don't know why. I'll come, and be glad of it. It's a fine chance. I've been a little on the loose lately, but I give you my word I'll pull up sharp."

For the next three months I saw Macnair daily. He settled himself in the studio with the same frank acceptance of the privilege that he displayed toward all his "chances." He was grateful, I knew, yet it was no longer the boyish, embarrassed gratitude of our first days of acquaintance. The vigorous physical exercise we indulged in together every afternoon brought back his colour and stiffened his languid muscles. He posed again for me, indefatigably, and fell gradually into the habit of being a model for other artists. What his unseen life was in this period I do not know, for though we were more closely associated than ever before, he kept a discreet tongue. On the subject of his wife he was a tomb of silence.

Unexpectedly, Macnair began in his spare moments to return to his earlier amusement of modelling in clay. He was most successful with animals, for which he had a genuine love. One afternoon we were both in the studio, I engaged on some work of my own, and he putting the finishing touches to a decidedly amusing *maquette* of a little cur dog he had picked up in the streets and adopted. "It isn't bad, Mac," I commented.

He laughed, but made no other reply. At that moment the bell rang and young Mrs. Granville came in.

"I've been intending to come all winter," she explained in her debonair, enthusiastic voice, cutting short my greetings. "I really wanted to see your work, not to come to one of your menagerie teas. So to-day I happened to be passing and I made the man stop. I hope you're not going to turn me out."

"I'm too delighted," I assured her, following her about the studio in the flight which she immediately began.

Young Mrs. Granville is very well known in New York. She is a patroness of every art, including the art of society. She has written a novel, some short stories, and, I believe, has studied painting. Altogether I find her amusing, but, I must confess, rather wearying after an hour of her. In justice to her I should add that I —or anyone else—seldom have an hour of Mrs. Granville. She is not a person of hours—rather of quarters of hours. A famous beauty, always triumphantly dressed, *soignée*, with a vivid, gayly coloured, darting brain. Mrs. Granville is decidedly a lady of quality.

As we wandered about the studio Mrs. Granville compassed not only my work, but, with a disturbing precision, the work of all sculptors, ancient and modern. I found myself

helplessly wondering how on earth the woman found corners in her brain for her packages of shining generalizations. In the midst of it she asked abruptly, in a lowered tone, "Who is that handsome creature over there? A pupil of yours?"

"I cannot characterize him in half a dozen words," I replied. "I'll tell you about him some day."

"What's he doing? May I see?"

We went over to Macnair and I presented him to Mrs. Granville. "It's too dear," she said at once when she had seen his dog. "Do come some day and do my darling little lupetto, will you, Mr, Macnair? She's such a love."

Macnair's poise was undisturbed. He smiled, and I suddenly was aware of the fascination that smile could have for women. "I'd like to very much," he answered readily.

"How perfectly charming of you. Come to-morrow. No, I'm busy then. Come the next day at half after eleven. Can you?"

"Yes, I think so. Thank you."

Mrs. Granville chatted good-naturedly with him a moment longer and then, with a farewell word to me, went away. Her departure left a flatness in the atmosphere, as of a fresh breeze suddenly dying out.

"You seem to have made a home-run with Mrs. Granville."

"She's a wonder, isn't she? I've heard about her," Mac answered.

"I gather you are going into art as a business, Mac."

He winked.

The upshot of the visit of Mrs. Granville was Macnair's sketch of her dog. He showed it to me silently when it was finished. It was clever and had signs of life. With a quizzical smile, I nodded, also in silence. Nothing more was said about the matter. Evidently his acquaintance with Mrs. Granville did not cease with the completion of the sketch. Her footman was occasionally at the door with a note for Mr. Macnair, which I gathered meant luncheon or dinner. I did not question, and Macnair was reticent.

A persistent cold that had laid hold of my wife suddenly decided me to take her to the South, and we set off without delay in the middle of December, leaving Macnair to his pet dogs and the care of the studio. I had intended to pay a visit to Mrs. Granville and find out her conception of him, and also his conception of himself, or at least the conception that he managed to palm off on her and her friends. We had been some six weeks in Florida when a letter came from Macnair. It was of a length unusual for him. It ran:

Dear Friend,—By the time you get this letter I shall be on the briny. In fact, I'm going abroad—to Paris—to study sculpture. It's this way. Mrs. Granville has got stuck on my stuff and she's got some folks interested and they are going to give me a thousand a year between them to study. It's a peach of a chance for me, and although I know you don't believe I've got a darned artistic thing in me I sort of think I'll fool you one day and show you that your little friend Mac isn't so much of a fathead as you think. I'm mighty grateful to you for all your kindness for you have stood by me and helped me out of a rotten hole this fall. I was pretty much on the bum and I thank you a lot and shall always consider you my best friend. When I get there I'll let you know how things are going in gay Paree.

I've fixed the studio all O.K. and the janitor has the key.

My regards to the missis and regards and thanks to you. So long and don't forget.

Yours very sincerely,
MAC.

The Café du Dôme on the Boulevard Montparnasse has nothing in its outer aspect that is distinctive. There is a narrow *terrasse* with small tables and potted trees. Within there are many mirrors and leather seats, marble tables and meretricious decorations. The patrons themselves have a well-to-do air; they are well dressed in a thoroughly American fashion; they spend more or less money, they play poker nightly, and they scoff at the trifling customs of the foreigner.

In fact, the Dôme is a refuge for [illegible] Paris [illegible] French in character than [illegible].

In a half-hearted search for two young cousins of mine I dropped into the Dôme late one afternoon in early June. The boulevards were ablossom with life—warm, lazy, amorous life. Every *terrasse* was full. One could not decide whether the day was as gay as Paris, or Paris as gay as the day. As for the cousins, I did not find them. I was content enough to sit with a glass of coffee before me and to stare amiably at the world.

Presently I became aware of a familiar voice in the rear room devoted to billiards. I smiled, for it was the voice of Macnair, a voice I had not heard for a year and a half.

"Did you see me take that chance?" he was saying. "Pretty neat, *n'est pas?* Well, that's all for you! Let's go out and *flâner* around a little."

Macnair and his companions came out into the larger room. I had the brief impression of a complacent young man, much stouter than in the other days, dressed in vivid striped brown, a note of bright red at his throat. At his heels trotted a French bulldog. He was talking loudly, importantly, diffusing an air of being tremendously accustomed to the place. As he pushed by my table I looked up and put out my hand.

"Halloo, Mac."

"Well, I'll be—what you doing here?" he exclaimed, with an enthusiasm I could not quite assay as real.

"Having a little vacation. And [illegible]"

He reddened. "Fine, thanks." His eyes turned away restlessly. "Are [illegible] about things in New York. How does it feel to be back? Great place, Paris, [illegible]"

I laughed. He understood, I think, for his cheeks coloured up at once. "Say, old man, I've got to go on with my friends. They're waiting. When can I see you again? To-night, eh? On the *Boul Mich?* Let's say Café d'Harcourt—or no, I can't do it to-night. To-morrow afternoon, here. Can you? At four? *Au revoir!* Mighty glad to have seen you. To-morrow! Come along, Skeets. Great dog that, eh? So-long."

I finished my coffee thoughtfully and also went away. As I idled slowly onward I had the face of Macnair before my eyes. All the weakness and cheapness of it that had lain so long below the surface had subtly crept out. I could not say he had grown older; on the contrary, there was a shallow youthfulness veneered on him, with a cocksure bravado to carry off its insincerity.

At my rooms I found a *petit bleu* awaiting me. After I had read it the comedy seemed almost complete. It was from Macnair's wife. "Will you please come to see me to-night," it said, "at my hotel—the Grand—about half past eight or nine? I have something important I want to ask you. Don't let me put you out at all, but if you come it will be a great favour to your sincere friend Hélène Beauvoir (Macnair)."

Macnair's wife was waiting for me in the corridor of the hotel when I arrived. "It's perfectly darling of you to come," she cried, putting out both hands to me. "Come and have some coffee and talk." Without waiting for an answer she led me away into a huge, rustling place full of palms and people and music. "It's more cheerful here," she explained. "Now," she went on, seating herself opposite me and leaning her elbows on the table, "here we are."

"I have not seen you for a long time," I said perfunctorily.

"No, not since Mac and me were married," she said frankly. "Lots has happened since then. I've got on. I've done awfully well in my profession. Feldtman is starring me now and, well, Feldtman is Feldtman!

Yes, I've hit it off." She smiled at me good-humouredly. I smiled back. At the moment she was quite a person to smile at. Her gown was extravagantly elegant, heavy white lace over white silk, fitting her marvellously and falling in delightful lines about her feet. There were pearls at her throat and diamonds at her wrists. Her hat was an enormous thing of white aigrettes and feathers with a theatrical arrangement of black beneath the rim.

"To begin with, I'm a fool," she continued. "Yes, I am. That's why I sent for you. Not that I need advice, or not that I'd take it. My mind is made up. I may as well tell you. I want Mac back. Now what do you think of that!"

I regarded her thoughfully. "I think if you can stand it, it will be a very good arrangement for him. As good as any, I mean."

"He'd be just as well off being my husband as anything else?"

"Better, I should say."

"That's what I think. I want him back. I don't at all care for this sort of charity-bazaar business he's in." Her voice was scornful. "After all, he's my husband and I guess if anybody is going to take care of him I'll be the lady to do it. I know he's worthless, but, my dear, I love him and that's all there is to it. What's your idea of this art game he's in? Is there anything to it?"

"Frankly, I think he'd be much better off being a husband than an artist—or maybe you could combine the two."

She laughed. "He was a husband model once. I can't see he ever was a model husband. No, he's a dear, Mac is, and he needn't work at all if he doesn't want to. I don't mind. I want him back. And I'm going to get him. I came all the way to Paris to do it. I don't know his address, and if I did I wouldn't have written to him. I want to *see* him. I want to have him see me, rather, in my good clothes and—well, then we'll see what happens. I guess I know Mac. That's why I asked you here to-night. I got your address from an art dealer in America and I just wrote to you, even if you are married. Now, can you tell me how I can see Mac, sort of accidentally? Can we do it to-night?"

I watched her for a moment in silence. She was alert, eager, earnest. I was suddenly aware that I liked her exceedingly, that I wanted to help her play out her comedy. "See here," said I at last, "do you want to come with me now, just as you are, to the Boulevard St. Michel, where all sorts and conditions of students and their girls walk or sit about in cafés? Maybe we may find Mac there. I don't know. It is just a chance."

"I'm game," she answered promptly. "Wait till I get a wrap and we'll go."

She was back in a moment and we took a taximètre to the other side of the river.

When I helped her out we began our stroll through the leisurely, laughing crowd that, arm in arm, hand in hand, flowed happily to and from, up and down. Something—the sense of adventure, the lights, the warm impulses of gayety, the force of her theatric tradition, what not—stirred her spirits. She put her arm in mine and walked on, chattering outrageous nonsense, delightfully conscious of the sensation she was making, though she confessed that she did not understand one word of the French which was constantly being tossed at her in the most shameless way.

"Look, there he is," she whispered sharply. "Just ahead of us. With the two girls."

She was right. Macnair was just in front, arm in arm with two women. They were in the extreme of hilarity, all three, sauntering along, indulging in good-natured *blague* at the expense of every *type* who caught their fancy. Presently they halted

at the crowded *terrasse* of the Café d'Harcourt. Half a dozen or more of their friends shouted out all sorts of disgraceful and amusing greetings, to which they vivaciously responded as they sat down at a little table.

"We'll go there, too," Macnair's wife said calmly. "There's a table just behind them. Don't let him see us."

We fitted ourselves into one of the gay groups. I was, I confess, a little nervous. My mind ran back to that night long ago when Mac had first met her. I wondered if she, too, was remembering. But she said nothing. Occasionally there was a twinkle in her eyes as she sipped her coffee and watched the three, occasionally a frown. The orchestra giggled on untiringly, there was much laughter and chaff, people came and went, and came again. It grew late. Macnair and his two friends stayed on, and we stayed on.

Once she turned to me and whispered disdainfully. "They're not very pretty, are they? I should think he might have done better than that." Her eyes dropped to her own lovely gown. I nodded, and listened to Mac's execrable, fluent French boastings.

Suddenly she leaned over and touched Macnair on the arm. He turned abruptly and looked straight into her eyes. The red waved tumultuously over his face, into his very hair. For a moment he kept his gaze on her; then his whole fibre seemed to weaken and collapse. He did not say a word. His wife let her hand rest on his arm. She herself did not speak, but she smiled, smiled rather wonderfully.

The two French girls stared impudently. One of them laughed and brushed the hand from his shoulder. She did not replace it; instead she leaned back lazily in her chair and continued to smile her cool, triumphant smile.

"Helène," he stammered at last. "You—"

"You little, little fool," she answered, and her voice was more tender than if she had whispered a love poem. She stood up and put out her hand. "Come along, Mac, I want you."

The other women glared at her spitefully and chattered French insults. Macnair hesitated, nervously turned to his companions, looked away again, glanced at me, and finally raised his eyes to his wife. Then he unexpectedly laughed, as he had laughed when I first knew him.

"Come along, Mac," she repeated peremptorily. "It's your last chance."

Macnair rose to his feet abruptly. "All right, honey; I'm ready if you are," he said. And they went away together with only a nod for me.

THE ROMANCE OF CHIMNEY ISLAND

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

ODDLY enough in the short space of twenty-five miles of the St. Lawrence there are two islands that dispute the title of Chimney Island. These are Bridge Island, some eleven miles above Brockville, Ontario, and Isle Royale, two and a half miles below Windmill Point, Prescott, Ontario. Naturally, the history of the two islands, one of which is in Canada, and the other (Isle Royale) in the United States, has become somewhat confused. To present the romance and history of these two islands and possibly straighten out this confusion is the object of this sketch.

Isle Royale originally bore the Indian name of Orakouenton, a name also bestowed upon Levis by the local tribes, when he fixed on that island, on August 26th, 1759, as the site of the fort which afterwards bore his name. Levis gives the meaning of the name to be *Le Soliel Suspendu* (Hanking Sun, or, more freely, Hanging Fire). Just here it is interesting to note the various names then in vogue for well-known points along the river-front.

Ogdensburg was then Fort La Presentation; Prescott, La Callete; Maitland, Pointe au Baril; Brockville, or some point above it, Pointe au Pins, Jones Creek, the Otondina or Toniata River; Gananoque, Onnondokui, or, as the French spelled it, Gananonkui; while Kingston, once Fort Frontenac, took its name from the river emptying there and became Catarakoui.

The various attempts to render the Indian names phonetically in French gives rise to many variations of these, most of which can easily be recognised from the above list, which is an extract of the itinerary of one of the Jesuit brethren, Father Potier, in passing from Montreal to Detroit, in 1744.

Fort Levis, on Isle Royale, was part of a series laid out by the French engineer, Desandrions, in 1759-60, and was a fairly good piece of engineering, being defended with an abbatis around the entire island and both wet and dry ditches, as well as the usual parapets and stockades. It was the scene of one of the last engagements between the French and English, and was levelled by order of General Amherst. The tall chimney stood for many years, until finally the hand of time completed Amherst's work, so that all that now remains of Fort Levis is the tumbled lines of the ruined earthworks barely visible from the passing steamers.

On Bridge Island the chimney which gives it its name still stands, the one break in the monotonous curve of the granite rock forming the island. Concerning the origin of this chimney there exist a number of stories, of which that related by the late John McMullen, a Brockville historian of no mean ability, is probably

the most correct. The following is the story as given by McMullen:

In October, 1799, two half-breed hunters, who spoke little English, made this island their headquarters while hunting along the neighbouring shore, which was at that time almost virgin forest. Apparently finding an abundance of game, they built a small hut on the island and prepared to pass the winter there. As the winter wore on they were joined by a fine-looking French-Canadian of about thirty years of age. Who he was is not known, but it was evident from the deference and respect the trappers had for him that he was of good birth and influence. He immediately started to build what was in those days a large and magnificent house, cutting down logs on the mainland for the purpose and hauling them across the frozen river.

When navigation opened in the spring of 1800, lime was brought from Kingston, and a large substantial chimney built, and when all was finished the French-Canadian disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. About the end of May a large batteau was seen coming down the northern channel, laden with various household articles. Seated in the stern were the Frenchman and a very handsome woman of mixed white and Indian blood, evidently his bride.

The two took up their residence on the island and offered a welcome to all who passed up and down the river. It was plain from the richly carved decorations of the house that the owner was a man of considerable wealth, but except for that there was nothing to reveal his identity. It was thought that he was of Hugenot descent, and that she was the child of one of the mixed marriages that were already beginning to be looked down upon. Tradition varies a great deal here and it is likely that nothing definite will ever be known.

At any rate, farmers from the neighbouring settlements or voyageurs on the river, were alike treated most hospitably and alike departed without knowing who their entertainers were or whence they came.

The fall of that year was unusually dry and on the 25th of October two farmers by the names of Enoch Mallory and Joseph Buck, emerging from the dense woods in which they had been hunting, were surprised to find the island a mass of flames from end to end.

Pushing off in a boat, Mallory and his companion approached the island and waited till they could land. As they rowed around to the little cove at the southern side they were horrified to find a half-burned canoe containing the body of the French-Canadian with a new Indian tomahawk buried deep in the skull. Of the woman or any other soul there was no trace.

News of the tragedy was carried to Brockville, then a small hamlet, and the following day the magistrate, Thomas Sherwood, visited the island in a vain attempt to discover the perpetrators of the crime. Suspicion pointed to the two half-breeds who had disappeared, and when they emerged from the interior, where they had been hunting, they were arrested. However, they were able to clear themselves, although they maintained a mysterious silence regarding the identity of the dead man.

Eventually the story reached Toronto, then Little York, and Major-General Hunter, then Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, directed Peter Cartwright, of Kingston, to make further investigations. His report, which was published in the little Provincial *Gazette,* revealed nothing that was not already known, and the murder was set down as the revenge of some tribe from whom the Frenchman had abducted his bride.

The chimney now standing on the island is not, however, the one that figures in this little romance, but the ruins of a blockhouse that once frowned over the anchorage formed by the island.

This blockhouse, to which Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Wood, perhaps the best authority on the history of these parts, has suggested giving the name of Fort Toniata, to distinguish it from Fort Levis, was erected in 1814 by order of Lieutenant-General [illegible] Drummond. In writing to Sir George Prevost from Kingston, under the date of May 8th, 1814, he says:

"I have found that boats and batteaux have frequently been under the necessity of stopping between Brockville and Gananoque on coming up from the Lower Province, a part of the country infested by scouts of disaffected people who are constantly in the habit of communicating with the enemy inspite of all our vigilance, and as Bridge Island is situated about fifteen miles from the former and sixteen from the latter place, affords a shelter for boats and an approved site for a work of defence, I have directed Captain Marlow to procure some person willing to undertake the erection of a blockhouse upon it by contract. The enclosed sketch will give Your Excellency an idea of the place in question."

The blockhouse was evidently built the same summer, for Lieutenant-Colonel Nichols reports in a letter to Sir George Prevost, dated December 31st, 1814, that at Bridge Island he found "The officer commanding endeavouring to put up a miserable picketing in hard frozen ground with a banquette to fire from."

The officer seemed to have been in no way deterred by this, for by scraping the rocks absolutely bare in places he managed to build a very creditable little earthwork at one end of the island to shelter the eighteen-pound carronade and light six-pound field gun, which, with two similar guns in the blockhouse itself formed his defences. Whether he ever built the abbatis recommended further on in Colonel Nichols's letter, history does not state, and no remnant of any remains. It would have provided amusement for his little force of thirty men of the 57th and five of the artillery.

A short while later the 70th Regiment stationed a company there. In the interval, however, miscreants had broken windows and generally played havoc with the place, so the 57th claimed when called upon to explain the damage, and a Sergeant Howlands, assistant barracks master, was sent down to investigate, but the sergeant of the 70th swore the place had sustained no damage since he had taken charge, and there the matter lay. Howlands did not find the island as comfortable as his own fireside in Gananoque evidently, for he reports the place to be untenable during the winter unless repaired, moreover, "The chimneys are the worst I think I ever witnessed. I stayed one night in the place and between the smoke and the cold it was intolerable. The party is badly in need of rugs and palliasses to make them comfortable (at least) at night."

Then he throws out a broad hint that a person in the vicinity would supply wood at 15s. a cord.

In his itemised report he gives the blockhouse to be forty-three by twenty-four feet outside, and describes the chimneys as being double and two-storey, in good repair, but smoky, as described. This certainly tallies with the ruins now standing on the island.

Whether the 70th were more careless than the 57th and let the whole place go to ruins is not known. The little discrepancies between the "marching out state" of one regiment and the "marching in state" of another are well known even in these prosaic times.

What eventually became of Fort Toniata is another mystery. Except for the documents quoted the Archives Department apparently contains nothing. Probably the blockhouse having served its purpose and being no longer needed was allowed to fall into ruins, it at last was [illegible] by fire, as was the former building. Or possibly, as some think, the conflagration witnessed by Buck and Mallory occurred at a later date than that given by McMullen, and that

the building involved was this block-house and not the traditional log cabin.

Be that as it may, the tall chimney still stands guard over the mystery of the island, and forms a peaceful home for the circling swallows. The white lake gulls dip and glide and utter their hoarse cries as they skim the placid waters around it.

Redskin and redcoats have long passed away and the poison sumach alone tosses its scarlet plumes over the barren blistered rock, and from the shelving beach the gentle twitter of the teeter-tail snipe is the only challenge that greets the invader of its silences.

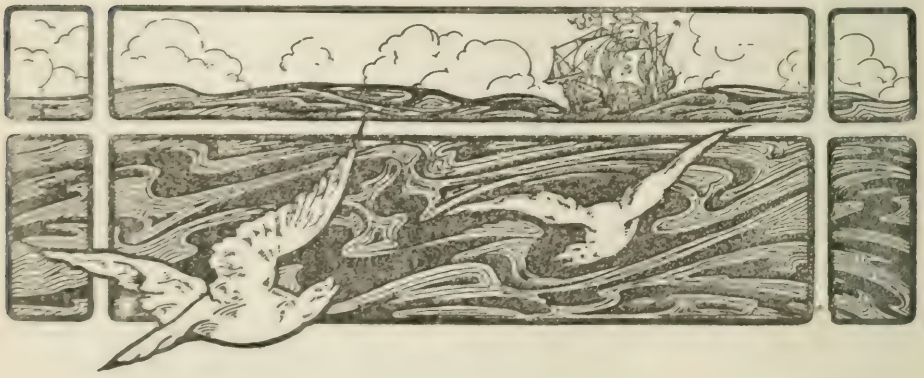
A THOUSAND ISLAND NOCTURNE

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN

O'ER the river, still at twilight, glides our boat alone and slow,
In the distant west empurpled sinks the sun's last glow,
Island after island fades within the night's encircling rim,
Then, ah, sweetly in a hidden channel sings my love this hymn:

Sempiterni Fons amoris, Consolatrix tristium,
Pia mater salvatoris, Ave, Virgo Virginum!

Purely ringing, clearly pealing, steals her vibrant voice afar,
And in dreamy undulations whisper leaves and nenuphar,
Come! the drifting stream doth call us, stilly night is here,
And an island home of dreams awaits us in the darkness, Dear.



A QUEBEC LANDSCAPE

From the Painting in the Victoria Museum, Ottawa, by William Brymner, President of the Royal Canadian Academy

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CANOE, SAIL, AND STEAM

A CHAPTER OF EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE GREAT LAKES

BY BARLOW CUMBERLAND

SINCE ever the changes of season have come, when grasses grow green, and open waters flow, the courses of the Niagara River, above and below the great Falls, have been the central route for voyaging between the far inland countries on this continent and the waters of the Atlantic shores.

Here the Indian of prehistoric days, unmolested by the intruding white, roamed at will in migration from one of his hunting-grounds to another, making his portage and passing in his canoe between Lake Erie and Lake Oskwego (Ontario). In later days, when the French had established themselves at Quebec and Montreal, access to Lake Huron and the upper lakes was at first sought by their voyageurs along the nearer route of the Ottawa, and French Rivers, a route involving many difficulties in surmounting rapids, heavy labour on numberless portages, and exceeding delay. Information had filtered down gradually through Indian sources of the existence of this Niagara River Route, on which there was but one portage of but fourteen miles to be passed from lake to lake, and only nine miles if the canoes entered the water again at the little river (Chippawa) above the Falls.

On learning the fact the French turned their attention to this new water-way, but for many a weary decade were unable to establish themselves upon it. In 1678 Father Hennepin, with an expedition sent out by Sieur La Salle sailed from Cataraqui (Kingston) to the Niagara River, the name "Hennepin Rock" having come down in tradition as a reminiscence of their first landing below what is now Queenston Heights. Passing over the "Carrying Place," they reached Lake Erie. Here, at the outlet of the Cayuga Creek, on the south shore, they built a small two-masted vessel rigged with equipment which they brought up for the purpose from Cataraqui, in the following year.

This vessel, launched in 1679, and named the *Griffon* in recognition of the crest on the coat of arms of Count Frontenac, the Governor of Canada, was the first vessel built by Europeans to sail upon the upper waters. In size she so much exceeded that of any of their own craft, with her white sails billowing like an apparition, and of novel and unusual appearance, that intense excitement was created among the Indian tribes as she passed along their shores.

Her life was brief, and the history of her movements scanty; the report being that after sailing through Lake St. Clair she reached Michilimakinac and Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, but passed out of sight on Lake Huron on the return journey, and was never heard of afterwards.

Tiny though this vessel was and

sailing slow upon the Upper Lakes, yet a great epoch had been opened up, for she was the progenitor of all the myriad ships which ply upon these waters at the present day. It was the entrance of the white man, with his consuming trade energy, into the red man's realm, the death knell of the Indian race.

With greatly increased frequency of travelling and the more bulky requirements of freightage this "one portage" route was more increasingly sought, and as the result of their voyagings these early French pioneers have marked their names along the waterways as ever remaining records of their prowess—such as Presquile (almost an island); Detroit (the narrow place); Lac Sainte Clair; Sault Ste Marie (Rapids of St. Mary River); Cap Iroquois; Isle Royale; Rainy River (after René de Varennes; Duluth (after Sieur du Luth, of Montreal); Fond du Lac (End of Lake Superior).

From here mounting up the St. Croix River, seeking the expansion of that New France to whose glory they so ungrudgingly devoted their lives, these intrepid adventurers reached over to the Mississippi, and sweeping down its waters still further marked their way at St. Louis (after their King) and New Orleans (after his capital), annexing all the adjacent territories to their Sovereign's domains.

The Niagara River Route then became the motive centre of a mighty circumvallation by which the early French encompassed within its circle the English Colonies then skirting along the Atlantic.

What a magnificent conception it was of these intrepid French to envolve the British settlements, and, strengthened by alliances with the Indian tribes and fortified by a line of outposts established along the routes of the Ohio and the Mississippi, to hem their competitors in from expansion to the great interior country of the centre and the west. Standing astride the continent with one foot on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Quebec, and the other at New Orleans, on the Gulf of Mexico, the interior lines of commerce and of trade were in their hands. They hoped that Canada, their New France, on this side of the ocean, was to obsorb all the continent excepting the colonies along the shores of the sea. So matters remained for a century.

Meanwhile the English colonies had expanded to the south shores of the Lakes Oswego and Frontenac, and in 1758 we read of an English Navy of eight schooners and three brigs sailing on Lake Ontario under the red cross of St. George and manned by sailors of the colonies.

In 1759, came the great struggle for the possession of the St. Lawrence and connecting lines of the waterways. Fort Niagara, whose large central stone "castle," built in 1726, still remains, passed from the French under Pouchot, to the British under Sir William Johnson; a great flotilla of canoes conveying the Indian warriors under Ligneris to the aid of the Fort, had come down from the Upper Lakes to the Niagara River, but upon it being proved to them that they were too late, for the Fort had fallen, they re-entered their canoes and retraced their way up the rivers back to their Western homes.

Next followed the fall of Quebec, and with the cession of Montreal in 1760 the "New France" of old from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican Gulf became merged in the "New England" of British Canada.

The control of the great central waterway, of which this Niagara River was the gateway, had passed into other hands.

For another fifty years only sailing vessels navigated the lakes to Niagara, and these and batteaux, pushed along the shores and up the river by poles, made their way to the

foot of the rapids at Lewiston with difficulty. These vessels were mainly small schooners with some cabin accommodation.

After the cession of Canada, by the French, the British Government began the establishment of a small navy on Lake Ontario. An official return called for by Lord Dorchester, Governor-General of Canada, gives the Government vessels as being in 1787, *Limnale,* 220 tons, ten guns; *Seneca,* 130 tons, eighteen guns; *Caldwell,* thirty-seven tons, two guns, and two schooners of one hundred tons each being built. As there was at that time but one merchant vessel, the schooner *Lady Dorchester,* eighty tons, sailing on the lake, and a few smaller craft the property of settlers, transport for passengers between the principal ports was mainly afforded by the Government vessels. As an instance of their voyaging may be given that of H.M.S. *Caldwell,* which in 1793, carrying Lady Dorchester, the wife of the Governor-General, is reported to have made an "agreeable passage of thirty-six hours from Kingston to Niagara."

In the same year H.R.H. the Duke of Kent (afterwards father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria) is reported as having proceeded from Kingston up Lake Ontario to Navy Hall on the Niagara River in the King's ship *Mohawk* commanded by Commodore Bouchette.

Further additions to the merchant schooners were the *York,* built on the Niagara River in 1792, and the *Governor Simcoe,* in 1797, for the North-West Company's use in their trading services on Lake Ontario. Another reported in 1797—the *Washington*—built at Erie, Pa., was bought by Canadians, portaged around the Falls and run on the British register from Queenston to Kingston as the *Lady Washington.*

The forests of those days existed in all their primeval condition, so that the choicest woods were used in the construction of the vessels. We read in 1797 of the *Prince Edward,* built of red cedar, under Captain Murney of Belleville, and capable of carrying seven hundred barrels of flour, and of another "good sloop" upon the stocks at Long Point Bay, near Kingston, being built of black walnut. A schooner, *The Toronto,* built in 1799, a little way up the Humber, by Mr. Joseph Dennis, is described as "one of the handsomest vessels, and bids fair to be the swiftest sailing vessel on the lake, and is admirably calculated for the reception of passengers." This vessel, often mentioned as "The Toronto Yacht," was evidently a great favourite, being patronized by the Lieutenant-Governor and the Archbishop, and after a successful and appreciated career, finished her course abruptly by going ashore on Gibraltar Point in 1811. The loss of the Government schooner *Speedy* was one of the tragic events of the times. The Judge of the District Court, the Solicitor-General and several lawyers who were proceeding from York to hold the Assizes in the Newcastle District, together with the High Constable of York, and an Indian prisoner whom they were to try for murder, were all lost when the vessel foundered off Presquile in an exceptional gale on 7th October, 1804.

Two sailing vessels, the schooners *Dove* and the *Reindeer,* (Captain Myers) are reported in 1809 as plying between York and Niagara. A third, commanded by Captain Conn, is mentioned by Caniff, but no name has come down of this vessel, but only her nickname of *"Captain Conn's Coffin."* This *j'eu d'esprit* may have been due to some peculiarity in her shape, but as no disaster is reported as having occurred to her she may have been more seaworthy than the nickname would have indicated.

Of other events of sailing vessels was the memorable trip from Queen-

ston to York in October, 1812, of the sloop *Simcoe*, owned and commanded by Captain James Richardson.

After the battle of Queenston Heights, on October 13th, she had been laden with American prisoners, among them General Winfield Scott, afterwards the conqueror in Mexico, to be forwarded at once to Kingston. The *Moira* of the royal navy was then lying off the port of York and on her Mr. Richardson, a son of the Captain, was serving as sailing master.

As the *Simcoe* approached she was recognized by young Richardson, who, putting off in a small boat, met her out in the lake and was much surprised at seeing the crowded state of her decks and at the equipment of his father, who, somewhat unusually for him, was wearing a sword.

The first words from the ship brought great joy—a great battle had been fought on Queenston Heights—the enemy had been beaten. The *Simcoe* was full of prisoners of war to be transported at once to the *Moira* for conveyance to Kingston. Then came the mournful statement, "General Brock has been killed." The rapture of victory was overwhelmed by the sense of irreparable loss. In such way was the sad news carried in those sailing days to York.

The *Minerva*, "Packet," owner and built by Henry Gildersleeve, at Finkle's Point in 1817, held high repute. Richard Gildersleeve emigrated from Hertferdshire, England, in 1635, and settled in Connecticut. His great-great-grandson, Obadiah, established a successful shipbuilding yard at "Gildersleeve," Conn. Henry Gildersleeve, his grandson, here learned his business and coming to Finkle's Point in 1816 assisted on the *Frontenac*, and continuing in shipbuilding, married Mrs. Finkle. When the *Minerva* arrived at Kingston she was declared by Captain Murray, R.N., to be in her construction and lines the best yet turned out, as she proved when plying as a "Packet" between Toronto and Niagara.

Many sailing vessels meeting with varying success, were plying between all the ports on the lake. The voyages were not always of the speediest. *The Caledonia*, schooner, is reported to have taken six days from Prescott to York. Mr. M. F. Whitehead, of Port Hope, crossed from Niagara to York in 1818, the passage occupying two and a half days. In a letter of his describing the trip he writes: "Fortunately, Dr. Baldwin had thoughtfully provided a leg of lamb, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of porter; all our fare for the two days and a half."

These vessels seem to have sailed somewhat intermittently, but regular connection on every other day with the Niagara River was established by the *Duke of Richmond* packet, a sloop of one hundred tons built at York in 1820, under Commander Edward Oates.

His advertisements announced her to "leave York Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9 a.m. Leave Niagara on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10 a.m., between July and September;" after that, "according to notice." The rates of passage were: "After Cabin, ten shillings; Fore Cabin, 6s. 6d.; sixty lbs. of baggage allowed for each pasenger, but over that 9d. per cwt. or 2s. per barrel bulk."

The standard of measurement was a homely one, but no doubt well understood at that time, and easily ascertained. In the expansion of the size of ladies' trunks in these present days it is not beyond possibility that a measurement system such as used in the early part of the last century might not be inadvisable.

The reports of the "packet" describe her as being comfortable and weatherly, and very regular in keeping up her time-table. She performed her servies successfully on

the route until 1823, when she succumbed to the competition of the steamboats which had shortly before been introduced. With the introduction upon the lakes of this new method of propulsion the carrying of passengers on sailing vessels quickly ceased.

The era of steamboating had now arrived. The *Clermont,* built by Robert Fulton, and furnished with English engines by Boulton & Watts, of Birmingham, had made her first trip on the Hudson from New York to Albany in August, 1807, and was afterwards continuing to run on the river.

In 1809 the *Accommodation,* built by the Honourable John Molson at Montreal, and fitted with engines made in that city, was rnning successfully between Montreal and Quebec, being the first steamer on the St. Lawrence and in Canada.

The experience of both these vessels had shown that the new system of propulsion of vessels by steam power was commercially profitable, and as it had been proved successful upon the river water, it was but reasonable that its application to the more open waters of the lakes should next obtain consideration.

The war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States, accompanied by its constant invasions of Canada, had interrupted any immediate expansion in steamboating enterprises.

Peace having been declared in February, 1815, the projects were immediately revived and in the spring of that year a British company was formed with shareholders in Kingston, Niagara, York, and Prescott, to build a steamboat to ply on Lake Ontario. A site suitable for its construction was selected on the beaches on *Finkle's Point,* at *Ernestown,* eighteen miles up the lake from Kingston, on one of the reaches of the Bay of Quinte.

A contract was let to Henry Teabout and James Chapman, two young men who had been foremen under David Eckford, the master shipbuilder of New York, who during the war had constructed the warships for the United States Government at its dockyard at Sackett's Harbour. Construction was commenced at Finkle's Point in October, 1815, and with considerable delays caused in selection of the timbers, was continued during the winter. (Canniff—Settlement of Upper Canada). The steamer was launched with great eclat on 7th September, 1816, and named the *Frontenac,* after the County of Frontenac in which she had been built.

A similar wave of enterprise had arisen also on the United States side and it becomes of much interest to search up the annals of over a hundred years ago and ascertain to which side of the lake is to be accorded the palm for placing the first steamboat on Lake Ontario. Especially as opinions have varied on the subject, and owing to a statement made, as we shall find, erroneously, in a distant press the precedence has usually been given to an American steamer.

The first record of the steamboat on the American side is an agreement dated January 2nd, 1816, executed between the Robert Fulton heirs and Livingston, of Clermont, granting to Charles Smyth and others an exclusive right to navigate boats and vessels by steam on Lake Ontario.

These exclusive rights for the navigation on American waters "by steam or fire" had previously been granted to the Fulton partnership by the Legislature of the State of New York.

The terms of the agreement set out that the grantees were to pay annually to the grantors one-half of all the net profits in excess of a dividend of twelve per cent. upon the investment. On the 16th of the next month a bill was passed in the Legislature of New York incorporating

the "Ontario Steamboat Company," but in consequence of the too early adjournment of the Legislature did not become law.

At this time, (February, 1816) the construction of the Canadian boat at Ernestown was well under way.

By an assignment dated August 16th, 1816, Lusher and others became partners with Smyth, and as a result it is stated (Hough—History of Jefferson County, New York) "a boat was commenced at Sackett's Harbour the same summer."

Three weeks after the date of this commencing of the boat on the American side, or Sackett's Harbour, the *Frontenac,* on the Canadian side, was launched on the 7th September, 1816, at Finkle's Point.

In the description of this launch of the *Frontenac* given in the September issue of the Kingston *Gazette,* the details of her size are stated: "Length, 170 feet; beam, thirty-two feet; two paddle wheels with circumference about forty feet, Registered tonnage, 700 tons." Further statements made are, "Good judges have pronounced this to be the best piece of naval architecture of the kind yet produced in America." "The machinery for this valuable boat was imported from England and is said to be an excellent structure. It is expected that she will be finished and ready for use in a few weeks."

Having been launched with engines on board in early September the *Frontenac* then sailed down the lake from Ernestown to Kingston to lay up in port.

In another part of this same September issue of the Kingston *Gazette* an item is given: "A steamboat was lately launched at Sackett's Harbour."

No name is given of the steamer, nor the date of the launch, but this item has been considered to have referred to the steamer named *Ontario,* built at Sackett's Harbour, and in consequence of its having apparently been launched first, precedence has been claimed for the United States vessel.

This item, "*A steamboat was lately launched at Sackett's Harbour,*" develops, on further search, to have first appeared as a paragraph under the reading chronicles in *Niles Weekly Register,* published far south in the United States at Baltimore, Maryland. From here it was copied verbatim as above by the Kingston *Gazette,* and afterwards by the Quebec *Gazette* of 26th September, 1816.

Further inquiry, however, nearer the scene of construction indicates that an error has been made in the wording of the item, which had apparently been copied into the other papers without verification.

In the library of the Historical Society at Buffalo is deposited the manuscript of Captain Van Cleve, who sailed as clerk and as captain on the *Martha Ogden,* the next steamboat to be built at Sackett's Harbour six years after the *Ontario.* In this he writes, "the construction of the *Ontario* was begun at Sackett's Harbour in August, 1816." He also gives a drawing, from which all subsequent illustrations of the *Ontario* have been taken. Further information of the American steamer is given in an application for incorporation of the "Lake Ontario Steam Boat Company," made in December, 1816, by Charles Smyth and others, of Sackett's Harbour, who stated in their petition that they had "lately constructed a steam boat at Sackett's Harbour"—"the Navy Department of the United States have generously delivered a sufficiency of timber for the construction of the vessel for a reasonable sum of money"—"the boat is now built"—"the cost so far exceeds the means which mercantile men can generally command that they are unable to build any further"—"the English in the Prov-

ince of Upper Canada have constructed a steam boat of seven hundred tons burthen avowedly for the purpose of engrossing the business on both sides of the lake."

All this indicates that the American boat had not been launched and in December was still under construction.

It is more reasonable to accept the statements of Captain Van Cleve and others close to the scene of operations rather than to base conclusions upon the single item in the publication issued at so far a distance and without definite details.

It is quite evident that the item in *Niles Register* should have read "was lately *commenced,*" instead of "was lately *launched.*" The change of this one word would bring it into complete agreement with all the other evidences of the period and into accord with the facts.

No absolute date for the launching of the *Ontario* or of the giving of her name has been ascertained, but as she was not commenced until August it certainly could not have been until after that of the *Frontenac* on September 7th, 1816. The first boat launched was, therefore, on the Canadian side.

The movements of the steamers in the spring of 1817 are more easily traced. *Niles Register*, 29th March, 1817, notes, "The steamboat *Ontario* is prepared for the lake," and Captain Van Cleve says: "The first enrollment of the *Ontario* in the customs office was made on 11th April," and "She made her first trip in April."

The data of the dimensions of the *Ontario* are recorded, being about one-third the capacity of the *Frontenac,* which would account for the shorter time in which she was constructed. The relative sizes were:

	Length,	Beam,	Capacity, tons.
Frontenac	170	32	700
Ontario	110	24	240

No drawing of the *Frontenac* is extant, but she has been described as having guards only at the paddle wheels, the hull painted black, and as having three masts, but no yards. The *Ontario* had two masts, as shown in the drawing by Van Cleve.

No distinctive date is given for the first trip in April of the *Ontario,* on which it is reported (Beers History of the Great Lakes) "The waves lifted the paddle wheels off their bearings, tearing away the wooden coverings. After making the repairs the shaft was securely held in place."

Afterwards under the command of Captain Francis Mallaby, U. S. N., weekly trips between Ogdensburg and Lewiston were attempted, but after this interruption by advertisement of 1st July, 1817, the time had to be extended to once in ten days. The speed of the steamer was found to seldom exceed five miles an hour. (History Jefferson County, Hough).

The *Ontario* ran for some years, but does not seem to have met with much success and, having gone out of commission, was broken up at Oswego in 1832.

In the spring of 1817 the first mention of the *Frontenac* is in Kingston of her having moved over on 23rd May to the Government dock at Point Frederick, "for putting in a suction pipe," the Kingston *Gazette* further describing that "she moved with majestic grandeur against a strong wind." On 30th May the *Gazette* reports her as "leaving this port for the purpose of taking in wood at the Bay Quinte. A fresh breeze was blowing into the harbour against which she proceeded swiftly and steadily to the admiration of a great number of spectators. We congratulate the managers and proprietors of this elegant boat, upon the prospect she affords of facilitating the navigation of Lake Ontario in furnishing an expeditious and certain mode of conveyance to its various ports."

It can well be imagined with what wonder the movements of this first steam-driven vessel were witnessed.

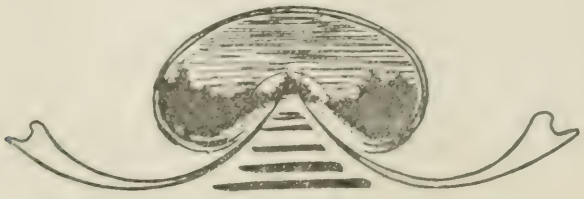
In the Kingston *Gazette* of June 7th, 1817, entry is made: "The *Frontenac* left this port on Thursday, 5th, on her first trip for the head of the lake."

The opening route of the *Frontenac,* commanded by Captain James McKenzie, a retired officer of the royal navy, was between Kingston and Queenston, calling at York and Niagara and other intermediate ports. The venture of a steamer plying on the open lakes, where the paddle wheels would be subjected to wave action, was a new one, so for the opening trips her captain announced, with the proverbial caution of a Scotsman, that the calls at the ports would be made "*with as much punctuality as the nature of lake navigation will admit of.*" Later, the steamer, having proved her capacity by two round trips, the advertisements of June, 1817, state the timetable of the steamer as "leaving Kingston for York on the 1st, 11th and 23rd days," and "York for Queenston on 3rd, 13th, and 25th days of each month, calling at all intermediate ports. "Passenger fares, Kingston to Ernestown, 5s.; Prescott, £1.10.0; Newcastle, £1.15.0; York and Niagara, £2.0.0; Burlington, £3.15.0; York to Niagara, £1.0.0." Further excerpts are: "A book is kept for the entering of the names of the passengers and the berths which they choose, at which time the passage money must be paid." Gentlemen's servants cannot eat or sleep in the cabin." "Deck passengers will pay fifteen shillings, and may either bring their own provisions or be furnished by the steward." "For each dog brought on board, five shillings." "All applications for passage to be made to Captain McKenzie on board." After having run regularly each season on Lake Ontario and the Niagara River her career was closed in 1827 when, while on the Niagara River, she was set on fire, it was said, by incendiaries, for whose discovery her owners, the Messrs. Hamilton, offered a reward of £100, but without result. Being seriously damaged, she was shortly afterwards broken up.

Such were the careers of the first two steamers which sailed upon Lake Ontario and the Niagara River, and from the data it is apparent that the *Frontenac* on the British side was the first steamboat placed on Lake Ontario, and that the *Ontario,* on the United States side, had been the first to make a trip up lake, having priority in this over her rival by perhaps a week or two, but not preceding her in the entering into and performance of a regular service.

With them began the new method for travel, far exceeding in speed and facilities any previously existing, so that the stage lines and sailing vessels were quickly eliminated.

This practical monopoly the steamers enjoyed for a period of fifty years, when their Nemesis in turn arrived and the era of rail competition began.



FATE AND THE FIVE-CASE NOTE

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

"MISTER!" A grimy hand tugged at the coat of Henry Alden's well-cut business suit as he walked abstractedly up the lower section of Broadway at seven-thirty of a murky fall evening. Alden did not respond, and the grimy hand tugged again while a whining childish voice continued in a sing-song of woe.

"Mister, gimme a dime fer me mother what's sick with the cough. An' the doctor don't to come no more 'cause he ain't paid yet, an' Mister Frankel, what has the shop in front of our place, says he will to put us out 'cause we owe him rents. An' mother an' me can't to work no more because she's got the cough an' I'm by a strike on the coats shop where I did to sew on buttons. An'—"

The thin voice whined on as Alden felt in his pocket in search of small change. There was no dime. There was nothing but a crisp, new, five-dollar bill that was much too much to waste on a casual street tale of misery, no matter how acute misery might appear. An impatient hand disengaged the immaculate coat from the dirty, little fist which protruded from the frayed sleeve of Max Grofsky's misfit garment. A curt "Beat it, kid," cut short his tabulation of the manifold woes of his family.

The soiled urchin stood gazing without resentment after the receding figure. He peered searchingly into the fog in both directions seeking further prospect of aid, but, failing to discover any, turned and disappeared down a side street. If you had followed him you would have come to that damp basement rat-hole which, to his mother and himself, was hallowed by the sacred name of home. Had you the courage to descend with him the slimy steps you would have come upon a place of half-lights and pestilential odours where he and his mother were engaged in their losing battle with the great enemies of their kind, starvation and disease. This journey may become necessary later in this adventure and why make it twice?

Max scuttled down these steps to meet a woman shaken by her struggles with a terrible, all-conquering cough and to seek by the close application of his little body to her own to supply the lack of warmth and warming food.

Meanwhile, Alden wended his abstracted way northward upon Broadway. He had not given a second thought to the ragged Yiddish youngster he had brushed aside as men brush away a buzzing fly and forget the annoyance with the buzzing. Fate had offered him the rôle of Good Samaritan. He had refused it for the smile of a cabaret dancer, for it was to meet such a lady that he was killing time on his way up-town—that is, if you decide that Fate was concerning herself with these matters. It was to bask in these smiles that he had retained the five-case note, for he was neither ungenerous nor poor, but this was all that he had with him, as we have seen.

As he strolled absorbedly, he more than once barely avoided collision

with other isolated pedestrians. His was the abstraction of a man occupying time in which nothing of interest offers pending the arrival of that freighted with an engrossing event. He could see nothing but a vision of the adorable Kitty—I think that was the lady's name—and a discreet restaurant set for two. Abruptly halted by the heavier counter-stream of cross-town traffic at Eighth Street, he shook off his sentimental musing. A scratch of conversation intruded upon his consciousness and turned his thoughts into new channels.

In front were four young women on their way to a meeting at Cooper Union. They were talking excitedly and he could not choose but hear. One was saying:

"We gotta stand together. The trouble with the working peoples is that they ain't united enough. The bosses is though, an' that's why they always wins out. A fella over at the Union the other night said they is a force at work squarin' everything in the world. 'The Law of Compensations,' he called it. He said it works out so that everyone gets jest what's comin' to them someways or other. Sometimes, he said, you can see it workin', but mostly it works so round about that you don't know nothin' about it at all, but you get yours alright, good or bad."

Alden smiled broadly at this crude statement of a great philosophical theory. It was not alone the words which attracted him, perhaps, for the girl's voice was rich and her eyes flashing and splendid. He looked at his watch. He had still ample time for his engagement with the beautiful Kitty.

"It's all bunk, I think," one of the four was saying.

"Well, maybe it is, an' maybe it isn't," replied the one who had first spoken, "but some queer things do happen that'd almost make you think it was true."

"Was it all bunk?" Alden wondered idly as he walked along. He did not often philosophize, but the big, rock-ribbed city sometimes makes a man a philosopher in spite of himself. He thought suddenly of the grimy urchin who had stopped him back there on Broadway. What had the great law of compensation to do with that demand for aid. Truly the alms had not been asked in the name of Allah in the manner of the master beggars of the world, but would the fulfilment be demanded in that name or some, perchance, equally as great? Of course, it was ridiculous. He would never lay eyes on the little chap again, and yet, as the girl had said, queer things do happen. With an involuntary tribute to what he would have called superstition had he chosen to designate it, he felt in his pocket for the five-case note. It was still there crisply whispering at his touch of supper and Kitty. He dismissed Max, Fate, the talking girls into the limbo of forgotten things.

But yet if it was not Fate that led him into St. Mark's Place, and, a few moments later, into a dingier side street, it was, perhaps, something suspiciously like it. He had seldom been in that part of the city before. He could have given you no reason for his presence there now. It appeared to be a subconscious avoidance of other pedestrians. It was the work of his subconscious mind, psychologists will explain. That may have been the reason. But does it explain the fact that he turned into this dimly-lighted street just as another young man was about to leave it?

This other young man was about Alden's own age. His name was "Slim" Grogan. He had been awaiting the coming of Katie McCool. Their appointment had to do with a transfer of moneys which would be to the advantage of Grogan. Such transfers were a part of a regular arrangement in their irregular lives. This arrangement has nothing to do with this story, save as it may account for the presence at this place and time of "Slim" Grogan. It is a sordid, if

common, matter and may well be left alone.

Katie had not come and Grogan was resultantly peeved. He needed money badly, owing to the failure of the other sources of supply from which he drew his revenues, and now this one had failed him. I repeat, therefore, that he was peeved.

When Grogan observed a seemingly prosperous young gentleman in this otherwise deserted street, his active brain immediately evolved a plan for the rehabilitation of his shattered resources. At the same moment, his equally active legs conveyed him to the sheltering darkness of the nearest doorway.

When one is walking in these less lighted tributaries of traffic, it behooves one to observe warily and cautiously. This is especially encumbent upon those of Alden's class when they invade the territory of the ilk of "Slim" Grogan. Failure in this regard is apt to lead to a wholly involuntary transfer of portable property. Alden was not observing and so advanced upon the ambushed Grogan, walking foolishly close to the building line.

As Grogan stepped into the sheltering darkness of the doorway, he unlimbered, from his hip pocket, an uncommonly well-made and efficient black-jack, the talisman of one of his varied activities. As Alden approached, he swung it lightly in his hand, and, when the other young man was exactly abreast of him, it descended. Alden settled quietly down upon the sidewalk and Grogan, releasing the black-jack so that it swung from his wrist by a leathern thong, hurriedly dragged the prostrate form into the shadows of the doorway. He lost no time in going through Alden's clothing. He drew forth a watch and fob, a tie-pin, white silk handkerchief and the five-case note.

He observed regretfully that the watch and fob were deeply engraved. It was not that the initials were not his own that disturbed him, but that the property was thus rendered less readily negotiable and reduced its market value. The size of the stone in the tie-pin also displeased him. He had little sympathy with the subdued in personal adornment. He described his victim as a "cheap sport." All gentlemen wear large diamonds That was Grogan's social philosophy. He looked at the five-case note. He squeezed it between his thumb and fingers. There was only one. He pushed the body farther into the doorway. His method was not gentle. He used his foot.

He had replaced the black-jack in his hip pocket, but had not had time to stow away the plunder when something took place which may, of course, have been merely a chance coincidence. On the other hand, if Fate had personally taken up the affairs of poor little Max Gorfsky, she would not have ordered it otherwise. This event of such momentous importance was merely the slow and dignified entrance of Patrolman Larry O'Connor. He stolled into the street, as Alden had come, from St. Mark's Place. He looked up the street and then he glanced down. Then he slowly sauntered south toward the concealed Grogan.

Now, Mr. Grogan was well acquainted with the patrolman. They frequently talked together in outward peace. This, however, was not one of those occasions when such conversation appeared desirable or politic to the astute mind of Mr. Grogan, and with a view to avoiding it without giving offence to Mr. O'Connor, Grogan proceeded to edge stealthily away in the shadow of the buildings.

Perhaps it was Grogan's exclamation of disgust upon his review of the plunder which attracted the patrolman's attention. At any rate, he glanced systematically about him and at last looked into the doorway where Alden lay. Grogan proceeded as rapidly on his way as was consistent with silence in search of a convenient place of concealment. He selected a

basement stairway and was descending it when he unwittingly attracted the attention of the officer. O'Connor did not hear him, but, looking up from the prostrate Alden, seeking further explanation of his presence, he observed in the dark shadows ahead of him a splash of white which was the silk handkerchief still carried in Grogan's hand.

O'Connor was not a great detective, but he was a man of prompt action. He started on the run for Mr. Grogan. Caution now became no part of the tactics of that gentleman, who relinguished all other considerations for that of speed. Casting the said caution to whatever winds be blowing in that grimy thoroughfare, he took to his heels, with O'Connor in hot pursuit. Thus the two passed from that street and this story.

As Grogan rushed from the cellarway, however, the handkerchief in his hand caught upon the head of a very ordinary nail which protruded from the casing. It, together with the five-case note, dropped softly upon the stairway.

No doubt the astute reader has already guessed that this cellarway was the entrance to the home of our young friend, Max Gorfsky, and, indeed, it was so. Inside the mother was dosing or dying, while Max still strove to warm her in a close embrace. He heard the descending feet of Grogan upon the steps of the cellarway without. He heard them turn and ascend those steps and then quicken in flight. He listened to the sound of the pursuing O'Connor, and, drawn perhaps by some lingering curiosity of childhood, if anything childish still remained in his aged, young mind, withdrew himself cautiously and went to the door.

As he opened it, his eye was caught by the handkerchief which had earlier acted as a signal to draw the attention and intervention of Patrolman O'Connor. Stooping to observe it more closely, he saw that which lay beside it—the five-case note.

All thought of the pursued and the pursuer was blotted from his mind. For a moment he was still staring at it as though he feared to smash the golden dream by reaching out to a disappointing reality. Then he pounced upon the bill as though he feared, even in that deserted place, some other hand might be before his own. He grasped it firmly and turned again to the room where his mother lay stirring restlessly upon the bed. He did not wait to see if she waked or slept, but seizing a graniteware pail from the wall was gone into the street.

When he returned, he was still travelling swiftly, but was holding the pail with solicitous care. From its open top came steam exhaling a grateful and gracious odour. Max's trembling little hand went eagerly about his mother's neck as he strove to raise her. His voice choked with eagerness and exultation.

"Drink it, mother," he cried. "Hot soup from Swartz's, an' money for the rents, an' more for foods, a lot. Such a *luck*, mother, such a *luck!* I found it by the steps."

Max dipped a cup in the steaming pail. He was holding it to his mother's lips. The lips did not move. The eyes, turned toward the eager little face, did not smile in answer to the glad light in his own. They were done with smiles and tears.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

TWO discoveries have been made of great interest to archæologists. One of these is the ancient harbour of Pompeii, which has been unearthed on a site nearly two miles inland. In the days of her prosperity Pompeii had a busy seaport and there is every probability now that the ancient docks and piers will be added to the streets and houses of the city as an object of interest to the traveller. The houses can now be seen just as they stood when Vesuvius overwhelmed the inhabitants. The unearthing of the old port may lead to valuable finds. When the fatal eruption was seen to be threatening Pompeii, a wholesale panic and exodus, it is believed, took place. Of the total population of 20,000 only about a tenth perished in the city. The remainder, tradition says, fled to the harbour in the hope of escaping by sea, but they were overwhelmed before they could reach the Roman fleet. The records suggest that much valuable jewellery and other belongings of the wealthy inhabitants were carried to the harbour and lie buried with the panic-stricken owners near the site recently discovered. Priceless art treasures, including Greek statuary which the wealthy Romans collected may be recovered in the course of excavation, but in any case the restoration of the old fortifications, piers, and docks will provide another interesting chapter in the romantic story of the discovery of the ancient city.

The scene of the other interesting archæological find is Ireland. Professor Edward Spencer Dodgson, M.A., of Jesus College, Oxford, in company with Professor Sanki Tchiakawa, an eminent Japanese savant from Tokio, at present studying Gaelic at the Gaelic College, Cloghaneely, County Donegal, were returning from an excursion to Tory Island and had reached the townland of Killult, Falcarragh, West Donegal, when their attention was arrested by a peculiar-shaped stone which lay partially exposed in a field. Closer scrutiny revealed the fact that one face of the stone, which must have lain undisturbed for about a thousand years, was covered with Ogham-like characters, one group of markings being interpreted as signifying "soul" or "spirit." There is an old tradition in the neighbourhood that the treasure of an ancient Irish chieftain is hidden there, and sixty years ago some rare gold ornaments were unearthed from a mound. A similar stone, with valuable treasure underneath, was discovered in the sixteenth century on the road to Salamanca. Not the least interesting feature of this story is the presence in the wilds of Donegal of a Japanese savant acquiring a knowledge of Gaelic. Cloghaneely is the home of the Gaelic College, established by the Gaelic League for the study of the Irish tongue, and the journeying thither of a Japanese professor from Tokio recalls the time when Ireland was the Mecca of the scholars of Europe.

Another discovery in which Ire-

land figures is that of the original document on which is recorded the grant of the Freedom of the City of Dublin to one of Ireland's greatest sons, Dean Swift. The document is now in the museum of the Office of Arms, Dublin Castle. The lapse of years has only served to emphasize the greatness of Swift, who was an outstanding figure in Ireland at a time when the country had few men of genius. He was very popular in Dublin, and beloved of the poor by reason of his generous sympathy and unfailing charity towards those in distress. He was an intellectual giant, a champion of Irish rights, and human enough to have passionately loved a woman, a tragedy in his life over which the biographer has thrown the glamour of mystery.

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One of the most remarkable phases of the labour trouble in the Irish capital is the extension of trades unionism to the agricultural labourers. For some years the agricultural labourers have been organizing in Ulster, but it will come as a surprise to many to learn that the farmers of Meath and Dublin decided to lock-out all their labourers and to suspend harvesting operations owing to the men being enrolled in the union organized by "Jim" Larkin. The awakening of the Irish labourer is one of the most remarkable chapters in the story of the New Ireland. Ireland has set the pace for legislation affecting the land and those dependent upon the land. In addition to land purchase acts, Ireland enjoys exclusive legislation for the building of labourers' cottages and the allotment of land to the occupiers. The struggle to obtain these cottages and to acquire the acre or three-acre plot of land has brought the farmer and labourer into conflict, and this is accentuated in the rural villages and towns where the workers are seeking the benefits secured by the farmers. Several towns and villages included in estates that have passed from the landlord to the occupying tenants have successfully agitated for the extension of the benefits of the Land Purchase Act, and land adjoining these towns and villages have been divided up among the town tenants, and, together with their houses, sold to the occupiers under the terms of the Wyndham Land Act. This has not been achieved without some friction between farmer and labourer, and the labourer has been quick to seize upon the weapons forged by the farmer during the land war and to emulate his example in fighting for better conditions. Those who accept the cabled reports of the Larkin labour movement will be led astray. Larkin is only an instrument raised up for the deliverance of the unskilled labourer from conditions that are a reproach to Christian civilization. The brutal conduct of the police on the streets of Dublin was symptomatic of the superstitious reverence with which the "rights of property" are still held in a country where landlord rights proved to be tenant wrongs.

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Arising out of the labour riots in Dublin a case was heard in the police court in which two men charged with assault made counter-charges of a very serious kind against a sergeant and six constables, accusing them of bursting into their room and knocking them down with their batons. Incidentally, the evidence disclosed the awful condition in which the casual workers of Dublin live. One of the accused men testified that in the room there lived "My wife, myself, six children of mine, and my brother, Pat, and one child of his, who is dying of consumption. There are ten of us in this room." It is not police batons, but a living wage and a human existence the workers of Dublin need. If Larkin aids these unfortunate people in improving their miserable lot he is doing a noble work, how-

ever his critics may catalogue him.

⁂

President Woodrow Wilson has carried the first plank in his programme and the Democratic Tariff Bill has become the law of the United States. The next step will be currency reform, and the passage of the tariff bill will have a powerful moral effect on the fortunes of this and other legislation contemplated by the Democrats. Western Canada has been stirred by the provision in the Tariff Bill excluding wheat and flour from the free list until the Dominion Parliament places these commodities on the free list. A campaign for free wheat has already been started and is bound to be a dominant issue when Parliament meets at Ottawa.

⁂

The French press is once more discussing the advantage of an alliance with Spain, and the visit to Madrid of President Poincarè lends colour to the rumour that a treaty or entente between the two countries will shortly be accomplished. In close alliance France and Spain would control a long coast-line, both on the Atlantic and on the Mediterranean. Alfonso is very popular in Paris, and is credited with the desire to see a return to the closer relations between the two nations which in former days was a normal condition of European politics. The French, who live in hourly dread of the German menace, do not overlook the fact that Spain, which is rapidly acquiring a more powerful army and navy, could turn the tide in a struggle between France and Germany when the slightest advantage on either side would tell.

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The Carson campaign against the Home Rule Bill has led in some quarters to a demand for a conference and a settlement by general consent. Lord Loreburn's plea for a conference set the ball rolling and there were rumours that the King was bringing pressure to bear to effect a settlement. Any compromise of the principle of self-government is obviously out of the question and the irreconcilable attitude of Sir Edward Carson does not lend any hope of a settlement by consent. It is still possible for responsible leaders in the Liberal and Unionist parties to confer as to changes in the bill that would make it acceptable to moderate opinion. All parties are agreed that the present system of government in Ireland cannot be justified, and it is in the interest of British Unionists no less than that of Liberals, that the Irish question should be finally disposed of and the way left clear in the Imperial Parliament for legislation affecting other parts of the United Kingdom. Will Ulster fight? Such a contingency is highly improbable. Were the leaders fired by the same disinterested enthusiasm for a losing cause that distinguishes the rank and file of the Orangemen, the situation would be more serious. But the leaders are known to be fighting the battle, not of Protestantism, or of Irish Unionism, but of the British Unionist party. There can be no compromise of the principle of self-government, but it is still possible to withdraw moral support from Carson by some concessions regarding the representation of Ulster in the Irish Parliament, and more definite assurances regarding the financial standing of the Irish Government. The antipathy to Home Rule among the Ulster merchants is largely dictated by the fear that Ireland will be unable to make ends meet financially, and that industrial Ulster will have to bear the burden of increased taxation. Having regard to the fact that for a century Ireland has been over-taxed, it cannot be said that Mr. Asquith has been over-generous in the financial provisions made for the Irish Government during the early and critical years of its existence. Events are moving with dramatic rapidity, and it is impossible to foretell what a day

may bring forth. Home Rule is bound to come, however, and the opposition to it is not more formidable than that which confronted British statesmen in the past when every concession to the Irish people was heralded as a blow to Protestantism. Were Home Rule in operation to-morrow the Ulster Protestant would play a leading part in the government of Ireland and his religion would be no barrier to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen if he sincerely desired to place his country first in his affections.

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Canada has filled a large place in the public eye in the United Kingdom during the past year. Of more importance to the future of the Dominion than the settlement of the navy question is her credit in the London market. Something more than plentiful crops is needed to ensure a return to easier financial conditions. The growth of municipal loans is exercising a remarkable influence on the financial relations between London and Canada. In a comparative table *The Economist* shows that in the nine months of 1913 the British investor has contributed more than double as much to municipal improvements in Canada than in the same period of 1911-12, although it has been necessary to offer higher yields for loans. One of the complaints made by *The Economist* is that too little information is available regarding Canadian municipalities, and that this lack of information begets suspicion and tends to raise the rate against the borrower. There is no authority in Canada corresponding to the Local Government Board in the United Kingdom. One of the functions of this Government Department is to supervise and control municipal borrowings, and the lender always has access to the fullest and most reliable information regarding the financial standing of the borrower. "Unfortunately," adds *The Economist,* "the Federal Government of Canada exercises no control over municipal finance, and, apart from special cases, a Canadian municipality is under the jurisdiction of its Provincial Legislature, and the conditions vary from Province to Province. The fact, for example, that the finances of Toronto were controlled by the Ontario Government, or that the finances of Winnipeg were controlled by Manitoba, or that of Vancouver by British Columbia, would not necessarily add very much to the security of these municipal loans in the eyes of a judicious investor." *The Economist* concludes by stating that "the problem of Canadian municipal finance is more than a local affair, and we should like to see the matter taken up at Ottawa."

THE BLUE UMBRELLA

From the Painting by J. W. Morrice. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE DRIFT OF PINIONS

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. Montreal: The University Magazine.

HALF a dozen poems in this chaste little volume resound in the memory as exquisite examples of pure music in words, with enough sentiment or thought or human emotion to give their utterance purpose. "The Bridegroom of Cana," "St. Yves' Poor," "the Little Sister of the Prophet," "The Lamp of Poor Souls," "The Shepherd Boy," and "Jasper's Song," quite apart from their wonderful winging quality and beautiful imagery, make some appeal to the heart. As to the rest, with the exception of "Pieter Marinus," "Kwannon," "Mons Angelorum," and perhaps one or two others, the volume consists of delightful flutings that rise voluntarily from the haunts of Pan and appeal sweetly to the ear. It is the ear, indeed, that the book enthralls, and for one who has a keen sense of rhythm and harmony there is much delight. With the ordinary human passions, the passions of love, of hate, of jealousy, these pages have no dealings. Nor is there anything personal. No problem is attempted, no philosophy offered. But there is, as in "St. Yves' Poor," a warm sympathy:

For O, my Lord, the house dove knows her nest
  Above my window builded from the rain;
In the brown mere the heron finds her rest,
  But these shall seek in vain.

And O, my Lord, the thrush may fold her wing,
  The curlew seek the long lift of the seas,
The wild swan sleep amid his journeying—
  There is no rest for these.

Thy dead are sheltered; housed, and warmed they wait
  Under the golden fern, the falling foam;
But these, Thy living, wander desolate
  And have not any home.

But as one reads one is in touch mostly with fairyland, a land of mosses, and fronds, of kine and herdsmen's fires, of sweet maids and silken fawns, of lilting linnets, of swallows, and fallows, and sallows, as in "Jasper's Song":

Who goes down through the slim green
sallows.
Soon, so soon!
Dawn is hard on the heels of the moon,
But never a lily the day-star knows
Is white, so white as the one who goes
Armed and shod, when the hyacinths
darken.
Then hark, O harken!
And rouse the moths from the deep rose-
mallows,
Call the wild hares down from the fallows,
Gather the silk of the young sea-poppies,
The bloom of the thistle, the bells of the
foam;
Bind them all with a brown owl's feather,
Snare the winds in a golden tether,
Chase the clouds from the gipsy's wea-
ther,
And follow, O follow, the white spring
home.

There are lines that can be isolated and yet give us in themselves a touch of real poetry:

The curlew seek the long lift of the seas.

And the lifting, shimmering flight of the
swallow
Breaks in a curve on the brim of the
morn,
Over the sycamores, over the corn.

Walls of the sweet green gloom of the
cedar.

He whom the harvest hath remembered
not sleeps with the rose.

Miss Pickthall is an Englishwoman by birth, but she has passed some years in Toronto, where she did much of her literary work. She has been fortunate in having the encouragement and sympathetic criticism of literary friends, particularly Miss Jean Graham, Professor Pelham Edgar, and Dr. Andrew Macphail. The title of the volume is very aptly taken from a line which we must credit to Francis Thompson.

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GEORGIAN POETRY

A collection of poems of 1911-12 by young English poets. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

THE other day a young Englishman, just in his first twenties, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, came out to Canada with various letters of introduction, in particular from the balladist John Masefield. But his best introduction was his own name as one of the seventeen whose work composes the volume now before us, and as the author of a book of "Poems," published two years ago (Sidgwick and Jackson). Rupert Brooke called on Duncan Campbell Scott at Ottawa, he was a welcome guest at the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto, and at Vancouver he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. His visit to Canada, brief as it was, renewed the interest in his own work and in the work of English singers who, it is cheerfully believed, are restoring the muse of English poetry to the high place from which, as some critics aver, it has been falling. The remarkable thing in connection with "Georgian Poetry" is the fact that some of the poets who are now heralded as sublime singers were not known two years ago. The volume itself, which contains selections from the work of seventeen different pens, has reached its seventh edition, which in itself is an unusual achievement for verse in these days. The fact refutes the statement that there is now no real public interest in the high art of poetry. The editor, Edward Marsh, in his preface, says that the volume is issued "in the belief that English poetry is now once again putting on a new strength and beauty," and that "we are at the beginning of another 'Georgian period,' which may take rank in due time with the several great poetic ages of the past." It is noteworthy that the volume was dedicated to Robert Bridges, long before he became Poet Laureate. We give the names of the poets represented, and it would be well for all lovers of poetry to carefully regard their work: Lascelles Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, Rupert Brooke, Gilbert K. Chesterton, William H. Davies, Walter De La Mare, John Drinkwater, James Elroy Flecker, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, D.

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott (on left), the distinguished Canadian poet, recently appointed Deputy Minister of Indian Affairs, and Mr. Rupert Brooke, a young English "Georgian" Poet. From a photograph taken in the Garden of Mr. Scott's home at Ottawa.

H. Lawrence, John Masefield, Harold Monro, T. Sturge Moore, Ronald Ross, Edmund Beale Sargant, James Stephens, and Robert Calverley Trevalyan. It would be too great an undertaking here to give a comprehensive summary of the trend and style of this volume, but we shall quote the last five stanzas of Mr. Brooke's enchanting poem, "Dust":

Then in some garden hushed from wind,
  Warm in the sunset's after-glow,
The lovers in the flowers will find
  A sweet and strange unquiet grow

Upon the peace: and, past desiring,
  So high a beauty in the air,
And such a light, and such a quiring,
  And such a radiant ecstasy there,

They'll know not if it's fire, or dew,
  Or out of earth, or in the height,
Singing, or flame, or scent, or hue,
  Or two that pass, in light, to light,

Out of the garden, higher, higher—
  But in that instant they shall learn
The shattering fury of our fire,
  And the weak passionless hearts will burn
And faint in that amazing glow,
  Until the darkness close above;
And they will know—poor fools, they'll know!—
  One moment, what it is to love.

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SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT AND MORAL PROGRESS

By Alfred Russel Wallace. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

WHENEVER Alfred Russel Wallace chooses to speak it is time for lesser scientists to sit by and listen — and think. And there is food for thought in this his most recent book. Attempting to show that "the actual morality of a community is largely a product of the environment," and is therefore local and temporary in character, Wallace also tries to distinguish between what is permanent and what is inherited, and "to trace out some of the consequences as regards what we term morality." The book is in two parts.

historical and theoretical. The early chapters of the first part bring together evidence to show that "savages are not morally inferior to civilized races." Then, for contrast, follows an unrestrained arraignment of England's "moral position" in the nineteenth century, wherein such topics as insanitary dwellings, life-destroying trades, adulteration, bribery, gambling, and other "indications of increasing moral degredation," are discussed.

The second part brings in the author's old pet, natural selection.

THOUGHTS AND AFTER-THOUGHTS

By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THIS is a volume of philosophical essays by a famous English knight-actor, and for that reason alone, quite apart from their inherent excellence, they will be received with interest by a wide circle of readers. An essay from such a source on "Hamlet," for instance, could not fail of being read with great profit. The other chapters in the volume are: "Our Betters: A Medley of Considered Indiscretions," "The Living Shakespeare," "Jim: A Vindication of a Misunderstood Microbe," "The Imaginative Faculty," "Some Interesting Fallacies of the Modern Stage," "The Humanity of Shakespeare," "The Tempest," "Henry VIII. and His Court," "On Closing the Book That Shakespeare Wrote."

RISING DAWN

By Harold Begbie. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

THIS is an historical novel of great merit. It follows the career of a young squire to the Duke of Lancaster, gives intimate scenes in the life of Wycliffe, and the critical part of the plot turns about the story of Hauley and Shakyl, and the End of Sanctuary in England. The fourteenth century saw the dawn of literature and of Protestantism in England, and no other period possesses greater contrasts or could furnish, seen through the mist of time, more entertaining material for a novel. The hero of "Rising Dawn" comes to desire knowledge more than a life of stir and battle, and in describing this change in mind and heart the author has given to his book fine spiritual feeting. "Rising Dawn" is more than a story, it is a faithful picture of Engllish life at a most interesting period. It has been written with extreme care and is marked by Mr. Begbie's usual good literary style.

THE GOLDEN ROAD

By L. M. Montgomery. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

THIS is another of Miss Montgomery's characteristic novels of wholesome, Arcadian life in Prince Edward Island. The principal characters of "The Story Girl," though grown a little older, are here again introduced, and one witnesses a happy band, led by Sara Stanley, making real fun upon the "golden road"—until "the parting of the ways." It is a pretty conceit, and Miss Montgomery has developed it with admirable skill. The spirit of youth pulsates throughout the volume. The Foreword speaks so well for the volume that we print part of it:

"Once upon a time we all walked on the golden road. It was a fair highway, through the Land of Lost Delight; shadow and sunshine were blessedly mingled, and every turn and dip revealed a fresh charm and a new loveliness to eager hearts and unspoiled eyes.

"On that road we heard the song of morning stars; we drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as a May mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes; our hearts sought and found the boon of dreams; the years waited beyond and they were very fair; life was a rose-lipped comrade with purple flowers dripping from her fingers."

WOMAN, MARRIAGE, AND MOTHERHOOD

By Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

THE author of this timely volume, who is a pioneer in the "Motherhood" movement, here considers marriage and motherhood from almost every possible point of view, and she has brought together much information of singular interest bearing upon the marriage laws and customs of other times and other lands. One of her interesting deductions is that while in England "the decline in the marriage rate has not been on a sufficiently large scale to account for more than a small proportion of the falling birthrate, although there are indications that it may become of more importance in the future. Any such influence should be counteracted. It is eugenically undesirable that the age of marriage should be postponed until the thirtieth year, or later. Children of mothers who marry late in life are inferior to the offspring of women whose first child is born when they are twenty-four or twenty-five."

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THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MANY readers will regard this as Mr. Churchill's greatest novel. Undoubtedly it deals with a great problem: the social regeneration of at least the middle-west of the United States, and the author has handled it in a big, commanding manner. The novel is founded on a condition that exists in many city churches: the condition of the pastor moving, outwardly serenely, between the rich on the one hand and the poor on the other hand—between the financial buccaneers and the unfortunate workers. Such a pastor is young Mr. Hodder, who comes to one of the largest cities of the Middle West to be rector there of such a mixed parish. He is the chief character in the book, but he is equaled almost in interest by Eldon Parr, a rich member of the congregation, who apparently uses his church to cover up his misdeeds down-town. The former pastor had been Dr. Gilman, who belonged to the day that is passing away, the day when "existence was decorous, marriage an irrevocable step, wives were wives, and the authorised version of the Bible was true from cover to cover." At first it seemed as if Mr. Hodder would follow in Dr. Gilman's footsteps. He moved cautiously at first. The poor were always at his door, and towards them he invariably showed a spirit of friendliness. On the other hand, he was solicitous of the favour of the rich, but between the two he found it difficult to be reconciled. Taking courage at length, he went down into Dalton Street, in the neighbourhood of the poor, and there learned to his horror that some of the rich members of his congregation figured somewhat to their discredit in this lower section of the city. One, for instance, owned a notorious saloon; another had badly treated an abandoned woman. This social hypocrisy seems always to have existed, and although Mr. Churchill reveals it in a very striking way in this novel, we feel that we see it merely in its modern setting. There is no doubt at all that the people of the United States are grappling with their social problems, and this is one of them; and while we cannot regard the problem as a new one, we can admire them for their attempt at a solution, and Mr. Churchill for presenting it in so entertaining and striking a piece of fiction.

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THE LOST MAMELUKE

By David M. Beddoe. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Son.

EGYPT, with its impenetrable mystery, is the scene of this absorbing tale of adventure. A young

Englishman adopts the Mahommedan religion because of material advantages to be derived therefrom. As a result partly of this, he separates from his wife, and, under the assumed name of Ismail Effenji, in the service of Ibrahim Murad Bey, he has many strange experiences. He deserts to the English and meets a tragic death. The tale is written with vigour, and presents many dramatic episodes.

—A reprint volume for private circulation only has been made of "General Economic History of the Dominion, 1867-1912," Professor Oscar D. Skelton's notable contribution to the comprehensive history of the Canadian people and their institutions entitled "Canada and Its Provinces." (Toronto: The Publishers' Association of Canada). That Professor Skelton brought to his difficult task the rare quality of sound and searching judgment (a quality that is found in the writers of authentic history) is shown in the impartial chapter on the recent reciprocity negotiations between Canada and the United States. It is a model of conciseness and lucidity, and it explains each side of the controversy just as if the writer were the champion of both.

—For those who like novels of the "Graustark" type, the author has supplied another entitled, "A Fool and His Money." There are a castle on the Rhine, an imprisoned Austrian princess (nèe American), and plenty of adventurous encounters in releasing her. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—"Otherwise Phyllis" is a popular style of novel by Meredith Nicholson, of "The House of a Thousand Candles" fame. (Toronto: William Briggs).

—"The Canadian Annual Review," edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, contains a careful review of the year's events and affairs relating to Canada. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

—Recent popular novels by successful writers are "Eldorado," another story of the Scarlet Pimpernal, by the Baroness Orczy; "When Love Called," by A. W. Marchmont, and "The Players," by Sir William Barclay. (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton), and "The Confessions of Arsene Lupine," being the adventures of a benevolent burglar, by Maurice Leblanc. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

—*The Studio* (London) for August contains an article of particular interest to Canadians, entitled "A Canadian Painter: James Wilson Morrice," by Muriel Ciolkowoka. Mr. Morrice is a native of Montreal, but for the last ten years or more he has lived at Paris, where his work and his name are revered by the elect. Of his work Miss Ciolkowoka says:

"Mr. Morrice's gifts have expressed themselves principally in landscape and in some figure painting. He approaches both subjects with equal freedom, feeling, and originality of interpretation. Unity of tone is attained without blurring or other trickeries, and, as in Whistler, the values are achieved through the most honest means. Nothing asserts itself in his pictures, yet there is no monotony or the slightest evasion of difficulties. In his figure subjects the figures blend with the background, be it the wall-paper of a room or the sky, just as a tree blends and is one with its environment."

From Song Training

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Professor Adagio called at our house yesterday, and my daughter played the piano for him. He just raved over her playing."

Mrs. Peprey—"How rude! Why couldn't he conceal his feelings the way the rest of us do?"

A Severe Art Critic

The Post Impressionist—"I painted this picture to keep the wolf from the door."

Lady Visitor—"Well, why don't you hang it on the knob where the wolf can see?"—London *Opinion*.

And They Wondered

At a banquet, of which the walls were adorned with many beautiful paintings, a well-known college president was called upon to respond to a toast.

In the course of his remarks, wishing to pay a compliment to the ladies present, and designating the paintings with one of his characteristic gestures, he said: "What need is there of these painted beauties when we have so many with us at this table?"

Unappreciable

She—"I have made a water-colour drawing and hung it up in your study to hide the stain in the wall-paper."

He—"But, darling, I never complained about that stain."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

"What kind o' dance in this Turkey Trot, Wullie?"

"Weel, it's like this, noo. Ye tak' yer pairtner, ye push her forrit, ye pull her back, and ye tirrl roun' whiles." —*Punch*

"So Long, Mary"

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much energy, and his teacher said that unless he stirred himself before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this class another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," said Tommy, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

*

Clever Daughter

"Mamma, don't you think Schiller quite out of date?"

"I certainly do."

"I'm so glad. I just smashed his statuette in the drawing-room."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

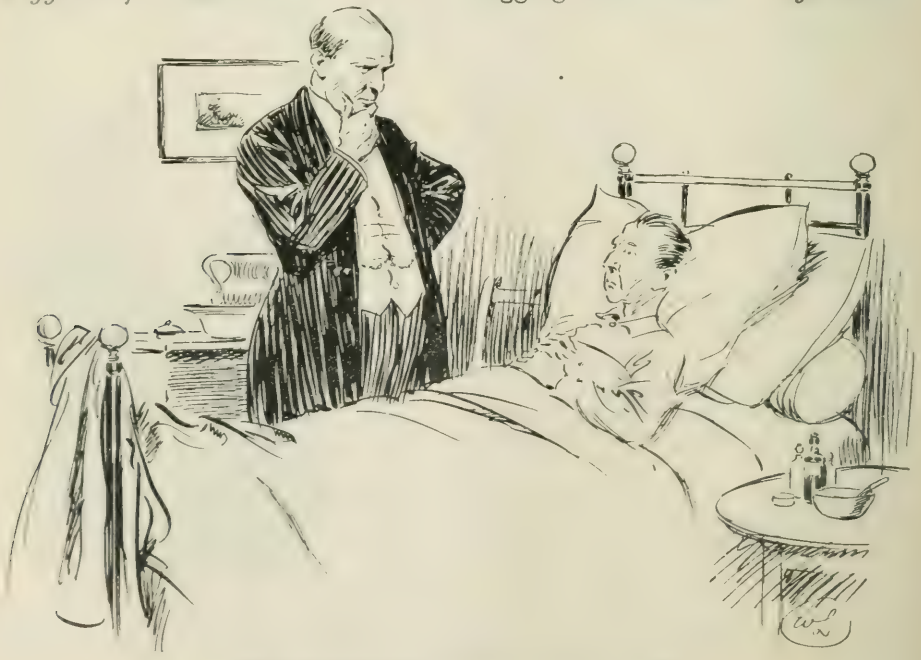
Garrick and the Bishop

In the "Realities of Irish Life," by W. S. French, is this anecdote: "I have heard a story that upon one occasion the Bishop of London asked the celebrated actor, Garrick, if he could explain how it was that he and his clergy failed to arrest the attention of their audiences, although they preached every Sunday of the realities of the world to come, while he (Garrick) filled crowded house with the most rapt attention, although they knew perfectly well that all he was saying was fiction. 'The reason is very plain, my lord,' replied Garrick. 'You deal with facts as if they were fiction. I deal with fiction as if it were facts.'"

*

All in the Point of View

Royal Academician (displaying a picture of a convict-looking yokel working with a spade)—"The critics accuse me of repeating myself year after year; isn't it absurd? Last year he had whiskers, and he was digging with a fork."—*Bystander.*



"Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to operate on me?"
"N-no; but it's—er—customary." —*Tatler*

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THE CORNER STORE

From the painting by Lawren S. Harris. Exhibited by the Royal Canadian Academy.

THE

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THE SETTLER'S TALE

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR'S LITERARY EXECUTOR: Turning over some manuscripts of Archibald Lampman's the other day, I came upon two that, so far as I know or can ascertain, have never before been published. One, a lyric,* is an early piece, probably written in Toronto, or shortly after Lampman came to Ottawa: the other, this ballad, is much later, a product of his contact with pioneer life as one sees it in the unsettled parts of Quebec. These poems must have been rejected, with some others, when I was deciding what should be included in the volume of Lampman's collected works. I think now there must, or ought to have been, a scruple of criticism against them. Coming upon them after a long interval, I am rather doubtful of the decision that excluded the ballad. I fancy it was the gloom and unrelieved sorrow of it telling upon one through a purely conventional story that decided its fate. But its fate was not then irrevocably cast, and the readers of "The Canadian Magazine" will, I hope, agree that it is wise to make it public. Its beauties are evident, and they come upon us sadly as manifestations of a genius that, as we humanly think, should yet be vigorous and active in our midst and not utterly quenched.—Duncan Campbell Scott.

YOU say you have thought of me day by day,
And wondered why I am grim and gray,

So drawn of mouth and so hard of eye;
You are kind, you are good, I will tell you why.

By the tender light and the motherly grace
That win my eyes to your gentle face,

By the little fingers that cling to your hand,
I know you will hear me and understand.

*Editor's Note: The lyric, "New Year's Eve," will be published in the January number.

In a long past year, ere the spring was awake,
I built me a hut by a northern lake;

The logs I measured, and hauled, and hewed,
Ere the leaves were aflame in the autumn wood.

I raised and mortised them close and well,
And I finished the roof when the first snow fell.

While the light of the wintry snow was thin,
I carved and fitted it fair within.

Though the drifts were like hills in the frost-white hours,
In my heart there was summer, with birds and flowers.

For I thought of the girl I had wooed and won,
And I whistled and sang till my work was done.

I took my paddle when spring began,
And many a gusty rapid I ran.

By lake and river I journeyed down,
Till I came to the mills in a far-off town;

And my love—I found her as fair and true,
As she was in the year when our love was new.

By rapid and pool in my paddle's wake,
I brought her back to my northern lake.

She was all in the world that my heart held dear,
And our days were filled with content and cheer.

A twelve-month long without shadow of dread,
We laboured and planned for the years ahead.

And then in the hour of my hope and pride
She bore me a beautiful child and died.

I went to the clearing with pick and spade,
And a long, deep grave in the mould I made;

And I bore her and laid her tenderly there,
With her sad white cheeks and her nut-brown hair—

My beautiful one, with her gentle smile—
I lay in the earth at her feet awhile,

With never a moan and never a tear,
For my heart was benumbed with horror and fear.

I rose from the grave, and with silent care
I filled and rounded it smooth and fair,

And then to my motherless babe I turned,
And wept, and the wildness of grief I learned.

As softly and deftly as mothers may
I tended my little one night and day.

The one thing left that my heart held dear,
I watched her with joy and shuddering fear.

Winter or summer, whatever befell,
I kept and guarded her safe and well—

The fairest of delicate baby girls,
With her mother's eyes and her mother's curls.

And still as she grew, in my gathering joy
I made her many a curious toy,

Seeking ever for some new thing
To make her silvery laughter ring.

But I fought in vain with the fate in store,
For the thing I dreaded was there at my door.

In the hush of one sultry summer night
I sprang from my bed in a dark affright,

I called upon God, and my heart beat wild,
For a horrible sickness had seized my child.

I worked as I would, but ere morning was red,
My beautiful baby was cold and dead.

I went to the clearing with pick and spade,
And a small deep grave in the mould I made.

I softened its floor with an otter's skin,
And I laid my little one low therein.

And everything there from the first to the least,
That her hands had touched or her lips had kissed,

The toys that had been her delight and pride
I gathered and laid by my little one's side.

I knelt in the mould, and I kissed her brow,
And her cheeks, and shoulders, as cold as snow.

I smoothed her curls on the otter's skin,
And I rose from the grave and covered it in.

I covered it in, and with patient care
I heaped and rounded it smooth and fair.

I wept not, nor moaned, nor uttered her name,
For my heart was dry, as with living flame.

And again I laboured with pick and spade,
And a long, deep grave in the mould I made.

I made it deep, and I made it wide,
And I sat in the silent night by its side.

A new day dawned, and a second and third,
But I knew not if ever I spake or stirred.

For thought with the wreck of my love had fled,
My body still lived, but my soul was dead.

Only one thing in the dark I knew,
The presence of death that grew and grew.

I saw not its form, for it stretched away
Miles upon miles, beyond night, beyond day.

But its eyes I saw, yea, its horrible eyes,
That were fixed upon mine with a pale surmise.

With a veiled, impalpable, stony stare,
Till my life ebbed low, and my bones grew bare.

And then in the midnight a tempest came,
With the crash of wind and the stroke of flame,

And I reeled at the end of my life, and fell
Into the grave I had dug so well.

I would that the rain with its tempest blow
Had crumbled the earth of its sides, and so

Buried me there. But it heeded me not,
For still I live to recount my lot.

An Indian found me at break of morn,
With limbs rain-sodden, wasted, and worn,

And bore me away to his tent, and there
With wild-wood wisdom and rugged care

Nursed me through fever that fought and burned,
Till the fires died low and the life returned.

You see, I am bred in a bitter school;
I am not as other men are—a pool

That shrieks in the onrush of every blast,
But smiles and is still, when the tempest is past.

My joy went forth, as a word that is said;
It is gone, and forever, my heart is dead.

AUTUMN REVERIES

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

IN the New World there is a chill in the Fall of the year. The cold north-western winds, cradled amidst palæocrystic ice, and blowing over tundra and prairie, are untempered by Gulf Stream or ocean. Untempered, too, by cloud and moisture, they cut keen and reveal the leafless landscape in all its bareness. And it may be that they bring with them the thought that for many months to come the landscape will be bare indeed—unless covered with a shroud of snow.

Far different is Autumn in England. I write situate in the Basin of the Thames, and for many weeks now I have been watching Summer slowly give up its glowing glories in order that other glories, not less wonderful in colour, may take their place. For England is never colourless; nay, in England, all through the year, the colours are warm and sweet and comforting. The very trunks and twigs of the trees are warm with browns and greens and purples, the result of the mosses and lichens, minute epiphytic and parasitic vegetation which the humid climate so greatly fosters. Even brick walls, the stepping-stones in brooks, wooden palings—everything constructed by man, Nature soon mellows with a gentle hand; so that, in place of stark and staring edifices where the bare boards or the dull paint form blotches on the scene, you have everywhere a great harmony of colour—violets shading into green; greens gliding into softest yellows; and these again deepening into warm and beautiful orange and gold and red.

A long, long tramp through beechy Buckinghamshire the other day revealed at every step beauties that filled the eye—and filled the heart. No pen could do them justice; and, among painters, only the brush of a Corot could attempt their depicture without depriving them of their exquisite, almost evanescent, softness. A great mist lay over the land; a gentle, noiseless mist that hid from you the horizon and the outer world; that shut you in from the outer world; lured you into that mood of quiet reverence in the presence of quiet, wonder-worker, Nature; and revealed to you . . . I cannot tell all that was revealed. I can only point to this and that beautiful little thing or vision, themselves but emblems of a Beauty and a Vision invisible, impalpable, divine. I saw the little ivies in the ditches. I saw unnumbered little leaves and stalks and tendrils in the hedges; all of shape and texture and colour actually and positively divine. The hedges, a tangle of twigs thick with a hundred growths, were mighty marvels that no human clipping and pruning and trimming could diminish. And at every few paces rose out of these hedges, on either hand, old majestic elms, great in girth, tall of stature, interlacing their branches high overhead, and making for pygmy me who walked that winding lane a wondrous fane in which to worship. It was not exactly what one saw with one's bod-

ily eyes that roused worship in that fane. What was it?

As the morning grew towards noon and the sun gained power, that gentle mist—so noiseless, like an Angel's hand laid soothingly on me and on all that hemmed me in—the mist mysteriously withdrew itself. But only to show fresh loveliness. On either hand were meadows, still lush with grass; or brown and furrowed earth, shot through with the myriad tips of growing corn; and here and there in scattered heaps lay the leaves of the oak and the elm and the beech, brilliant in their brown and orange and russet, lit up like burnished gold, by sunny glints from between the clouds.

For miles, quiet little scenes like this filled the eye and the heart—entrancing, exalting, humbling. Wherein lay the secret of their appeal?

It has been my lot to gaze my fill at the luxuriant vegetation of the tropic East. Often have I watched the great evening clouds draw majestically up the ravine that separated me from the towering Droog of the Nilgiris, blotting out that purple mass. From a hill-top, too, in the Northern wilds of the Western World I have seen square-miles of scarlet maples transforming what was once a quiet green landscape into one of flaming red and yellow. And I have seen nimbus and cirrus sweep over the Alps and the Jura. The East has a curious call: it seizes upon the soul and overwhelms with a deep and ineffable longing. The West thrills—nay, startles; it is so outspoken, so unabashed. The lure of the East is mysterious, incomprehensible. In the West that lure excites to wonderment by its very frankness. But Europe—England—ah! gentle, quiet, lovely England—England's appeal is to the heart.

Wherein lies the secret of the appeal? Why is it that field and hedgerow, winding lane, and interlacing boughs, so strike upon the emotions?

Can it be that what we call Nature is but the habitat of the human race, at once its home, its altar, and its hearth? Does the cosmic consciousness of Man harbour in his memory, and hand on to each of his descendants, the endearing associations which always cluster about the haunts of one's childhood? Is there in the sap of trunk and stalk and twig veritable human blood; as undoubtedly there is in man veritable sap transmuted into blood? Is there actual corporeal kinship between habitat and habitant? And out of this kinship does there arise a spiritual and parental communion which uplifts the emotions of man?

One thing at least is certain: Of this human race, of which each of us frail and wailing mortals is a fragment, this kindly or unkindly thing we call "external Nature" is at once the mother, and the cradle, and the home.

—It is also the grave. But, unlike the mournful mounds so pitilessly ranged in regular rows—as if, 'fore God, to accentuate the fact that in Death this impotent thing called "the human being" meets at last a uniforming and levelling foe—unlike these mournful mounds, external nature is a grave out of which there is a perpetual and unceasing resurrection. Nature is at once the Tomb and the Womb of Life. Out of the inorganic soil springs the herbage. Each year, the withered leaves of this herbage form pabulum for the crop that follows. The crop is assimilated by the living denizen—the very matter of nature is changed into muscle and bone, into nerve and brain—and if into nerve and brain, then surely also into thought and imagination and feeling. And, when muscle and bone, nerve and brain, lay down that subtle thing called Life, give up the Spirit, and lie inert, they enter once again the womb of Nature, and the mighty cycle begins afresh.

A CHRISTMAS PECCADILLO

BY MADGE MACBETH

"HOLD on Jackson! I can't stand any more—my nerves are all a-flutter, and I'll damage you seriously if you read another word!"

Jackson closed the magazine good-naturedly and peered at his friend through the fog of smoke which enveloped him.

"Sand man coming?" he inquired. "I don't think it is very late."

"No, no; I'm not a bit sleepy," protested Clarke, giving a petulant jerk to the rug which covered his knees. He was recovering very slowly from a serious operation and being a lonely bachelor, he depended upon his friends to enlighten the drag of weary hours, while he, usually so active, sat passive. Jackson, his greatest crony, devoted himself assiduously to the task of amusing Clarke, and spent a part of every day in his rooms reading papers and magazines aloud.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," repeated Clarke emphatically; "I just feel that I want to talk—a sort of feminine, heart-to-heart affair, you know."

"My dear fellow, you alarm me!"

"Don't be an ass," growled the other. "If you would listen once in a while, instead of talking so much, you might improve your shrinking mentality and enlarge your conversational abilities, rather than fall back on magazines and hashed-over plots to provide you with topics! I don't want to talk about myself, but about you!"

Jackson hitched his chair forward and struck an attitude.

"Proceed, little one," he encouraged. "You say that the Duc di Montessa has asked your hand in marriage—"

"You are a coward, Jackson!" interruped the sick man. "You take advantage of the fact that, for the moment, I am not able to knock you down. Will you be quiet or not?"

"As silent as a shadow," hissed the other, on the nether side of his nicotine-stained fingers. "Speak on, and have no fear!"

"Why can't you read a magazine story without making an infernal hash of all the sentimental parts?"

"Insulting!" exclaimed Jackson. "The idea is prepost—"

"No, it is not! Listen! Since I have been a dead one, here, with nothing to do but wonder and surmise, I have thought all sorts of bally thoughts which never occurred to me before."

"Good," interrupted the irrepressible Jackson. "The fact deserves mention in a leading scientific journal."

"Perhaps physical torture reduces our mentality," continued the convalescent thoughtfully, "or perhaps it brings us nearer in sympathy to others—what I am trying to get at," he said hurriedly, as though afraid of an interruption, "is that I found myself constantly thinking about, wondering about, and dissecting people."

"Horrible! Horrible!" murmured Jackson.

"Not horrible at all, but extremely

interesting. Instead of merely accepting all of you men whom I have known for years, I analyzed you; I looked for reasons, for instance, why Leonard should be so easily lured away from that awfully decent little wife he has, why Griffin should be so deucedly penurious with all his money, why you pretend to be so brutally practical, and why you shrink from any display of emotion in precisely the same way that you would shrink from walking abroad naked."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Jackson, leaping to his feet. "Such prying is inhuman deviltry! You and Munsterberg are very fiends with your thought-reading tricks! I shouldn't have thought it of you, Clarke, 'pon my soul I shouldn't! Somehow it's not square and sporty—to think that we have been innocent victims while you, in the guise of an invalid, were lying low and deliberately dissecting us—Great Heavens!" he broke off, tragically, "to think that my gray hairs should thus be brought in sorrow to the grave!"

Clarke aimed an empty tobacco tin with such neat precision that it struck Jackson full in the chest, and with a loud roar he collapsed upon a nearby couch.

"Take my love to dear Lady Hamilton," he murmured, borrowing Lord Nelson's famous death speech.

"Now lie there and listen," commanded Clarke, callously. "I am going to tell you a few things about yourself which will surprise you."

"Specimen No. 49; genus homo—" muttered Jackson.

"You are really chock full of sentiment, fanciful conceits, extravagant similies, and so on," continued Clarke, "although you have so strangled your emotions that you would have to go after one with a searchlight, if you wanted it."

"I sentimental? I?"

"Yes, you! I grant that few intellects could have discerned it, but it's there; I prove it by the fact that you blush and stammer over every hint of feeling which you or any one else utters."

Jackson wriggled.

"You are a crazy fool, Clarke, and that's the truth! You can't have known me these five years without realizing that I—er—well, that I *am* practical, er—I can't speak of lo—Oh, bother! Here is the thing in a nutshell." He picked up a copy of Arnold Bennett's "What the Public Wants," and pointed to the speech of Sir Charles Worgan, when he explains to his brother his inability to express love in any degree. "There you are! I am just like that fellow; except that he was sentimental, and I am *not!* The mention of all that balderdash nauseates me through and through."

"Then tell me how you would go about proposing to a girl."

Jackson's face turned an apoplectic red, and he squirmed in his chair.

"What an awful ass illness has made of you, Clarke," he complained. "Of course, there are limits to humouring even an invalid."

"Just this once!"

"I would merely say, 'Mary, my income is so much; I like you, I think you are a deuced sensible girl, and if you think there is any good in me, and all that nonsense, you know, why we might hit it off together as well as most people. What do you say?' —or words to that effect."

"No mention of loving her, no recital of her charms?"

"Certainly not," Jackson declared emphatically. "I simply couldn't do it—it isn't in me; I should choke over the words, even if I had rehearsed them a year beforehand."

"By gad, you are a stubborn beggar!" laughed Clarke. "Hand me that magazine, please. I want to give you an imitation of the way you read aloud—and, understand, I do solemnly and firmly believe that you gloat over these same passages in secret." Before Jackson could reply to this accusation, he had found the place:

"'*And as she lay in his embrace*' . . . uhum . . . '*he heard the snapping of a twig and suddenly released her. But she clung to him the closer—her lips* . . .' Oh, well, there's nothing important just here! '*And when the moon gleamed from behind a bank of clouds, their heads* . . .' Well, *he* says a lot of rot, and *she* says a lot of rot, and I suppose they marry happily and live miserably ever afterwards! Now that's a fine mess to make of a story, isn't it?"

"No greater than it deserves," maintained Jackson. "No one has any right to fill a book with such bally rot as that—there are few, if any, persons who appreciate it, unless they are women, for no one would talk that way—it is not natural."

"Perfectly natural; impulsive outburst of one's innermost feelings. You would talk that way!"

"I'll be eternally damned if I would, and there's no way to prove it."

"Wrong again," contradicted Clarke.

"How?"

"Go to some girl and propose to her!"

The idea was so utterly preposterous that Jackson only gaped at his friend. Two bachelors more set in the grooves of single blessedness it would be hard to find—Damon and Pythias, they were abundantly satisfied in one another's society and probably neither called on a girl once a year. Where Clarke was ambitious in his profession, Jackson was an interested dabbler in scientific experiments of various sorts, and each delighted in and respected the other's hobby. Teas, bridge—with women, in shaded drawing-rooms—they shunned as being something too feminine to be attractive, and while not posing as women-haters, they simply kept clear of the gentler sex. Consequently, when Clarke suggested his friend's proposing to a girl merely as an experiment, it is no wonder that Jackson was rendered dumb. What girl?

"Barmy, my good man, barmy," muttered the latter at last. "Where will I find a girl to whom I may say—"

"I have it! What is the matter with Preston's sister — you know her!"

Jackson grew cold at the idea.

"But she is a nice girl, Jimmy, a very nice girl, if one can judge from appearances; I have seen her at dinner several times when Preston has taken me there—it would be an insult to her!"

"That depends. Were you to break into the house some evening without warning and say, 'Mary, my income—'"

"Her name is Coralie," said Jackson, reminiscently.

"Coralie! Coralie! How pretty! It appeals to my sentimentalism."

"You had better have a shot at her, yourself, then."

"So I will; not her, but another. That is part of the programme I have arranged, as soon as the "Pill Slinger" gives me a clean bill of health. I am going to find some nice, harmless female, and I am going to get myself all primed with flowery speeches, then at the last minute, I will be the one to blurt out some prosaic rot about my income, while you, thinking that you are going to run along that track, will soar up to fanciful heights equalled only by an impassioned Oriental. See if you don't!"

The long and short of it was that Jackson became quite earnest over the discussion, bent upon proving Clarke wholly wrong. To that end, he even consented to cultivate Miss Preston for a space and pave the way for trying out his experiment. He argued that only in the interest of science would he consent to make a dashed cad of himself and propose to a girl he had no idea of marrying, and only to save Clarke from pursuing his mad career of vivisecting the characteristics of his friends would he run the risk of being kicked out of the house

by Preston, whose extremities were ponderous to say the least. But the deed must be done—he bound himself to carry it through.

Preliminaries were opened by Jackson inviting Preston to bring his sister to the theatre. It was a strange party; at times both Preston and Coralie wondered why they had been invited. Jackson's exaggerated method of "cultivating" the girl would have been ludicrous if it had not been so pitiably infantile.

A few evenings later Jackson was invited to Preston's for dinner. He addressed most of his conversation, as usual, to the male members of the family, but every now and then remembered that there was other business afoot and asked Coralie puerile questions, as though she had been in short dresses, with a doll baby in her arms. Finally he suggested taking her to tea the following afternoon, an invitation which she shyly accepted. The more he thought of it, the more Jackson disliked the idea of playing the cad toward her; she was a pretty girl with copper-coloured hair, ivory skin, dazzling white teeth, and a sort of repressed vitality which when combined with righteous anger would, he imagined, have a very disquieting effect. Jackson began ardently to wish he had not been dragged into this asenine discussion, yet he dared not back down, for fear that Clarke would consider his argument won.

The invalid followed Jackson's campaign with unflagging interest, bolstering up his courage when it sagged, and offering insane and impossible suggestions.

"It's the parents, too, begad," groaned the experimenter one night after a painful hour spent in a stuffy over-heated and over-crowded tea-room with Coralie. "Why, hang it, Clarke, they will cut me clean as a guillotine when they know; and Mrs. P. is a jolly old dear!"

"They won't know anything about it," soothed the other. "Really nice girls don't blab their *affaires des coeurs* to the family at breakfast any more than they hand around notes from men or plaster their mirrors with cards gathered from florist's and bon-bon boxes. They don't have to show everyone else, in that way, how popular they are!"

Jackson looked up in surprise.

"Whence all this wisdom?" he inquired.

Clarke waved a deprecatory hand.

"I have been reading volumes, against the time I am liberated and can try my case."

"Well, I take the leap to-morrow night, or throw the whole thing over," said the practical man.

"To-morrow? Not to-morrow, Jackson! Why, man, it's Christmas Eve, and we've spent it together for five years, hand-running! You won't leave me to the mercy of the Blue Devils this time, will you?"

"Oh, it won't take long," replied the ardent lover, tonelessly. "I will take up a box of violets or some other weed to soften the blow, go in and make my speech and be here with you, old goat, quite early enough for a perfectly good invalid-ish orgy."

Half-past eight o'clock brought about all the conditions best known to writers of fiction. The snow fell in soft, caressing flakes, enhancing the twinkle of each light and softening the worried looks of late shoppers. Sleigh bells tinkled merrily, pedestrians jostled one another with a rattle of paper which sounded less harsh because of the surprises the bundles contained, crowds of people who seemed to have nothing else to do, paraded up and down the streets singing and calling out greetings to others they had never seen before. The spirit of Christmas was abroad.

With somewhat of a grim mien Jackson plodded along toward the End of a Discussion. He carried a huge box of violets, which he already felt in the small of his back, as he made his departure. And yet, such a paradox is man, that he experienced

a kind of elation at the prospect of bursting in upon Clarke and saying: "There, I told you so!"

He did not bother to rehearse his words nor to think of a suitable topic with which to force an opening for himself; in fact, he was obliged to control a snort of amusement at the thought of Coralie's face when he put the words into shape.

Arrived at the Preston home he mounted the steps and peeped under the blind into a rose-lit drawing-room. At the piano sat Coralie playing dreamily to herself, and as a lull in the outside noises enabled him to hear the melody, Jackson recognized that old, but still popular, tune—"When We Are Married." A trifle disquieted, he jabbed the button and in another moment was shaking hands with Miss Preston and thrusting the violets at her. She thanked him prettily, pinned them on, and then they sat down. The room seemed very warm and the atmosphere heavy with the scent of flowers; the pinkness of soft lights pervaded everything subtly and percolated slowly into Jackson's being. It may have been the Spirit of Christmas he felt, but more likely it was the Spirit of Walkerville, of which he had partaken rather freely during his dinner. At any rate, he smiled benignly and a little fatuously at Coralie, who sat near him and made several feeble conversational efforts.

"Miss Preston," broke in Jackson, suddenly, "my income is not large, but—but—well, it is amply sufficient for my needs."

He stopped puzzled by the insidious change something was working within him; the pinkness, the perfume, the nearness of copper-haired, ivory-skinned Coralie, whose red brown eyes threw out a flickering light quite stupefying in their allurement!

"How interesting," she murmured.

"Yes. Certainly. . . . I was about to say . . . you see, I had something to tell you this evening . . . which accounts for my not being with Jim Clarke, and I feel that I had better throw it off my chest, so to speak."

Coralie leaned forward and nodded.

"The fact is . . . my income . . ." Jackson floundered about for his cue and was hopelessly lost . . . "is ample for my own needs . . . and those of some one else!"

He stopped, as much surprised as though a third person had been in the room speaking for him. Those were never the words he had intended to say.

"The bald truth is . . ." he stumbled on, painfully conscious that he was becoming more involved, "well, you see, old Clarke and I have been talking about . . . about men . . . and girls . . . and we . . . er . . . began to argue, don't you see, and I said I would come and ask you . . . and there is the whole matter in a nutshell, isn't it?"

"You and Mr. Clarke were discussing me?" repeated Coralie, in her pretty, slow way, "And what did you tell him about me?"

"I told him that . . . in all my experience, I had never seen anyone so beautiful," raved Jackson, impelled by some devil he could not control. "I told him that your hair was as bottled sunshine, glowing with such light and warmth that I could feel its influence even when I was not with you. I told him," the words rushed and tumbled over one another, "that your smile was like the dazzling whiteness of a royal swan when it is illuminated by sunbeams—and your frown—ah, that is just as sweet, reminding me of the shadow of a cloud upon the face of a beautiful lake! The other day at the theatre I saw a tear glisten in your eye—why Coralie—Coralie —"he repeated the name caressingly "—it looked like a drop of dew in the blossom of a blue lotus!"

Can you believe it when I say

that Jackson had begun to thoroughly enjoy himself? Words unlearned, undreamed, rushed to his lips; tones, gestures, suggested heaven knows where, sprang into being. That he was oblivious to the girl herself, to his surroundings, is a trifle; he would have talked to the Sphynx had he been near it.

He took two or three paces about the room and started off once more.

"Since I first saw you I have never been able to efface your image from my mind; I have thought of you, dreamed of you, longed for you! Longed for you!" He repeated that last, not being wholly satisfied with the first tone effect. It would have done Sothern credit.

"Love came to me; Love, the greatest thing in the world; Love, which is greater than human life, for life is fleeting—it ceases, while Love is eternal!"

Coralie meanwhile had watched Jackson, speechless; her first attitude of stupefaction gradually gave way to one of radiant joy, and her eyes clung to his every movement, as her ears clung to every syllable.

"Love is eternal youth," he went on, insanely happy as he juggled his voice and vocabulary around. "Those who love cannot grow old, for love is the youngest thing in the world. Eyes which glow with the fire of love cannot dim, cheeks which glow with Love's kisses—"

Ah, ha! He thought to himself, I have not mentioned kisses before, we will have a spasm of kisses—which he certainly did, but not just as he expected. Consciousness returned with the realization that he could speak no longer, and the good and sufficient reason for this phenomenon was that Coralie's trembling lips were crushed upon his!

"I am crazy about you, too, darling," she whispered, at last, "I am perfectly, deliriously happy!"

"You mean that—you—are going to—er—to—*marry me?*" He struggled a little over the words.

Coralie clung to him closer; it was answer enough.

After several centuries spent in being fondled and murmured at, Jackson slipped from the shackles of those gently imprisoning arms, and stumbled into the street. He felt that in another moment he would have shrieked his horror aloud—that or strangled himself with his shoestring. She was crazy about him—she was going to *marry him!*

He walked he knew not where. Time passed and still he stumbled on mercifully oblivious—like a sleepwalker. The shock had been too much for him. Suddenly, he realized that he was looking at a large plate glass window. As the objects impressed themselves upon him, he cursed and moved away. Every figure before his gaze, smirked from under a mass of copper-coloured hair! The next window displayed a shameless figure, impervious to cold, standing under a circle of light and clad in the filmiest of lingerie. Fascinated, Jackson studied the price marks, compared blue ribbon with pink, and wondered just how the things went on. Then an icy hand gripped his heart—Coralie would be revelling in such trash for her trous—he groaned and moved away, only to find a sea of pots and pans confronting him. A large sign announced:

REMEMBER THIS IS CHRISTMAS! WHY NOT A KITCHEN SHOWER?

As one stricken, Jackson stood there, until a policeman, with the civil familiarity of the season, unwittingly furnished him motive power. Said the protector of the peace:

"You'll find them bargains, if you're thinking of furnishing, sir! My missus, she got everything for our kitchen there, and she's a rare one to please, is Betsy! I hope you'll like yours—sir—and a Merry—"

"Devil!" howled Jackson, racing after an uptown car.

THE SECRET VISITOR

BY A. G. GREENWOOD

"GOD bless you, Pam!" said Colonel Clifford tenderly.

"Perhaps I may be permitted to see the ring," said his sister, Deborah, acidly.

Pamela Lincoln turned with sparkling eyes, holding out her left hand, where the great Clifford Black Pearl glowed between twin diamonds. Her engagement was three days old. The county had been astonished when its Chief Constable, Colonel Halliday Clifford, D.S.O., went to the stage for a bride and selected the nonentity Pam. She was a nobody, gossips declared. The colonel would rue the day; he scarcely knew her. Of course she was marrying him for his money; and *what* a blow for dear Miss Clifford, who had kept house for her brother all these years, and now had to chaperone a couple engaged to be married, of whose very acquaintanceship she bitterly disapproved.

The colonel was holding his annual Christmas ball that night, and had moved heaven and earth to have the pearl set and ready for his fiancée to wear.

They were standing in the ballroom, where holly, bay, myrtle, and fir hid the walls, awaiting the arrival of the guests. Miss Clifford bent with a sniff over Pamela's hand.

"May I speak to you, colonel?"

His secretary spoke. The chief constable disappeared for a few moments.

"Nothing's happened, I hope?"

"An attempted murder in London," he answered gravely. "The suspected man—or someone answering to his description—is believed to have found his way to our part of the country— Ah! Sir John. Glad to see you."

Speedily the room filled. Pamela was the sparkling recipient of many frigid and stilted compliments. The evening passed as such evenings do. No event marred its success. But as the last guest left, Colonel Clifford turned to Pam.

"It's annoying," he observed gloomily. "Sir John tells me that a history of the black pearl appeared in one or two papers to-day. It seems the report has got wind of my fetching it from the bank and having it re-set for you."

The stone was almost unique, and of great value. The chief constable was annoyed at the unnecessary publicity.

"Burglars!" fluttered his sister.

"Nonsense, my dear!" he retorted brusquely; but for all that he was extremely careful to go round the house and see that windows and doors were securely fastened.

Pamela was tired. As soon as her golden head touched the pillow she fell asleep. She had no idea of the time, then, when she woke.

A rustling, a creaking, the dry snapping of twigs had disturbed her. She lay shivering, staring with round eyes full of fear at the curtained

window which the dying fire fitfully illumined. There was ivy beneath her window, she remembered. The black pearl lay on her dressing-table. The sounds ceased. Then suddenly, stabbing her with chill terror, the window creaked, and she heard the rattle of the counterpoise sash-weights as the cords rasped over the rollers.

A pear-shaped bell-push hung beside the bed. She stretched out a shaking hand, fumbled for it, and pressed the tiny ivory knob in its centre.

Then she lay still, shutting her eyes and feigning a sleep which her trembling limbs belied. But that moment of action had raised the alarm. The bell rang in the servants' quarters, and at night sounded a gong in the butler's bedroom. But many minutes might elapse before help came. She heard the scrambling of feet; she saw a grimy, lichen-covered hand twitch aside the curtains. The fire fell together with a spurt of flame. She felt that her heart was bursting, that every breath she drew was louder far than breathing had ever been before.

Then, as the longing to shriek aloud became almost irresistible:

"Pam!" said a hoarse, whispering voice.

She gasped and sat up. A man stepped lightly into the room and tip-toed to the foot of her bed.

"Anthony!" she said, aghast.

"I'm hunted!" he swiftly explained. "I've got mixed up in trouble in London. I'm innocent, Pam, I swear. We were good pals once—help me. I want to get away—I want money. That's why I've come to you. They're after me—the police. I daren't face the music. Pam, you'll help me—for old times' sake—"

"It's—it's five years since I saw you," she said feverishly, "and now you come—like this. Anthony, you're mad—mad to do this thing. What—do they accuse you of?"

"Murder—attempted murder," he said grimly. "Help me, Pam. For God's sake, help me!"

His voice broke. Suddenly she sat up. From below she heard the sound of footsteps. Swiftly she rolled back blanket and sheet and swung her bare feet to the floor. She held up her hand for silence, listening intently.

"They're coming—they're on the stairs!" she panted. "I didn't know—I gave the alarm—"

"God, Pam! Then I swing!"

It was hopelessly, despairingly said, but Pam darted to the dressing-table, picked up the pearl and flung it straight out into the night from window to lawn. Then she flung open her wardrobe.

"Quickly — inside! Quick, Anthony! Hold the door. You're right? Don't move—don't *breathe* till I give you leave—"

She stood leaning against the door, drawing shuddering breaths, her face creamy white, her rioting hair hanging about her shoulders. Then: "Come in!" she cried faintly.

Colonel Clifford—the butler and a footman stood on the threshold.

"Pam!" he cried anxiously.

"Burglars," she sobbed, breaking down. "I—I lay there and rang the bell. They've gone—they thought me asleep. The pearl—it's—it's gone! I thought no one was ever coming—"

"May I come in?" he asked swiftly, and turned to the butler. "Go down to the garden—run, man. Here, take this—I've another."

He handed the man a revolver and strode into the room.

"Don't cry—you're quite safe. It was brave of you to ring," he said, jerking the curtains aside and staring out. "Ah, snow—that ought to help us. Pam, go to my sister's room. I must go down—we'll have a lantern hunt in the garden—"

"I—I'll stay—I'm not nervous—not now," she protested. "They—they must have gone miles by now—"

"Put on your dressing-gown,

dear," he said. "You'll have an appalling cold if you don't. Where is it?—in the wardrobe?"

"No—no," she choked. "Oh, please, don't mind about me! Go to bed, Halliday. Do, to please me. It's useless hunting for them now. Please, go to bed—Halliday, promise you'll go."

At first he refused. Then at her pleading reluctantly he gave way. He went to the window once more and remained there so long with his back towards her that she said timidly:

"Halliday."

He turned and stretched out a hand towards the wardrobe.

"Please, put on your dressing-gown, Pam," he said, and in her great suspense she did not notice the change in his bearing or in his voice.

"I won't," she cried, slipping between him and the brass handle. "You—you mustn't order me about—not yet. And you must go, Halliday. What would Deborah say?"

At that moment the colonel's sister fluttered down the corridor. Her brother went swiftly to the door. He did not glance at Pam; he did not speak to her.

"Ah, Deborah," she heard him say, "we've been the victims of a plot. The black—" And then the door was shut.

For full ten minutes she stood, her hands pressed on her heaving breasts, listening for the house to grow still. Then she crept to the door, opened it, peered out, closed it once more, and locked it. On tiptoe she crossed to the wardrobe.

"Well done," whispered Anthony as she sank despairingly into a low chair before the fire and he climbed gingerly out on to the carpet. "You deserve a kiss—the first for five years—perhaps the last."

He bent and put his lips to her icy cheeks. She did not move for a moment. At length she clasped her hands round her knees, stretching out her feet to the warmth.

"Let me think," she said feverishly. "Let me think, Anthony."

"Breakfast in bed—on Christmas Day!" objected Miss Clifford, wrinkling her thin nose in disgust. "Miss Lincoln ill—nonsense!"

To make sure she climbed the stairs. Pamela's door was locked, but Deborah insisted upon entering.

She cross-examined her visitor. Miss Lincoln was tired? feverish? had contracted a chill and—"really, your—your costume last night—if one can properly so call it—so flimsy was it—invited catarrh."

Pamela owned that she was tired, and showed a badly concealed desire to be rid of her visitor. Unexpectedly Colonel Clifford knocked at the door.

"Pamela, I wish to see you—at once, please," he said. "You will dress and come down to me in the dining-room—"

"I—I can't," began Pamela. "I—"

"I shall expect you in a few minutes," he answered sternly, and they heard the sound of retreating footsteps.

Miss Clifford rose. She knew by his tones that her brother was angry. She welcomed the sign. Without a word she left the room. For a moment Pamela lay thinking—mutinous.

The colonel was standing before the fire when she entered the dining-room.

"I found this—on the lawn," he said without any greeting, his stern eyes fixed on her, "the pearl. You spoke of burglars. You were wrong—there was only one man—"

"Was—was there?"

"You lied to me in that," he went on, his face set and white and his tones harsh and very firm. "In the snow were footmarks leading to the ivy beneath your window—"

"Yes?"

"But none returning," he said. "Pamela, I've only known you two

months. My friends called me a fool because—let me be blunt—because I knew nothing about you or your past. Someone came to you last night—remained with you—was secreted in your wardrobe—has not yet left."

His eyes were filled with passionate jealous fury. She grew deathly white, remained silent, then silently wept. He lost the last remnant of his self-command.

"Pam—before God, you've some explanation?"

She had not replied; he had felt with a sickening sense of dread that she would not reply, when Miss Clifford entered the room.

"You've seen the paper, Halliday," she observed, glancing from one to the other. "There has been a confession in the Temple tragedy. A man was arrested last night. It appears that the suspect has given the police a lot of trouble for nothing."

"Please leave us, Deborah," said the colonel stiffly.

But Pamela—a Pamela altered out of all recognition, with sudden hope and overwhelming relief shining in her eyes, caught at Miss Clifford's arm, snatching the newspaper.

"Halliday—Halliday," she sobbed, "I—I can explain—now! Oh, how cruel you've been—you—you've almost killed me with shame!"

"Go," said the colonel sharply to his sister. "Please go. Pam, if I've wronged you I've sinned beyond forgiveness. But I could swear the man never left your room—"

"He didn't!" cried Pam, holding out both her hands. "He's there now—locked in my dressing-room. Here's the key. But I—I've never wronged you in thought, much less in deed. If you trust me—trust me now before I speak."

She paused. She read the struggle in his face. But her eyes were serene, full of happy hope, and she laughed—a trembling, broken little laugh as he came to her.

"I trust you, Pam. God forgive my being such a hound—"

She flung both her arms round his neck. "Anthony's the suspect—in the Temple tragedy, you know. He didn't dare face suspicion—he ran away and came to me for money to escape with. He came here—to the chief constable's house—to the very house whose owner was bound to arrest him, whose honour, whose duty would have forced him to act even if I had pleaded with him on my knees. Yet, Halliday, I couldn't desert him, couldn't betray him, couldn't give him up. To tell you would have meant placing you in a position of horror. I didn't tell you. I kept silent. I hid him—"

"But, Pam," objected the colonel amazedly, "this—this fellow Anthony Gray, the papers about him call him—who is he? To be in your bedroom, to—"

"To—to kiss me," laughed Pamela.

"Pam! He didn't—"

"He did," she said. "Still trusting me, Halliday—?"

"Pam, I'll make you any abject apology you please. It's Christmas time—goodwill time—can't you forgive me? But for heaven's sake don't tease me any longer—do explain."

"Explain!" echoed Pamela. "No other man—except a jealous, bad-tempered, suspicious martinet of a chief constable—would need one. isn't it obvious? Pamela Lincoln's my stage name. Who else in the world d'you think I'd let kiss me?"

"Your brother!" shouted the colonel in ludicrous, loud relief.

Pamela nodded. "Of course. And now, just because it's Christmas Day and I want to take you to church and I won't go there quarrelling, I'll forgive you. You may consider yourself very lucky—"

"I do." said the colonel humbly.

Anthony, perhaps, had most reason to complain since he waited an hour in suspense and trepidation while Colonel Clifford was discovering with Pamela's help just how lucky he was.

MARLEY'S GHOST

From the Drawing by John Russell.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ART AND INDUSTRY

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

THE most ancient of all class hatreds, or say, rather, class misunderstandings, is the distrust and suspicion—modified forms of the original antagonism existing between the industrial worker and that other worker, who, for want of a better term, is called the artist. Contrary to the august contributors to quarterly reviews, it is not the antipathy of employed and employer, servant and master, serf to overlord, gardener to squire, labour to capital, that is the oldest, but the hate of the common worker for the uncommon worker, the distrust of the artisan for the artist, the labourer for the dreamer. Those who in Elizabeth's time worked in the fields or amongst cattle, or at looms, or in shops, looked with suspicion upon the man who, though perhaps of no better origin than themselves—and possibly worse—was received at the main doorway of the lord's house, treated as an equal, and encouraged with a fabulous sum for no more than mixing a few colours on a stretched web, or daubing a miniature, or carving m'lady's head and shoulders in a white stone. They saw no rhyme or reason to the deal. They grumbled as the artist passed and called pleasant names after him with unpleasant meanings.

On his side, the artist walked aloof. He dealt in fine colours, fine textures, fine feelings. His was the business of beauty. If m'lord gave him wherewithal to obtain velvet and silk for raiment for the mere painting of a child's head—what had that to do with the vagabonds at the plough? The toil-hardened figure, the poverty-eaten lines in a ploughman's face, were only so much disagreeableness to his artistic soul. He forever painted lambs and white clouds and the Duke in a brave attitude. Did he stop to look twice at the spinner's cottage door, it was for the colour there he saw—the colour in the daughter's face not yet bleached by the spinner's life. Master artist's eye saw colour, line and mass just as it sees them to-day, but with a difference. Aristocracy dominated art. Art saw with the eyes of its leisured master.

Exceptions should be made to this: the work of the sculptor, the architect, and the musician remain always a little closer to the common man. The noble statues of early Grecian days must have appealed to the whole people: the perfection of the chiseller's work must have been there for beggar and master alike to see. Temples, towers, and great buildings could not be hidden from the common eye, and though built by wealth, were, in the actual carrying out of the designs, done by the people—the stone-masons and the quarrymen. Music, too, with its unreasoned artistry, was not for marble hall alone, but for peasant and wayside labourer, soldier and the waiting woman.

But the other arts, those whose pro-

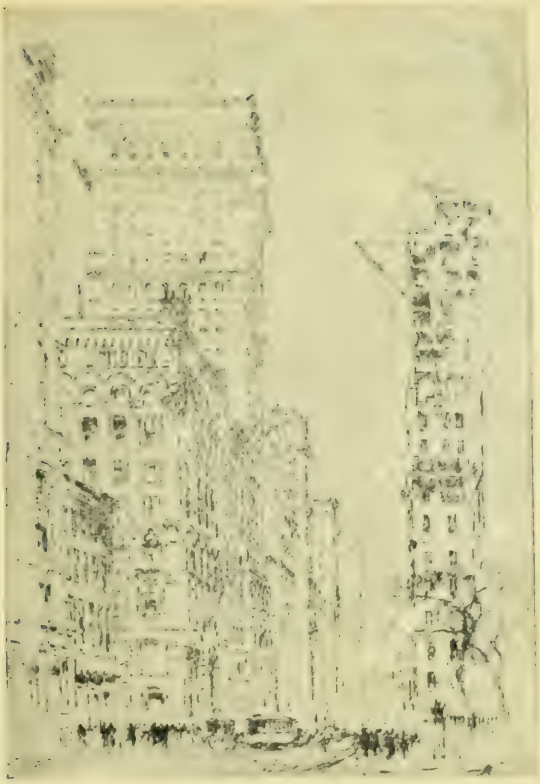
THE "L" AND THE TRINITY BUILDING

ducts could become the exclusive possession of one man, one family, closed in one room in one house, secreted from the rest of the world, long remained art apart from the masses, And yet, in so far as the great men and the great houses supported this more exclusive art, and gave it a chance to study, experiment, and produce it led the others in the attainment of subtlety and finesse. If the aristocrat made the artist paint that which it pleased him should be painted, at least he gave this much return that he lent the groping artist the support and the sympathy he needed at the time.

*

Michael Angelo worked at the behest of Roman Pontiffs. His representations were more or less what they wished them to be. In so far as the ideas and prejudices of the Pontiff were inartistic in that much was the mere artist handicapped. He could afford to be no Don Quixote and throw up his commission because the employer wanted his saint dressed in impossible garments. He had to make his compromise with the man who paid for the chisel. The sculptors of to-day are not so bound. The paymasters are not gone, nor the men of wealth whose eyes and fancies must be pleased, but Democracy, having a greater voice in the government of things, has overthrown the absolutism and broken down the narrow walls of mere aristocracy, has widened the scope of art, and made its message deeper.

Whoever heard, in Elizabeth's time, of a painter painting a bargee just



"THE GOLDEN CORNICE"

in order to show the bargee in all his rough poverty and grossness to the public? Who would have thought even of painting the things Millet painted, or chiselling the rough but beautiful figures representing subjects from labour, industry, and commerce which are exhibited in every great show of statuary to-day? Art has grown closer to the people. The masses are beginning to understand art even a little better. Of the two it is art that has progressed the more. It is deeper, wider, and higher in its outlook, more sympathetic in its judgments. Of course, between the old days and these newer days, between the days when the Nativity was painted as taking place in a setting of gorgeous columns and with artistic groups of appropriate saints and seraphim about the chief figure, and these days when the more probable scene in the manger at Bethlehem inspires the painter, was the middle stage of sentimentalism in art which lingers even yet among the artists, especially a certain class of Old World artists. This heart-fluttering school delighted in representations of touching or stirring episodes calculated to inspire tears or a quick pulse in the breast of the beholder. It is to be found yet in such pictures as the "Village Wedding." But out of this sentimental period and the realism which such a period was bound to carry with it the more recent de-

ENTRANCE TO HENRY VII CHAPEL—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

velopment of art—the art of painting especially—has grown. Decorative effect, pleasing treatments—these factors remain. But with them is now associated a deeper intelligence. The painter has found colour in the face of the pot-mender. His pictures reflect a new angle on life: deeper reading of the book, more analysis, more sympathetic understanding of its contents.

The invention of processes for reproducing works of art, either in black and white, or in colour, has been a foremost agent in the emancipation of art from the aristocrat's pleasant rule. The growth of magazines and illustrated weekly newspapers has carried art close to the people. True, it is sometimes too close: magazines print quantities of stuff that has no claim to the general title of art. But in all of it there is much good. It familiarizes the popular mind with artistic productions. It widens art's audience immeasurably, thus not only raising the general intelligence of the race, but assisting art by increasing the numbers of possible buyers of pictures, possible supporters of art. It is now possible—though perhaps not without its drawbacks—for a painter to live without selling himself to some wealthy patron and his friends. The bases of art are wider and deeper. Art is better established.

The study of industrial subjects by artists has changed from the exclusive study of individuals to include occasional studies of industry in the mass, industry as a whole. For industry is no longer a matter of individuals. It is a collective affair. It is a spectacle. From its simple beginnings with the individual, from the time when each family was a more or less self-contained economic unit, to the present day, when specialization is at its height, industry

ST. MARY LE STRAND—LONDON

has evolved from a harmless and more or less profitable pursuit, to the position of a master, dominating the earth; a fabric in which unless a man have a place he starves; a machine of numberless parts, all at work, all related, revolving furiously and developing—some say a better civilization, some say a worse. It is a cauldron filled with a brew which stirs and stirs, boils and bubbles over unseen fires, and gives off Harrimans, Morgans, Mackenzies, and Carnegies? —crystallizing at the bottom who knows what salts? Some say bitter, some say sweet. It has been evolved to its present state and with its evolution brought about society, conventions, railways, wireless, and double-bottom steamships. It is at once beautiful and ugly, attractive and repellant. It is beautiful in that it affords, theoretically, employment for the hands of all; because it collects the energy of the race and focuses it in competing centres; because it compels men into a common brotherhood and has made it impossible for a man to live unto himself. It provides the machinery by which the race can express its highest genius. It creates surpluses which go to support things which economically may have no value, but which are ethically invaluable. So it is beautiful. But it is ugly because it has been used, and is being used still, to enslave and degrade. Men have found means of corrupting its processes in order to accumulate dollar bills for one purpose or another. It has provided competition to serve as a stimulus to great endeavour, but it has failed to regulate competition with considerations of decency. Our forefathers created in an idle moment what has outgrown all bounds of human power. Industry is master of the race that summoned it, like a genie, by an idle movement of the hands.

There are workers in colour who have found in industry subjects for

HAMPTON COURT PALACE—LONDON

great paintings. Leaving fields and streams and the classic model in the studio, they have approached the great strongholds of industry and pitched their sketching easels before the gates. There is no end to the things they have found worthy of the canvas. Some have taken the figures of the workers coming home from the place of work, body-tired, sweaty, and uncouth of garb. They have painted the tiredness, the patience, and the resignation. Others, from the same model, have painted the colour, the atmosphere of labour. Some have pictured contented faces and some have seen only misery.

Some painters have knocked on the very gates of the great sheds of industry and painted what they saw within when the gates swung heavily open: feverish fires burning sullenly on the forges of the smiths; atmosphere heavy with colourful smoke; faces a-drip with sweat, half revealed in the gleam of the fires. They have found a thousand colours to record, a thousand intense faces to portray, a thousand tired figures moiling in the sheds of industry.

But industry lends itself to black and white better perhaps than to colours. Pennell, by his terse etchings, seems better to have seized and pictured the real spirit of the present-day over-lord than could have been accomplished in colours. His work is frank and free as air. It has no tinge of philosophy nor of the melo-dramatic such as has marred the work of many an over-impressionable artist. He has not painted as a slum-searcher or as a sociologist, and yet in his etchings of "Steel," "Coal," and "Oil," he has conveyed impressions of the two sides of industry: the beautiful and the ugly. The artist visits a steel plant and pictures in the foreground a huddle of dwellings taking shelter as it were in a deep hollow beside a straddling viaduct, and in the background—the chimneys of the great plant vomiting smoke into the face of heaven. You can feel the throb and hum of the distant works sucking the very life from the dwelling-places in the foreground. Everything in that picture is giving tribute, without seeming to give tribute, to the great bessemers

in the imposingly strong background.

Again, he etches batteries of furnaces set in a high place, cut off from the foreground by a river and bridges that seem to hedge about the stronghold of industry like strange courtiers about a strange court. There is something ominous about these etchings, and at the same time a compelling nobility. They seize the imagination and lift it with the fumes of roasted ore over the places where the pygmies of the mills sweat before altar fires of industry.

Pennel's inherent Americanism shows in every etching of subjects on this side of the great water. Such work as "The L. and the Trinity Building" conveys the feeling of the very city that bred sky-scrapers. Take also "The Golden Cornice." His character-sketches of the work along the Panama Canal are full of the spirit of the men who have carried through that work. With etching implement and plate he seems to have perched wherever there was a foothold while he worked, and recorded swiftly, boldly, and with startling success, the very spirit of industry, the beautiful and the ugly. The Callowhill Street Bridge at Philadelphia set his point fairly dancing with its business and stir.

Of course, Pennell is not the only representative of this modern movement in art, but he leads. It was he who first interpreted the sky-scraper. He who first treated industry as a matter of artistic feeling, not merely a theme for a decoration. The movement grows, gathers force. There are still artists elaborating upon their own vague feelings. There will always be landscape and figure painting painted for the sheer joy of painting the beautiful, but in a thousand art schools the germ of a wider, more analytical art undoubtedly is incubating.

CALLOWHILL STREET BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA

LOW-LYING FIELDS

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

LOW-LYING fields where soft the birds wheel over,
Far from the heights and uplands, bleak and large:
Down close to earth, beloved of lark and plover,
Shut from the storm winds and the sky's wan marge,
So glad and sweet and kindly warm they gleam,
With all that richness that the whole day yields,
That spirit gentle of summer's happiest dream;
Low-lying fields.

So patient and still they lie, where hushed wings hover,
The whole day holds them tenderly, like a lover;
And even the clouds far-driven are kind to cover
Low-lying fields.

Some lives are like these lowlands, calm and quiet,
Far from the hate and fate of life's mad riot,
Their days are all of the close and intimate dreams,
Like the sweet purpose of the fields and streams,
Shut in by homely virtues, but to do
The duty of the moment, ever true
To life's best commonplace of toil and care,
Day after day their sordid burdens bear,
Without a thought beyond the loves they meet,
Those lowly ones their hourly patience shields,
Life's clovers and hedgeflowers and her primrose sweet,
Low-lying fields.

So low they lie and kindly, near life's ground,
Like the sweet grasses all the dews have found,
I almost deem that God Himself, if He,
In His great love to any preference yields,
Must hold them in His regard, and tenderly,
About them cast his sun and windward shields,
Blessing with simple homely hopes and bliss,
That sunny fragrance and patient tilth of His
Low-lying fields.

Illustration by J. E. H. Macdonald

LOW-LYING FIELDS

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

WHAT OTHER BOON?

By J. D. LOGAN

WHAT other boon than Thee—and Love—shall I,
When I must pass to silence, surely crave?—
What other comforters above the grave?—
Not solely those sweet prayers of priests nearby,
Nor that remembrancer of Christ's redemptive death—
The hallowed crucifix—upraised before my sight,
Nor low-toned litanies and candles' peaceful light:
Nay, not to ask for only these will I employ my ceasing breath,
As if forgetful of my finitude's most wonted cheer.
They are for my stained soul's absolving when I hear
The dread inevitable Call,
And for my soul's safe wafture when the swart, unwelcome pall
Forever cloaks mine eyes from Earth's pervasive thrall.
But at my final passing let there be
Vouchsafed these gifts of joy and solace temporal—
One look at that illimitable sea
Which, years agone, first nursed and cradled me;
And at the sun when he has reached the western gate
And, like a royal lover, radiant, elate,
Beams gloriously, with king-like bow,
And on the waiting hills' broad dusky brow
Imprints his golden good-night kiss;
And shortly ere the death-mist veils mine eyes, let this
Be my last boon from Earth—my last sweet taste of Earth's delight—
To wait the coming of the quiet stars, and watch the Night
In silence shepherd them as sheep
And at the Dawn's first stirring fold them in—and me—for sleep.

THE LIE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS"

SURELY the wild cucumber vines outside the window had grown a foot taller during the night! Mrs. Enderby knew that when she had last looked at them only the first twisting, yellow-green tendrils had been visible above the sill. Now there were leaves, one, two — five leaves! And the wavy tendrils were half-way up the sash. It was most curious. With a wondering interest, like the interest of a child in the marvellous, she tried to lift herself, but only to experience another wonder. She could not move! Her lip quivered, and she began to cry, weakly, with a sense of unhappiness about nothing at all.

Some benevolent force slipped a hand under her pillow and raised it just a tiny bit. There was a taste of something warm and good in her mouth. She stopped crying, to swallow it, sighed, and was asleep again.

When she awoke this time, which she did after a period which might have comprised minutes or years, there was the beginning of thought in her mind. It was as if something had whispered to her in her sleep, solving the riddle of the magic cucumber vines. She realized that she had been ill. The benevolent force which raised her pillow would be the nurse, and the tall man gazing so earnestly down upon her must be the doctor. Vaguely she seemed to know the doctor; on the chance, she smiled up at him. He smiled back at her and, with the smile, he slipped easily into his rightful place in her memory. He was Doctor Staynton, the specialist, her husband's friend.

"I have been ill?" she said. Her voice was a small voice, far away.

"You are better now."

"I am better now," she repeated. The knowledge brought her a great content.

"You will soon be well," continued the specialist, "close your eyes and sleep again."

Ruth closed her eyes. It would be foolish to argue with such a big man.

Doctor Staynton watched her until the faint smile around her lips faded into the helpless look of sleep. Then he moved noiselessly away. The nurse followed.

"Well," he said, "all is as it should be. I think we shall be able to pull her through."

"She is very weak."

"Yes. But she has vitality. If we can keep her quiet—no shock—she will do well."

"She has forgotten?"

"I think so; yes. It is the usual thing. Keep out of sight as much as you can and do not encourage questions. If she insists, soothe her. A lie or two may be necessary. We must give her every chance."

The nurse nodded. She seemed to wish to speak, yet hesitated. Then she ventured timidly, "I once nursed a case—" The specialist's quick "yes" of interest encouraged her. "I once nursed a case, something, not quite, like this. The patient—remembered."

"Ah!" The doctor's tone was non-committal. "I hope we may not be so unfortunate here. It seldom happens. However, we must be prepared for any contingency. If she remembers, she will not live."

"I shall do my best, doctor."

Doctor Staynton stepped from the quiet room into a quiet hall. The outside door was open, showing the glowing colours of a garden, but there was a quietness there also, a brooding quiet which was not the peace of early summer. Staynton was not an imaginative man, yet his brow wrinkled nervously as he crossed the hall and opened a door, on the farther side. It led into the library of the bungalow, a pleasant room, full of soft harmonies. Books were everywhere; easy chairs invited to rest; French windows opened upon a green lawn. In the middle of the room, at a desk, sat a man with his back to the door. It was in him that the quietness of the whole place seemed to centre. So quiet was he that for a gruesome second the doctor wondered if he were a man at all. Then he tapped him lightly upon the shoulder.

"She is better, Adam."

The man shivered.

"She is conscious and in her right mind, and, as we hoped, she does not remember."

The man arose mechanically. "Yes, yes," he said, in a toneless voice, "I must go to her."

The hand on his shoulder tightened.

"You must do nothing of the kind. Sit down and be sensible. You cannot see her now, nor until I give you leave. I doubt if at present she realizes that you exist. She is sleeping. I want her to sleep all she can. I want realization to come back gradually; when she asks for you—it will be time enough. I shall dread your meeting even then—for who can tell what chord of memory may be stirred? If you go to her looking as you look now, I would not give *that* for her chance of life." and the doctor snapped his fingers.

"What do you mean?"

Although the doctor had not been asked to do so, he drew up a chair and sat down.

"Adam," he said, "I would like to understand you. At present, if truth be told, I am more concerned about you than I am about your wife. Ruth is very ill, may not recover, but as a doctor, I understand Ruth's case. I have treated others like it. I know where I am. But you—you puzzle me. You amaze me. I can find no place for you in my experience. I am baffled and I dislike to be baffled. You will not blame me for that? Can't you explain a little?"

"No."

"Well, at least do not treat me as an enemy. Let me think aloud. Let me try to puzzle it out. You may see your way to helping me with an illuminating word or two."

"You will simply waste time."

"I'll risk it. Let us see, now. I have known you, Adam, for a good many years. I have known you for a fine fellow, more than ordinarily correct in your mode of living. The kind of man whom men respect, whom women admire, and, more rarely, love. One woman at least loved you well enough to marry you. Since your marriage, the most noticeable thing about you, apart from your usual good qualities, has been your love for your wife. Most men love their wives—in their way; but your way seemed a very special, a very splendid way. I should have said that your devotion was absolute. And, now, what do I find?"

The speaker paused, as if in surprise at his own question. But the silent man at the desk helped him out not at all. The doctor began again at a tangent.

"She loved you, too," he mused. "There has been no sinister triangle in this case. Your wife's pretty blue eyes have never strayed from you, that I'll swear. Yet what do I find? When trouble comes, when this hor-

rible thing happens—a thing for which your wife is in no way to blame, since she was undoubtedly an irresponsible agent—you turn from her like a man who has never loved, or worse still, who loves no longer! Where is the key to this enigma? Your wife's aunt, her only near relative, and between yourself and whom no enmity has ever existed, comes to the house anxious to aid. She leaves it within a day, in tears. You have ordered her out! For your wife's precarious condition you seem to care nothing. When, just now, you said, 'I must go to her,' your voice contained no particle of affection, to say nothing of decent feeling. I confess you puzzle me. Has it all been a sham? Did you never love your wife at all? I grant you that the thing was horrible, a thing to shudder at. But, heavens and earth! you can't blame her for it. *She was not responsible.* Can't you grasp it? She was sick, man, sick! Would you hold some mad, unknowing act against a delirious child—"

"Oh, my God! Cease your talk of children."

The man at the desk was stirred at last. His quiet was broken up. With fierce suddenness he swung around, and lifted a tormented face to the other's gaze. For a moment, from bloodshot, sleepless eyes, a soul in agony looked out. Then his head drooped, and a shaking hand shut out the sight.

"Ah," said the doctor softly. "I think I have it." He arose and fell to a nervous pacing of the room. Wonder, anger, and a sort of professional satisfaction seemed to mark his changing thoughts. When he spoke again his voice was stern.

"I pity you, my friend, but we have got to talk this out. You are, then, one of those men to whom children are everything and the wife nothing. It was the mother, the potential mother, whom you loved, and reverenced in Ruth. Then when she, mad with the madness which comes upon some women at childbirth, and utterly irresponsible and unconscious of what she did, cost you the life of your newborn child—this is the result. The giving was nothing; the accidental destruction everything. I say 'accidental,' for had I been here, had you moved into the city as I advised, or had that fool nurse you engaged known the abc's of her business, the situation would have been understood and guarded against. This terrible thing need never have happened. I want to tell you now that by your folly in lingering too long in this pleasant, faraway place, and by your obstinate refusal to take advice, you have made yourself far more guilty of your child's death than the poor mother who has been so near following him. I do not want to be unnecessarily harsh, but this is a time for plain words. I hope I make myself clear."

The incisive tones ceased and the doctor paused beside the door. He had said all that he intended to say and he had accomplished part of his purpose. The man at the desk was no longer quiet. The silence of the room was broken by his long, shaking sighs. Staynton laid his hand upon the door knob.

"Don't go."

Again an expression of satisfaction flitted across the doctor's face. He came back and sat down.

"It is not that. You've not got it right."

Enderby's voice was steady, but his face was turned away and the tension of his figure spoke plainly of an immense effort at self-control. "I did not think I could tell you, but it seems that I have got to do so. It's —it's not a thing one talks about. But perhaps you can help me? At any rate, you will see that I am as helpless in the grip of this thing as —as she is. You think I blame her? You couldn't have got things more wrong than that—God pity us!

"It began long ago. You never knew my mother, so part of it you'll

not quite understand. She was a marvellous woman. I thought, and still think, that she was among the great women of her generation. She had a family of five boys, and her one regret was that we did not number twice as many, for she was above all things a mother—a mother of men! Her father had been a socialist of the old type. She had been brought up on crazy dreams of a reformed and equalized world. Dream after dream she saw crumble upon itself, until she began to sense the inherent weakness in them all. The world would never be different until man himself was different. So she evolved a dream of her own—the improvement of world-conditions through the improvement of the race, and the improvement of the race through the bettering of the unit. Not a new idea, by any means, but to her it really meant something. We five boys were her share. To us she was more than mother. She was a priestess serving at the shrine of her religion. If you had known her and the force of her personality, you would understand that the inevitable followed. We, too, served at the shrine. Her belief was our belief, her religion ours. We were its ministers, sworn to purity, truth, and zeal. Marriage was to be to us the great sacrament, the search for the right woman the great quest. That our children—"

He broke for a moment and the doctor sat silent. Presently the hoarse, controlled voice went on again.

"You can imagine something of it. That you may know it was a real thing—do you remember Tom and Madeline Marsh?"

Evidently the doctor remembered, for he was startled into speech.

"So that was the explanation," he said. "I often wondered."

"Yes, that was the explanation. Not many people guessed it. Tom was hard hit though—poor chap!"

"Where is he now?"

"In South America—somewhere."

"Has he ever married?"

"No."

The doctor pursed his lips as if he would say something, but thought better of it and waited for his companion to go on. Enderby began again with a visible effort.

"It looked as if fate were going to be especially kind to me. I met Ruth Stanhope—and loved her. The Stanhopes are a fine family. Ruth stood for all the best and highest in my religion, besides being—Ruth. She learned to love me. The great quest was happily ended! There was no one to consult save her aunt, Miss Amelia Stanhope, who favoured the match. Without undue delay we were married."

He paused so long that the doctor moved uneasily and permitted himself a tentative "Well?"

"That is all—except that a fortnight ago I learned that my wife is not a Stanhope at all. She is an Eastely."

Staynton bit his lip upon an exclamation.

The other raised his blood-shot eyes. "I see you know something of the history of the Eastelys," he said quietly. "It relieves me of an unpleasant recital. Ruth was adopted when a baby by James Stanhope and when he died she came to live with Miss Amelia. So she was her niece, you see—by adoption."

"And they did not tell you?"

"No. It is only by accident that I have the knowledge now. When Miss Amelia learned the truth about the child's death, she was frightened. She let it slip."

"Yes—she would. But what a situation! Sometime I think I'll give up trying to understand women. Amelia Stanhope, of all people! Do you know, I should have put that woman down as almost morbidly conscientious."

"She was quite conscientious in keeping her niece's parentage a secret, I assure you. Her religion, you

see, is different from mine. With her, marriage is an affair of sentiment, a matter of the heart exclusively. She would think it both wicked and indelicate to consider ancestry in any way. The only verse in the Bible which she is not likely to quote in justification is that one about the sins of the fathers."

"I see. But, Adam, if—supposing you had known the truth? Be candid now, would you have acted differently?"

"I would have considered marriage a crime."

"But, for her, you would have risked a crime?"

The other's face grew grim.

"Not that crime."

The doctor sighed. He was, in spite of his profession, a man of romantic instincts.

"As a physician, I must admit that you would have been doing right, although, as a man, I can scarcely conceive of your doing it. For there is always a chance, you know, always a chance. Ruth might have escaped the hereditary taint of the Eastelys by inheriting solely from her mother's side, if that side were sound. Then, take your own family—no trace of insanity in the Enderbys. There was a good chance that your children might have been perfectly sound. I can show you a table of statistics—"

"Don't. If there was such a chance, it is a chance no longer. . . . Thank God that the child is dead."

The doctor moistened his lips. He could think of nothing to say. The The house of his mind was divided against itself. He took refuge in a sense of professional injury. A strange thing indeed that this past history of his patient, so valuable in the understanding of her dangerous case, should not have been confided in him before! When he spoke again his tone was perceptibly stiffer.

"Of course, you realize what it has meant to keep me in the dark about this, Adam? I ought to have been told. Your wife's safety, even if you have ceased now to love her—"

Enderby turned upon him savagely. "Who said that I had ceased to love her? Does love cease? Stop talking like a silly novel and let us get down to the real thing. This isn't a situation in a book where the turn of a phrase will put all right. We are real beings with our lives to live. *What are we going to do*—she and I?"

Doctor Staynton was a sensible man and a kindly one. He was used to having his advice asked, and he was not at all backward in giving it. Drawn as it was from a large experience of things as they are, he believed it to be good advice. But now, he hesitated. Instead of answering, he asked another question, one that might put the situation into his own hands again.

"I take it that your wife does not know of her—unfortunate ancestry?"

"She does not."

"You will not tell her, of course?"

"On the contrary, I shall consider it my duty to do so."

This aroused the doctor.

"By Jove! Shall you indeed? Fortunately I have a sense of duty also, and I forbid you to do any such thing. Do you understand? I forbid it. Do you want to kill her, man? Don't you see what you would be doing? She has forgotten all about what happened during her—illness. Indeed, she, in her own proper self, never knew. But there is a connection somewhere between her proper self and that other. We can't get our hands upon it, but it is there. Under happy conditions it may remain obscured forever, but once disturb her normal consciousness with the knowledge of an hereditary abnormality and, ten to one, the message flashes through. Connection is re-established—and there's the devil to pay."

"I know. I know the danger. But what possible alternative is there? Think: If I do not tell her, how can I explain—our changed outlook, our

lives which from now on must be lived in the light of this terrible thing? What would she think—fear? She would live her life in a hell of the unexplained."

The doctor's eye lighted with pity.

"No. We must prevent that. We must tell her—something. There are several things we might tell her. Almost anything, except the truth."

"Lies?"

"If you like the word. I am not afraid of words myself. Nor do I forget that by your religion, as you call it, you are vowed to truth. A splendid vow! But you know there is that old question, What is truth? Every man must make his own answer to that. If your conception of truth forces you to bring the loving an innocent young wife to overthrow permanently the delicately-adjusted balance of her mind—no one can do more than solemnly protest. But the white name of truth would seldom have covered a blacker crime. If, however, you can sacrifice your fetish for her sake, the way is open. She has been very ill. You can tell her, when she is strong enough, that for her sake you would not run the risk again. I will stand behind you with the weight of medical authority. It will sadden her, but many a woman has faced that sadness and come through it to a useful and happy life. Many a man, also. The decision rests with you."

It was Enderby now who sprang up, pacing the room.

"No, no!" he cried, "I cannot—"

"Hush!" The doctor's quick ear had caught the sound of hurried steps in the passage. Next moment the door opened to admit the nurse. She looked frightened.

"Mr. Enderby — oh, doctor!" There was quick relief in her voice. "I thought you had gone. Mrs. Enderby has awakened. She seems in great distress."

"I shall come at once."

She hastened back and for a moment the men looked at each other.

"You hear that, Adam? It may well mean that the decision is out of your hands. But if not, if you must still decide, be ready! It may be sooner than we thought" . . . .

In the sick room Ruth Enderby lay with bright eyes and a stain of colour on her white cheeks. At the sound of the doctor's step she tried to raise herself. Her voice, strong with excitement, came to him across the room.

"Doctor, I have had a dream—it frightened me!"

"So I see." The doctor's voice was unemotional. "But you are awake now—and disobeying orders!"

She fell back upon her pillow.

"Yes, of course; silly of me! But it seemed so real."

"Dreams do, sometimes, especially if one is not well. But it wasn't real for all that."

"No, it—it wasn't real." She seemed to repeat his sentence for the comfort of it.

"A nightmare, I suppose!" said the doctor calmly.

She sighed. "Yes—that was it, a nightmare! One of those horrid ones, when one seems to be in the grip of something, compelled to see dreadful things done or — or to do dreadful things!"

"Just so. You describe the symptoms perfectly. But what we want now is quiet. Nurse, will you hand me—"

"Just a moment, doctor! I have been very ill, haven't I? I seem to remember—" She gave a quick look around and her voice broke, "where —I do not see my baby?"

There was not an instant's hesitation in the doctor's answer.

"No. You must not think about that just now, Mrs. Enderby. You have passed through a very critical time—very critical indeed."

"And my baby—?"

She read her answer in his kindly silence.

A pitiful, grieved look came into her questioning face. Her blue eyes

filled with tears, which, overflowing, rolled helplessly over her whitening cheeks. The watching doctor gave a sigh of relief. There had been no chance of keeping that part of the truth from her. And she was taking it well. Tears were natural, healing. There was no fire of horrible memory behind those swimming eyes to scorch them forever into blankness. The flush on her cheek was paling, the unnatural strength had left her voice. Scarcely could he hear her whisper.

"Poor Adam!"

With a gesture of great gentleness he bent over her, gathering her weak hands into his strong ones.

"No," he said firmly, "not poor Adam, happy Adam! If you will be good and get well quickly. Don't think, don't sorrow—sleep!"

But at the word "sleep" her prisoned hands began to flutter. The spark of fear which he had dreaded lighted in her wide, blue eyes.

"No. Don't let me sleep! I can't sleep, doctor. I am afraid of the dream! Where is Adam? Tell Adam to come—"

"Presently, when you are stronger."

"No—now." Her voice was scarcely a whisper.

The doctor made a sign to the nurse, who went out quickly.

"Very well, you may see him. But only for a moment, mind! You will not get well if you excite yourself this way. And what would Adam do then?"

The wraith of a smile answered him and a whispered "It's the dream—I want to tell him!"

The doctor's face was very grave. "You shall!" he said—and stood aside as Adam Enderby entered the room.

Looking out through the cucumber vines, it seemed a long minute before her slender whisper again floated ghost-like through the room.

"Poor Adam!"

The doctor knew without looking, that Enderby had reached the bed and was kneeling by it.

"A very good position for him, too," thought his friend grimly. And evidently the wife had read nothing but natural sorrow in his changed face. The doctor felt his own expression beginning to relax. But it tightened again as the thin voice began on a higher note.

"I've been so frightened, Adam, a terrible dream! I want to tell you. I want you to tell me it isn't true!"

"Hush, dear, the doctor says—"

("Don't quote me, you fool!" muttered the doctor).

"It was about our baby, Adam. I seemed to know about it—about its being dead. And when I woke up, it was true. But it was worse than that—the dream—oh, most horrible! I dreamed it was my fault—"

"Oh, hush, dear, dearest."

"But that wasn't true, Adam. It couldn't be true. I know—but I want you to say it, you always say the truth—your vow, you know. O Adam! I'm frightened!"

("O man! if you hesitate now!")

"It was not true, dear."

"Ah!" The sigh was only a breath, but it was laden with peace.

("Good, good!")

The doctor was himself again. "Couldn't have done it better myself," he muttered as he tiptoed to the door.

"Dreams are foolish things," he heard Adam say. The hoarseness in the voice was gone. Adam spoke like a mother who comforts a frightened child. "You have been so brave, dear. You must not be frightened by a dream. See, I will stay by you while you sleep."

There were more broken murmurs, but the listener had heard enough.

Outside, on a safe side of the cucumber vines, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead, which was damp.

"All kinds of religions," he muttered, "but the greatest of these is love."

NEIGHBOURS

BY VIRNA SHEARD

IT had been raining all day, and now—at nine o'clock in the November evening — the weather had suddenly gone from bad to worse, and sleet beat upon the windows of Ned Barton's new house, while gusts of icy wind from the north rattled them in their frames. It seemed to Barton, as he pitched a fresh log upon his open fire, as though the teeth of the house chattered. He had come in, wet and chilled through, half an hour earlier, having spent the afternoon in riding over his own small ranch and into the rough country beyond, on a hunt for a yearling that with ingrained perversity had strayed from the shelter when the herd of cattle was rounded up. He had found the wanderer miles from its starting-place, but, foot-weary and starving as it was, it declined to journey homeward in anything but circles. The last grain of patience in Barton's soul was about exhausted before he fastened the bars behind its unwilling heels.

Darkness had long come when he turned into the house, and the place was fireless and black as pitch. He had stumbled around for a few minutes, anathematizing things in general and the matches in particular, for those first struck—with the total depravity belonging to so many inanimate things—spluttered one after another and went out before they set the wick of his lamp alight. However, one blazed at last; the lamp was lit, and the fire started in the box stove and on the hearth. The man took off his wet riding-coat and water-logged boots, and sat down to realize just how tired he was, before starting to get supper.

Supper did not seem to matter much anyway—not when he had to get it ready himself. To stretch out before the fire and get warmed through, and rest, after his eight hours in the saddle, seemed enough just then, hungry as he was.

Suddenly a gust of wind, stronger than before, sang through the icy trees, and the outer door flew open, slamming against the wall.

"By George!" Barton exclaimed irritably jumping up to close it. What a corker of a night! I thought I caught the latch of that door. Guess I didn't, though. I'll sure have to make a round of the outbuildings last thing before I turn in. That north window rattles like the wheels in a tambourine. The sleet's enough to break it."

Going to it, he felt around the sash. "The wood's all shrunk; I'll have to whittle a wedge for it," he muttered.

A green blind was rolled up to the top of the six small panes. Barton lifted his hand to pull it down, then paused and looked out across the darkness. Across in a straight line some quarter of a mile off there showed, even through the gray haze of the icy rain, a faint, flickering light. It shone from a window in the house of his nearest neighbour and enemy, Ann Whittamore.

Before the coming of Ann Whittamore, Barton never pulled down a blind; there had been no need then, for miles on either side of him was unpeopled country, and blinds were an ornamental folly, a mere concession to the civilized dress of windows.

The man had felt less lonely at night with the stars looking in than with blank window shades continuing the hardness of the shack walls, for the place was little more than a shack after all. Anyway, when the weather was fine, the two windows were left open, and when he leaned on the sill late at night and gazed over the unbroken land—still with a very mystery of stillness—the luminous eyes of a timber wolf would often burn red out of the velvety darkness, and then melt away, and more than once a wide-winged white owl had almost brushed his face as it passed in swift and silent flight.

He had spent three years on this little ranch near the Saskatchewan, with a young Englishman who had come out and entered into partnership with him. They had begun to get things into good shape; the herd was growing steadily; their house had been built. They had put up good winter shelters for the cattle—when changes came.

The young Englishman got suddenly sick of loneliness and isolation, sold out his share of the stock to Barton, and fled—leaving him to depend on what chance help he could get. But good luck returned, to help balance the bad, and the C.P.R. ran its line within a mile of his ranch. Following this, the lot adjoining Barton's had been sold by the railroad company to a woman, one Ann Whittamore, and she had started a fox farm with apparently plenty of capital and the enthusiasm of the young and untried.

Before her arrival workmen appeared as by magic, and an almost aggressively comfortable cottage sprang with the speed and inconsequence of a mushroom from the soil, while the fox kennels grew where foxes had known but holes hitherto.

Ned Barton waited with mild curiosity for the coming of his neighbour, and when her small share of the wilderness had been somewhat subdued, she came, companioned by an ancient lady, a bow-legged manservant who looked as though he knew horses better than men, a Chinese cook, the aforementioned foxes, and a horse.

Ned Barton owned a dog, an unpedigreed beast, more like a foxhound than anything else, and it was on the day after his neighbour's arrival that this dog—who, by the way, rejoiced in the name of Kipling—made the breach, which thereafter continued to widen between the newcomers and his master.

At noon of that day the dog had dashed at top speed to Barton, and with the air of one who had at last fulfilled his destiny, laid a small fox at his feet. Barton picked it up, turned it over, and gave a low whistle.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "Extremely dead!" He glanced over at the green-roofed cottage, dim in the distance against the background of green. "We've sure made a great beginning, Kip." Then, with a sudden light in his eyes, he turned upon the dog.

"Come on, you brute!" he said, in a tone before which all canine joyousness fled, "We will go across and apologize, and take this fox back."

First, though, he took his riding crop down from the wall, and cut the dog sharply with it a couple of times, pointing to the dead beast.

Kip understood. Not in a long life would his fox hunting propensities get the better of him again.

Hanging up the whip, Barton, with the little crumpled animal in his hand and the dog at heel, started.

Near the boundary line between the lots he met Ann Whittamore. She was riding cross saddle, and

wore a corduroy dress and rough rider hat, such as are worn by girls in the moving pictures of Wild Western Life. A red bandana handkerchief was knotted about her throat, to give the finishing touch; also she carried a rifle, and seemed well provided with cartridges.

Barton realized that the sartorial effect had not come about by accident, and a little amused smile came into his eyes.

Suddenly he became acutely conscious of the shining fluffy knobs of hair that showed under the rough-rider hat, the wild-rose pink in her cheeks, and the angry blue of her eyes.

He approached in silence that could be felt.

The girl had wheeled her horse, and waited, her eyes on the fox he carried.

Barton held it up to her.

"I am awfully sorry," he began, "tremendously sorry; I always thought"—with an apologetic backward nod at the abject Kip—"that he was a foxhound; now I am sure of it." He hesitated; "If you—if you would kindly tell me how much the fox-cub is worth?"

The girl said nothing for a moment. Her lips were a straight scarlet line.

"It is hardly a question of money," she began, "not about this one: if it had been a Silver Fox it might have been worth its weight in silver; but, as I said, it is not a question of money. I came here to raise my foxes in peace, and it seems even in the wilds they are to be cruelly killed before my eyes!"

Barton felt his apologetic attitude slipping from him. "Oh! come now," he said with a little shrug, "even if you won't let me pay for it, you must admit the killing couldn't have been done more neatly. A rat-terrier kills a rat painlessly, more painlessly than it can be accomplished by any other method. A foxhound kills foxes the same way. I suppose. . . . well . . . fox-farmers dispose of the animals in *some* way. At least the pelts are sent to market. However, I am extremely sorry, and—incidentally, I have thrashed the dog."

There was the same faint smile of amusement in his eyes, and even on his lips, as the last word left them. The girl's anger blazed again.

"I accept your apology," she returned, "but must insist, Mr. ——"

"Barton," he said.

"Mr. Barton, that you keep your —fox-hound, did you say?—on a leash. If he is found near the kennels, I regret to say, he will be shot."

With the fox before her on her saddle, she gave a little frigid bow, swung her horse around, and rode across her own land.

The man watched her; then gave a short laugh in his throat. "What a spitfire!" he said. "Took our apology so beautifully, didn't she, Kip? That's the kind who lead the suffragette processions, probably. None for mine! How I loathe to see a woman ride cross saddle! Come on, old chap; after all, a dog isn't such bad company."

And so Kip, suddenly restored to favour, bounded ahead, and they went home together; and so also from that May day six months before, an unspoken feud had lasted between Barton and his nearest neighbour.

Now on this stormy autumn night he looked over at the far light in her window. The soft yellow glow gleamed fitfully. He pulled down the blind with a snap. There were newspapers to be read; at least, papers not more than a week old. Fortunately there was a small town near enough to be reached by half a day's journey, and a man was not dependent upon neighbours. He congratulated himself on this, as he set about getting supper.

When the bacon was fairly smoking in the pan, he felt warm and cheerful enough to whistle a bit. Kip followed him about from stove to

table, and while supper progressed, watched the process, happy in the knowledge that his own would follow.

Suddenly he pricked up one ear, and listened keenly. Then he trotted to the door and put his ear to the bottom crack. After a moment he apparently concluded he had been fanciful, and returned to his position by the table. Then again he lifted his ears, and again trotted to the door.

"Settle down, old one," said his master. "Here—to your supper." He placed the plate on the hearth stones. Kip went over; sniffed at it, —left it, and returned to the door, where he put his head down stiffly, listening.

Faintly through the blustering of the wind and sleet came a thin wailing.

Ned Barton rose from his chair. "Cats!" he said, "Cats! I sure do hate that sound. I've no use for a cat, Kip, absolutely none."

He paused, listening. The far off high-pitched wail rose and fell, and died away. Coming through the darkness across the storm—that, when one got used to it, was only another form of silence—the sound made Barton's hair tingle at the roots.

"I suppose she brought a cat with her," he suggested to Kip, apropos of nothing. "Just to give the place a 'homey' feeling, don't you know? There it goes again! Hark! It's a deadly sound! Give me the howling of a coyote every time. It might be a pole-cat near the shelters. No, I bet it's just a plain tabby belonging to the lady yonder, and in the storm it somehow got lost over here."

He pulled his chair up to the fire, and shook open a newspaper. All was still for a little while, and he got started into the last parliamentary debate, when again came the faint wailing, broken by the wind.

Barton started up with a sharp exclamation.

"I can't stand that," he said. "I'll locate that heaven-forsaken beast, and bring it in out of the sleet for the night, even if it's a pole-cat kitten."

Lifting the lamp, he opened the door and looked out. A gust of wind sent the flame slanting against the chimney. Through the icy darkness, from the direction of the cattle sheds and the barn, came the insistent cry.

Barton pulled on his boots, got on his storm coat and cap, unhooked a lantern from beside the door, lit it, and tramped out, Kip following.

The barn was this side of the shelters. As he came up to it he saw the door had blown open, and from within came the wailing. It sounded hoarse and queer, but less cat-like, as he drew near.

"Some tramp's been in the barn," he muttered angrily. "The door has been opened and left ajar. I don't remember having gone into it this morning, for there was fodder enough in the stable and sheds."

On he pressed against the wind, the lantern showing a soft, unsteady light on his path. On and into the rough primitive barn, leaving the wind behind. Now the crying was close by.

Barton swung the lantern high, and looked about. An old Indian-made basket used for holding tools was fastened by ropes against one wall of the barn. The sound came from this basket.

Barton strode over to it, and by the yellow lantern light looked in. He saw a bundle, much disordered, and in the bundle a baby. A baby of only a few months. The man stared speechlessly. Kip ran madly round and round on the barn floor, with no apparent method in his madness.

Slowly Barton realized the need for action of some kind, and as slowly lifted the baby out. There was a bottle beside it still half full of a cold fluid, and a piece of white paper was pinned to its outer wrap.

Mechanically, he unpinned it, and put it in his pocket. The infant still wailed, without the least indication that it ever intended to stop. Barton held it gingerly, and looked down at it.

He noticed that it shed no tears, but its face was small and pinched, and of a miserable blueness. Ned Barton glanced around the barn in helpless appeal.

"Suffering cats!" he ejaculated. "What's a fellow to do with this?"

For a moment, he half-determined to put it back in the basket, shut the barn door, and leave it. The outrageousness of this idea brought him up short.

"Oh! Of course it can't be left here," he asserted savagely. "I'd be as bad as the brute who deserted it. But, I fail to see what's to be done. Here, you idiot," he called to the cavorting Kip. "Take the lantern, and go ahead."

Kip sobered down, took the lantern by the handle in his mouth, according as he had been taught to carry it, and preceded Barton and the wailing bundle. Unremittingly, the small hoarse cry rose and fell. It beat upon the air in an exasperating monotony.

"There's sure something wrong with it, and something mighty bad too," the man said to himself, bending against the buffeting wind, and sheltering the burden he carried as well as he could. "It never would go on this way, if there wasn't. I'll find out who left it, and settle this account, if it takes a year." A slow rage grew steadily greater within him as he swung along over the rough slippery ground.

Once inside the house Barton deposited the bundle on the table, straightened up, and shook the icy water from his hair and eyes.

Kip set the lantern on the hearth, and stood nervously watching the roll, that looked like a great brown cocoon, from which at any moment might emerge some queer thing.

As the man took his coat off, shook that also, and hung it up, a piece of paper fluttered to the floor. He reached for it, and carried it to the light.

It was the fly leaf from a magazine on which there were only a few printed lines. On the blank space there was some writing in pencil. Barton bent over it and read:

"Kind friend, whoever finds this, i am a despert and miserable man, God no's. i was bringin my wife and 8 little children out to a small home near the Rockies, an my wife she died sudden of heart failing on the train yesterday. She has been ailing, but I didn't no it was so bad. This here baby it is a twin. i can get along with the others, but one of the twins cried all the time, and the folks on the train are most crazy with it. there was a break of the engine near here, an the hands said we would be held up five hours. i saw a house a bit off an said i'd take the baby to it fur some milk. i ain't goin to take it back. i can't manage with the two of them. i'm wore out, an it will only die in the train, like its mother. Kind friend be good to it, or give it to someone as will be. i'll wrap up a shawl into a bundle and let on its gone to sleep. No one on that train will try to find out diferent, you bet. Yours in distres."

"W. W.

"P.S.—Kind friend. There wasn't nubuddy in the house, so I left him in the barn. P.S.—This is the one that cries."

The writing was atrocious, but Barton made it out. He stood staring at the torn magazine page, and listening to the steady wailing like one slowly petrifying.

The last sentence of the writing seemed to separate itself from the rest:

"This is the one that cries." . . . "Great Scott!" he said at last. "Great Scott!"

Then he began to figure things out. The train ran up the spur every three days. It was due at noon. The break would keep them five hours, according to the writing. The baby was left in his barn about two o'clock, perhaps. The train and its passengers were far on their way to the Rockies by now.

This came of leaving his house de-

serted all day, he thought fiercely. When he was riding over the ranch, anything might happen, yes, any unbelievable thing.

"This is the one that cries," he read again; and it certainly was. Anger surged through the man in a hot flood.

"Why, in Heaven's name, hadn't it been left over at the fox-farm?" he said to himself; "there were two women there."

He lifted the cocoon half savagely, and took it nearer the fire. Then he put it back on the table.

"It's starving, I suppose," he said, looking at it. "No, the table's no place for it; it might roll. I'll fix it in the rocking-chair. Perhaps it will stop going on that horrible way, if I get it some milk. Cats!" he said, with a short laugh, "I thought that sound was cats. A fellow don't know when he's well off. That immigrant sure slipped one over on me."

He got out the milk, and warmed it, then partly unwrapped the bundle and proceeded to feed the infant. But it would take no food. It simply cried, and the milk spilled from the spoon over the little miserable mouth, while no drop was swallowed.

"This is the one that cries," Barton muttered. "It sure is!"

He held it to the fire, and warmed it awkwardly. Afterwards he walked with it up and down.

The crying was a low wail now, broken and exhausted.

"It wants its mother, I guess," he said, lifting it up against his shoulder.

Then he walked again. Slowly his anger slipped away.

"It wants its mother," he said again, half aloud.

A vision of the still white figure of a woman came to him. A woman carried swiftly through the night, to be laid down presently in a new grave in a new country.

So ended many hopes. Pity stirred within him. Pity for the distracted man left with the little lonely children, bewildered and awed by sudden death.

He held the baby close against his shoulder, and walked and walked, hushing it—but still it cried faintly. Suddenly he put it down on the warm rocking-chair, strode over to the window, and let the blind run up.

Through the gray sleet still shone a yellow flickering light from his neighbour's window.

"I'll go for her," he said grimly. "This is a case for a woman. It's got me. I guess, somehow, that she will come. She's been mighty uncivil, but a woman who would care about a dead fox-cub might perhaps take some interest in a stray sick baby. Anyhow, I'll try it."

He barricaded the rocking-chair with other chairs, screened the fire, and turned down the light; then went out.

When he came back, nearly an hour later, there was a woman with him. She wore a short-skirted corduroy dress and heavy boots; also her cap might have been a boy's cap, but the hair escaping from under it was yellow and curly, and her face, wet with the rain, was rosy and eager. It was not a very young face, as girls in their teens count the word, but it looked young to Ned Barton, for a woman who had dared an enterprise in a new rough country.

He wondered, in a sub-conscious sort of way, just how old she was. Apart from this, he was bidding her welcome to his house, turning up the lamp as he did so.

He had told her how he had found the baby, of his utter inability to quiet it, of his general panic at the situation, and so thrown himself upon her mercy. He had thought the older woman would be able to come, perhaps, but that Ann Whittamore would not hear of. She was a Frenchwoman who spoke little English, and was besides too old and frail.

The two had crossed between the lots in comparative silence, though the flag of truce had been run up for the night at least.

Now, inside Barton's house, and by his fire, the girl accepted the situation quite naturally. She took off her coat and cap, and stood waiting for action.

"It's there," said Barton, superfluously, pointing to the barricaded chair.

"So I hear," she answered. "It sounds as though it had been crying for hours. Could you please get me some warm water; quite a lot, and a tin bath, or something to hold it. I'll try a bath first. I've brought flannels and things to wrap it in."

There was hot water in the kettle on the box stove. Barton brought it, and dragged out his own tin tub, while the girl sat in the rocking-chair, and rocked the uninvited guest.

When the bath was ready, she began to unroll the cocoon.

Its father fixed it into this, I suppose," she volunteered. "No woman would roll things round a baby so many times. No, I will not need anything else, thanks—yes—if you are going over to the barn, you can leave the . . . the dog. Dogs are always company. Did you put some milk on to get warm?"

"Yes."

"I'll get it when I need it."

When Barton came back from having made the round of his stable and cattle shelters, all was quiet in the warm front room. The girl still rocked before the fire, the baby in her arms. She was singing a little French song. Barton didn't know much French, but he understood what the song meant. The baby, at last, was quite still.

Kip, stretched at full length, slumbered in an abandonment to the luxury of the hour.

The rocking, and the little song, went on. Barton crossed to the fire and stood with his back to it.

"I'd like to know how you did it," he said, in a voice somewhat humble and appealing. "You're a wonder; that's all there is to it, and it was mighty fine of you to come to my help."

"Oh! any woman would have—" she answered shortly.

"Not on your life they wouldn't," returned the man.

The girl glanced up with a swift smile.

"Oh, yes," she said, "any woman."

Then she went on with the song. Barton stood, silent. She was not a person to be argued with, he concluded. Going to the table, he picked up the magazine page and read the atrocious letter to her in a low voice.

"Isn't that the limit?" he said, when he had ended the last postscript.

"The limit," she agreed.

For once, Barton concluded, they thought alike, and he smiled at it.

"Yes, I fancy that man had got to the very limit," Ann Whittamore said slowly, her eyes looking into the fire. "Oh, poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

"Well, really!" exclaimed Barton, "I hardly meant that, you know; I meant—of course—wasn't it the limit to bring the baby here and leave it. 'This is the one that cries!' Can you beat that?"

"Oh, did I misunderstand?" she questioned. Then slowly, "Yes, of course, I see. Well, I think that was the limit, too. But I don't believe it will cry any more."

"Allah be praised!" Barton exclaimed. "But why don't you think so?"

"For one thing, there was a pin scratching it dreadfully, and everything was tight and uncomfortable, and its little feet were cold as ice. It was just miserable—not sick. After the bath it drank the warm milk, and just went to sleep. It's a pretty baby."

The miracle sounded quite simple, as she explained it.

"It wouldn't have stopped crying

for me in a thousand years," said the man.

He went to the stove, where the kettle was singing, made some tea, and set out supper on the table.

Ann Whittamore laid the baby in its improvised cradle, sat down at the table opposite Barton, and poured tea. Under the corduroy coat, she had worn a blouse, blue and lacy—her hair shone in the lamplight.

The man watched her almost curiously. It was so long since a woman had poured tea for him. Then he leaned towards her, his eyes on the soft curve of her throat. Slowly he raised them.

"I am sorry—horribly sorry," he said, "about the fox-cub."

"And I," she returned, a swift wave of colour coming to her face. "I was simply unpardonable. It was an accident."

"Just that," Barton replied, "and we are neighbours—after all, you know, Miss—Miss—Whittamore."

"Ann Whittamore," she broke in, coming to his rescue. "Those who really know me call me Annette."

The clock on the wall struck five. The girl rose and went to the window. The morning was breaking fair. A faint gray, tinged with pink, showed in the northeast.

"I will wrap the baby up, and take it home. It is morning, you see," she said.

"Home!" he exclaimed. "You?—Oh, no; it's my problem that I will have to work out now. I thought the child was ill—perhaps dying—when I went for you."

Ann Whittamore was putting on her jacket. She glanced up at Barton swiftly, the little determined expression he knew, but no longer hated, in her eyes. . . . Then it passed, and she smiled.

"Please," she coaxed. "Let me take it; just for now. Old Madame will love it; later its fate can be decided."

The man looked around his bare room. Certainly it was no place for a baby. Anyway, it might start to cry again.

"If you insist," he began, "but only just for the present. . . ."

"I *insist*," she smiled.

So, in the gray of the morning, they returned to Ann Whittamore's cottage, Kip gambolling beside them; Barton carrying the waif.

At the door he handed it to her. It still slept peacefully.

"I may come over occasionally—that is—by-and-by, to see how the infant is getting on—may I not?" he petitioned.

"Of course," nodded the girl. "Didn't you say that we are neighbours?"

Barton lifted her hand, and touched it with his lips.

"Neighbours," he answered, "and *friends*."

A MADONNA

From the Painting by Laura Muntz. Exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition by courtesy of the Honourable Sydney Fisher

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

ME AND THE MILITIA

BY ROBERT BARR

MANY years ago the Militia of Canada joined itself with me; the object of this union being the greater security of the Dominion. The combination was a gratifying success and reflected credit on the far-seeing statesmanship of the promoters. I have no wish in this historical publication to lay claim to a greater share in the defence of Canada than is justly due me, but it is a significant fact which cannot be controverted, that since the Minitia and myself joined forces, no invader has dared to set hostile foot upon the free soil of the Dominion. Of course, the moment the news of our junction reached Europe the Chancellories of the old world at once got on their ears, as the classic phrase has it, and claimed that our combination was a menace to them. They have since quieted down and accepted the inevitable. But, speaking for myself, I hereby put it on record, that no thought of interfering with them ever entered my mind. I cannot answer for the Militia, of course, but my recollection of the boys who composed it is, that they were far from being a bloodthirsty lot. Our motto was "Defence," and not "Defiance," and if for awhile we did terrorise the earth the fault cannot, with justice, be attributed to us.

It was in the charming and picturesque town of St. Thomas, Ontario, that I joined the local body of Volunteers, and so thoroughly was I drilled that to this day when I see an innocent horseman approach on the road I feel an inclination to drop on my right knee, place my walking-stick at an angle of forty-five and prepare to receive cavalry. A year ago, in Syria, I put a Turkish company through the evolutions of Canadian drill, and surprised myself, and the company, too, at the readiness with which all the cabalistic words of command came back to me. The Turks proved quick to learn, which was rather odd when you remember that neither of us understood a word the other was saying. However, in drilling, practical demonstration goes much farther than spoken language, and, besides, the language used by a British drill-sergeant is a good deal more Turkish than it is English. No drill-sergeant can hope to succeed who speaks the English language with propriety, as the old text-books on grammar used to put it. Our drill-sergeant used to imagine that "Shoe-la-humph!" meant "Shoulder arms!" and no one in our company ever had the courage to correct him.

Last Queen's Birthday, revisiting St. Thomas after an absence of many years, I had the pleasure of standing on the sidewalk and seeing my successors march past, and a well set-up, well-drilled body of young men they were. Little they imagined that a veteran was viewing them with critical eyes; one who had been there himself. Indeed, I have read that my distinguished fellow-soldier the Duke of Wellington in his older days frequently watched the evolutions of troops, himself unrecognized.

I was a stranger to all the boys of the company when I joined it, and being a modest and retiring sort of person, as I am still, I knew very few of them when I forsook bloodshed, and at this date not a single name of those military heroes comes back to me, except those of two of the officers. Captain Day had charge of the company, and Neil Caswell was lieutenant, who became captain when Day retired. It gives me deep regret to put on record the fact that the troops we all unanimously desired to fight were those of the British Regular Army, and this entirely without any feeling of disloyalty towards the Old Country. A section of the British Regulars was at that time stationed at London, which was then situated some eighteen miles to the north of St. Thomas, and I suppose, unless great changes have taken place, the mileage between the two cities remains the same to-day. Added to our other troubles was the misfortune that periodically British officers came down from London to inspect us and put us through our drill. Now, the British officer, when you meet him on what he imagines is social equality, is a very nice fellow indeed, usually genial and capable, a man who knows how to do things, and he does them well, but he cannot help despising a Volunteer, just as an expert in any trade despises an amateur, and added to this, we were Colonials in his estimation, and, of course, did not amount to anything, not belonging to a little island twenty-one miles off the coast of France, where he came from. The chances are that the British officer of to-day takes a broader view of things than he did at that time. He probably knows more than his predecessor did, but my experience of the British officer then was that he was a conceited, swaggering bully, and the only mistake the St. Thomas Militia made during my connection with it was that we allowed so many Regular officers to return alive to London. We might so easily have dropped them from the tall railway bridge, or waylaid them on Talbot Street. Still our mercy toward them merely arose from the inexperience of youth and should not be held against us.

One detestable little rat that came down from London was a Major whom I shall not name; but we called him in the company "Old Shoe-la-humph." He was an undersized individual who put on more side than the six tallest men you will find in Canada to-day. He wore high glazed boots, into which his little trousers were tucked, and the sides of the boots he constantly slapped with a small rattan cane he carried, marching up and down before us, erect as a ramrod, with as much importance in his bearing as if he owned Canada and was in negotiation for the rest of the British Empire. Our officers were quite palpably in terror of him, and as for us, we frankly and cordially hated him. As my ill-luck would have it, Major Shoe-la-humph descended upon us the second time that I had drilled with the company, when my military knowledge had so far advanced that I knew it was the butt of the gun that I placed to my shoulder, and not the other end. Captain Day arranged his troops in two lines, and he placed me, very kindly, in the rear rank, in the palpitating hope that my ignorance would be at least partially covered by the men in the front column, who had been longer at the trade. All went well until we came to the bayonet drill, which called upon me and the others to take the sharp-pointed triangular prog that hung from our belts at our hips, and snap it on the muzzle of the gun. You whipped out your bayonet as a Westerner draws his revolver, placed its socket on the nozzle of the gun, shoved it home, gave it a half-turn, when something clicked and there it was, or else something clicked first and you gave it a half-turn afterwards, I really forget at the moment

of going to press just how it was, but, anyhow, it was a puzzle that was beyond me. I fumbled and rattled away at it, and when the command came to Shoulder Arms my bayonet was up at the top of my gun, wobbling about like a loose-jointed lightning-rod in a storm. I breathed a silent hope that it would remain in position, but that was not to be. The first order was to jab an imaginary man on an imaginary horse, and that passed off all right, because the gun was held upwards at an angle of forty-five. The next order I got through by exercising great care. It was to slaughter an imaginary infantry person in front of us. The third movement brought disaster; here we had to meet an imaginary company coming up a slope, and so had to turn our guns over and thrust them forward and downward. The three-cornered blade described a beautiful arc in the air, and to my own horror and the consternation of the company, it cleared front rank, stuck point first in the the floor, and there stood trembling, which, indeed, I was doing myself. The little Major, his face red with anger, strode up to the quivering bayonet like a roaring British lion.

"That man stand forward!" he cried.

I stood forward, the front rank opening to let me through.

"What the devil do you mean by *that,* sir?" he shouted, shaking his rattan at the incriminating bayonet.

Now in spite of the fact that I was more familiar with the adjusting of a ploughshare than the fixing of a bayonet I was nevertheless a free man, and was unaccustomed to being addressed as if I were a particularly objectionable kind of dog, so I had the cheek to reply:

"Well, Major, I suppose I jabbed the enemy so hard that the bayonet stuck in his body."

This the Major regarded as insolence, as doubtless it was, and he ordered me at once to the guardhouse, where I was left that night to meditate on the inadvisability of trying to be funny with one of Her Majesty's officers.

By the time the Major came round again I knew how to fasten on my bayonet, but he had his eye on me and ordered me out from the rear rank into the front. My own officers looked very uneasy at this transition, as well they might. Strutting up and down the rank he snapped at me:

"Hold up your chin, sir."

I endeavoured to do so, but with indifferent success. One distinction between us and the Regulars was, that we could not keep our backs so straight, nor could we hold our chins so high in the air, so I suppose that to a real military man we looked somewhat slouchy, but, anyhow, the Major said nothing further, but the next time he passed me he raised his rattan and struck me a smart blow under the chin. I have no doubt that this Major was a brave man and possibly before that time, and since, has passed through many dangers with credit to himself, but I can assure him that he never came so close to his death as when he struck me under the chin with his rattan cane. His good luck and mine carried him quickly past me. He was a nervous, energetic, little beggar, never long in the one spot, while I was rather slow and deliberate in my movements, but if he had not got so speedily out of striking distance I should certainly have introduced my bayonet into his stomach, and he would have had no complaint to make that it wasn't fastened securely enough. However, by the time he returned my chin was high enough in the air to satisfy anybody, and the wave of anger and resentment had passed over me.

My final bout with the Major occurred in the *Hutchinson House,* a hotel standing on Talbot Street, then the centre of the place, but now far down town because of the extraordinary growth of St. Thomas towards the east. The *Hutchinson House* was a square building and most of us look-

ed on it then as probably the largest hotel in the world, which, the chances are, it was not. I don't know why the company drilled that night in the large ball-room on the top floor, which occupied the whole length and breadth of the building, but at any rate such was the case. During the first part of the drill we acquitted ourselves to our own credit and doubtless to the satisfaction of Her Majesty the Queen, when we were allowed to stand easy. There was an intermission of a quarter of an hour or so, when Captain Day called upon me to mount guard at the door with fixed bayonet and loaded gun. When I took my place he said, half apologetically:

"The Major and the officers are going downstairs for a few moments, but you are to allow nobody to pass. I have chosen you because you are a stranger in the company and it will be less difficult to withstand their persuasions than it would be for anyone else."

"But supposing they force themselves past me?" I asked, not at all liking the duty thrust upon me.

"What is your bayonet for?" inquired the Major sharply, impatient at the delay.

I had some notion of answering that it was usually for sticking in the floor, but, having no desire to spend the remainder of the night in a guard-house, I kept silence. The officers went downstairs, and, as soon as they were gone, a number of the boys got round me, their spokesman persuasively urging me to allow them to pass.

"It is absurd," he said with some truth, "that the officers should go down to guzzle at the *Hutchinson House* bar while the company is compelled to remain thirsty upstairs in the ball-room, an aristocratic state of things not to be permitted in a democratic country."

"I can't help it," I answered. "You cannot pass until Captain Day gives permission.

"Oh, that's nonsense. He only put you here to please the Major. The Major is not our officer, and Day won't say anything. Anyhow, we'll all be back before they return."

"I'm sorry, but I can't allow it," I persisted.

This brought forth many pertinent remarks pertaining to my personal appearance and character, then finally one said:

"Let's rush him. He can't stop us."

There seemed to be an inclination to follow this advice, and I cried out seriously:

"You can, of course, rush past me, that is, all but two, and those two will be dead, one with the bayonet, the other with a bullet."

They drew apart into a group and consulted in whispers. I was relieved to hear one say:

"I really believe the cuss means it," for I *did* mean it, and was not feeling at all happy that such was the case. Finally, the chief spokesman detached himself from the group and approached me, while I, fearing some trick, kept my level bayonet pointed towards him.

"It's all right," he said soothingly, "we're not going to attempt any shenanagen, but look here. Let me go downstairs alone. I'm going to bring up a pail of beer. I'll keep clear of the officers and nobody will know anything about it. I shan't get the beer here at all, but up the street."

"I can't do it," I said stubbornly.

"There's no use in being a hog," he suggested with rising anger.

"Perhaps not, but it's root hog or die with me, while I'm in the hog business."

What the outcome would have been I do not know, but some one shouted: "It's all right; leave him alone!"

The company massed themselves at the other end of the room. I saw there was some excitement, but could not make out what was going on. I was left alone by the guarded door, like the boy standing on the burning

deck, overcome with a feeling of remorse at the necessary meanness I had been compelled to exhibit towards my comrades, and yet not seeing any way out of it; angry also, that they could not be made to understand that I was simply endeavouring to perform my duty. The crowd at the end of the hall seemed to be diminishing, the cause of which depletion I could not guess, but I was soon to be enlightened. Up the stair, two steps at a time, in a towering rage, sprang the Major, followed by the officers.

"How dared you allow the men to pass?" he shrieked at me.

"No one passed down these stairs," I said.

"That is not true; half the company are down at the bar."

Before I could reply, the Captain spoke up:

"I see how it is; they have gone down in the dumb waiter," which was indeed the case. The dumb waiter, which consisted of a sort of hand elevator with two shelves, for bringing refreshments up to the ball-room, had been discovered by the boys, and they had carefully lowered two at a time, who had doubled themselves up on the shelves. Thus, already half the company had descended, and two stalwart fellows were at that moment gently lowering a couple more. The Major acted like a flash before anyone could stop him, scattered the group at the other end of the room, and either cut the ropes or thrust the men aside; anyhow, there was an appalling crash and a wild yell. The officers stood by the door for a moment, too astonished at this rough reprisal to speak. After the yell, a dead silence pervaded the large room, then a hollow voice came up a flue saying:

"If you fellows think there is anything funny in doing a thing like that, you're mistaken, and I'll lick the man who did it. I believe you've killed Sam Peters on the lower shelf."

As a matter of fact, Sam was not much hurt, although he was knocked speechless for the time being, and the elevator was wrecked. As the Major went to go downstairs I presented the bayonet point to his breast.

"You cannot pass," I said.

"What!" he cried, all his colour coming back. "None of your insolence, sir. I'll have you punished for presenting your gun at your officer."

"You are no officer of mine. I am under Captain Day's orders, and he said, 'Let no one pass.'"

"You can't be such a fool as you look," replied the angry man. "You know very well that does not apply to me."

"It does while I am here. You advance another step and I'll show you."

Now look you how uncertain a thing popularity is. The Volunteers, who but a moment before had been cursing me, actually raised a cheer and cordially invited the hesitating Major to advance. What might have happened the God of War only knows, but, providentially, Captain Day came up at that juncture and relieved me of my guard duty.

By one of those curious coincidences that man would not dare use in a novel, but which often happens in real life, I met the Major a few years ago on the coast of Norway, a little, old, weasened half-pay officer, retired; as mild as new milk. It is only fair to him to say that he utterly denied having struck me, said he would have been court-martialed for doing such a thing, which is probably true if I had belonged to the Regulars, but nevertheless the incident happened just as I have related it. However, the little man and I spent some most companionable hours together in the smoking-room, neither of us holding any grudge against the other for what had happened many years ago in Canada, when the Militia and I were co-operating together.

A TRADE IN SONS

BY GEORGE PATTULLO

THERE was consternation in the Circle Bar bunk-house. Along the wagon track leading from the manager's abode a female figure was approaching, and it did not require any extraordinary visual effort to recognize that waddling, dignified progress as belonging to Mrs. Gifford. And out of the smooth, hard space in front of the saddle shed her son Tom was at that moment engaged in shooting dice with two ladies from Doghole.

Not a man in the outfit but felt a hot flush of shame tingle up his spine as the possibilities of this *contretemps* unfolded themselves. It was no fault of theirs that visitors were present. This was Sunday afternoon and in two days the summer round-up would begin, so a dozen of them were overhauling saddles, blankets, and traps, two were tinkering with the chuck-wagon, and four more were in the neighbouring horse corral putting the fear of the rope and the thrall of human will upon sundry bronchos fresh from the mountain pastures. The others were grouped about the doorway of the bunk-house and on the benches beside the dinner table; one privileged individual actually sat in the cook's private room writing a letter to his girl—writing with lead pencil on the top of a box.

Into this scene the two ladies had obtruded half an hour previously, greeted with slight nods as their buckboard drew up, and a stony silence that nobody attempted to break until young Gifford's appearance from the kitchen, whither he had gone for matches. He gave them welcome as dear friends, and with the shameless grace that made him beloved even of the stern wagon boss, led their horse to the corner of the blacksmith shop, tied him there, and then assisted the ladies to alight that they might view the round-up preparations.

"Them gals has got for to git, an' git quick," announced Dave, breathing heavily as he mopped the perspiration from his face.

"How kin they git away when they'll have to run slap into Miz Gifford? She kin see 'em whichever ways they go," retorted Uncle Henry, fairly dancing in his anxiety.

The manager's wife was now a scant three hundred yards away, and at her usual rate of progression was due to arrive in five minutes. As the realization of this smote upon his numbed brain, the cook's brow grew stern, and he turned towards the back door with gloomy determination.

"You sort of walk down to meet her, careless like, Uncle Henry, an' keep her talkin'. I'll git rid of these."

"Keep her talkin'? Me?" cried Uncle Henry, in a quavering voice. "Say, Dave, you cain't mean it. Don't go thataway, Dave. What'll I talk to her about?"

"Why, anythin' at all. Jist begin easy like an' keep her amused so she won't notice nothin'. You might try her on the view or somethin' like that. She ain't been hyar long," said Dave over his shoulder.

"View?" bawled Uncle Henry. "What view? I ain't never seen one, an' I've been hyar thirty-six years. Thar's nothin' round hyar but mountains an' perairie, Dave. Don't be a fool."

All such protests were froth. Uncle Henry finally threw away his cigarette and, with a sickly smile, sauntered in what he imagined to be a careless manner down the wagon track to meet Mrs. Gifford. She saw his approach with surprise, but greeted him pleasantly enough, though she was puffing with the unaccustomed exertion of walking; and Uncle made a capital start by remarking that she must feel the effort of moving in such heat a hard task on account of her weight. By the time she had elucidated to him the difference between being fleshy and merely plump, five minutes had been gained to Dave.

"Shoo! cried big Dave, trotting out to where the dice-throwing went merrily forward. "Shoo!"

He waved his arms as he was accustomed to do in scaring chickens out of the kitchen, and the two ladies looked up in consternation. One was a Mexican, black-eyed, black-haired, the rouge heavy on her cheeks, and her eyebrows penciled; the second was an American of excessively yellow hair; and both were partial to musk. Young Gifford stowed the dice in his pocket.

"The missus is comin'," blurted the cook. "Tom, you git back to the bunk-house an' be writin' in my room. Youall take that lil' ol' team of yourn an' hit the trail." Sulkily the visitors rose. They relished neither the dismissal nor the cause nor manner of it.

"Why, I ain't saw Tom in months," observed the blonde, "an' to be treated like this—it ain't what any lady is going to stand. Let the ol' woman come. She won't hurt us, an' we won't eat her."

"The missus would have youall flayed alive," replied Dave.

He glanced back and beheld Mrs. Gifford already in the doorway of the bunk-house. Without further ceremony the cook bundled the visitors into their buckboard and started them off over the prairie in the opposite direction to Doghole. He treated them with elaborate deference as they drove off. It cost him a struggle, but he lifted his hat, a concession that he had tremendous difficulty in explaining to the outfit later. And when they had become a mere speck crawling across the face of the plain, the cook went indoors and related in a good-natured voice to Mrs. Gifford how the wife and sister of the janitor of the Fort sanitarium had driven over with news of a patient—had he known of Miz Gifford's approach he would have detained them to be introduced. Mrs. Gifford had witnessed the departure and was convinced: man told you, wasn't it, mother?" demanded her son.

"I'll just sit here an' rest," she sighed, accepting the chair the cook dusted for her, and she pulled from a mysterious pocket in her skirt a battered envelope.

"Tom," she continued, "Mr. Thatcher, the owner of the Circle Bar, has just written your father to say he is sending his son out here."

"Oh, Lordy," groaned Tom; "a tenderfoot to look after. How long is he going to stay?"

"I don't know. He's going to work here, I reckon. I hurried over to get you because this letter was delayed and young Mr. Thatcher may arrive any time now. Your father wants you to go to Doghole to meet him."

"Let's see the letter."

With an amused grin young Gifford slowly deciphered the scrawl:

Boston, Mass., July 20, '06.

My Dear Gifford:

I am sending my son Richard to work on the Circle Bar ranch. Doubtless you can find something for him to do. It is not my custom to make explanations, but one is due you; and I trust implicitly in your discretion. I want you to make a man of Dick. He has been a bit wild, and what with my numerous interests here,

which leave me so little time for family matters, I have found it beyond me to handle him.

Understand me—there is nothing vicious about the boy. He couldn't do a mean thing. But he's wild, just full of animal spirits. I've paid his debts three times, and my constant nightmare is that he'll marry a Merry Burlesquer. Don't give him any money, and work him harder than any man you've got. If he's like his dad, he will flourish.

What about your own boy? You once said something about him not caring for ranch life. I might possibly make a place for him in the railway.

I hope you made that shipment satisfactorily.

HARVEL THATCHER.

P.S.—Dick leaves for Doghole by the 11.55 to-morrow morning.

"What on earth we'll do with him I don't know," complained Mrs. Gifford. "I wanted Mr. Gifford to put him to mending the water holes with you, Tom, because I thought you'd be company for each other. But he said——"

"That wouldn't make a man of him. It's a lazy man's job, tendin' water," interrupted the tactful Dave.

"And that's exactly what the old man told you, wasn't it, mother?" demanded her son.

Mrs. Gifford looked helplessly at both and was endeavouring to frame a reply when an interruption occurred that obviated the need. There came the noise of wheels, and once more the buckboard from Doghole drew up before the bunk-house and a shrill, hard voice hailed the inmates:

"Say, boys, has the ol' woman gone? I clean forgot my dice. Where's Tom? He put 'em in his pocket."

The manager's wife rose trembling from her chair and gazed at her son with rolling, frightened eyes. She gasped for breath, but recovering herself by an effort of will, went to the doorway and surveyed the pair. Shaking as with palsy, she turned and seized him by the arms. "Tom; Tom, dear, tell me those creatures didn't come here to see you. Oh, my little Tom, they couldn't. It isn't possible."

"Mother, I can explain——"

"No, you needn't try. I'll attend to them." She walked outside and stood shading her eyes against the sun's fierce glare with one chubby hand. "Mr. Ford," she called, "send one of the boys to drive these women off the place. If they're within ten miles of Circle Bar headquarters in an hour, I'll have them whipped."

"This is gover'ment land," shrilled one lady in response. "an' we've got as much right here as you, I reckon. We'll git away from your ol' headquarters, but we'll take our time movin'. Who're you, anyway? We're jist as good as you."

"So this is the janitor's wife and his sister, Dave?" blazed Mrs. Gifford.

Suddenly her tone softened and she looked at the cook as though she had just discovered a new personality. I see, Dave. I'm sorry; you were doing it for Tom, I reckon," And when fat Dick had ridden off beside the callers: "Tom, will you please take me home? I want to talk with your father."

Next morning a rider from the Circle Bar ranch-house plodded through the dust along the trail to Doghole. His mission was twofold—to meet young Mr.Thatcher, from whom a telegram of the cheeriest nature had been received at a cost of eighteen dollars for special messenger, and to post a letter. Three solid hours of wearing effort had the manager put on this epistle the previous night, though it was not long and was exceedingly businesslike. It read:

Circle Bar Ranch, New Mexico,
July 25, '06.

Mr. Harvey Thatcher, Boston Mass.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 20th inst. to hand and contents noted. I have sent a man to meet Richard and will put him to work with the boys in the round-up. If there's any good in him it will come out there; and what's bad in him he'll be so busy he'll forget.

As a trade I send you my son Tom. He leaves July 27th for Boston. If you will put him to work in the railway, as you so obligingly mentioned, I'll be glad. I'd

like if you made him swing a pick. I confess I don't understand Tom. He's only nineteen, and is a big, overgrown boy, yet he seems like an old man in some ways—not the right ways. He don't like this ranch life. I've tried him at everything from punching cattle to helping the cook and tending water, but he don't fit in. So there must be something wrong somewhere.

While I wouldn't like to see the boy stuck, I'd rather he lived on his pay. His mother has always petted him and he'll borrow any time he gets a chance. He always says he would rather owe a man than cheat him out of it.

I trust the exchange will be mutually profitable.

ED. GIFFORD.

P.S.—I don't know what the Merry Burlesquers are, but if they ain't good for Richard, I reckon they're bad for Tom, too. Steer him off.

*

The first day of the round-up was over. The work lay in a dry section and the boys were endeavouring to make a pail of water suffice for the washing of thirty men, when Reb rode into camp with the proprietor's son. Reb appeared ill at ease and came to his supper shame-faced.

"He's a dude," he mumbled to Uncle Henry, as the two came together in hauling out their tin plates from the chuckbox.

Young Mr. Thatcher was all that and worse. He had a beautiful pair of English pigskin leggings; the crown of his hat was neatly dented on four sides; his sleeves were rolled to the elbows; and a fine silk kerchief hung gracefully about his neck above a white silk shirt. Mr. Thatcher had also an elaborately polished automatic six-shooter suspended at his hip.

"Where's Mr. Ford?" he demanded.

"I'm Ford," snorted the wagon boss.

"I'm Richard Thatcher. Mr. Gifford told me to report to you."

"You'll find your beddin' over beside the wagon. Had your supper? Git your plate an' cup an' knife an' fork, an' dig in. An' say, Thatcher"—the wagon boss led him tenderly to one side—"what's that thing you're packin' on your hip?"

"Why, a gun, of course. Why?"

"A gun? Well, now. We never see 'em round here. Too peaceful. Say, put it away in your war-bag or you'll be shootin' yourself."

"All right. Much obliged for the tip. I'm a bit green at this," responded Thatcher, flushing.

"Go on now. You're joking."

When the boys gathered about the fire after supper or lay on some favoured one's trap to sing and tell stories, the tenderfoot felt horribly out of it. Not that he was intentionally ostracized, but the groups to which he drifted either grew quiet and stared reflectively into the darkness at nothing, or went on with their amusements precisely as if he had not been there, without even a welcoming word. After listening to several songs, he came to the conclusion that his finest college efforts would be insipid to this audience, and so crawled away to his bedding, which Uncle Henry, in a moment of weakness, had rearranged so that one could sleep in it.

Saddle-sore, exhausted, white with dust, and blinking red-eyed in the terrible noonday sun, Thatcher was one of those who held the herd next day while Dick and Reb cut out the cows and calves. An old yellow cow, all legs and horns, raced away toward a draw plentifully sprinkled with mesquite bushes, and the tenderfoot went after her. His horse Nigger had eight years of this sort of work to his credit, and after vainly trying to guide him, Thatcher had sufficient sense to let him go where he pleased. The two were almost upon the cow when she doubled back; Nigger "turned through himself" in one stride and was once more in pursuit; but Thatcher continued on in the direction they had started, not having anticipated this move. A puncher rushed to his help, but the boy rose without aid, dusted himself and limped painfully to Nigger's head, where he stood waiting in some wonderment. Thatcher's face was red with

shame, but he made no excuses. The wagon boss watched him anxiously. Would he flog the horse? The Easterner settled himself in the saddle, spoke an encouraging word to Nigger, and went quietly back to his post. Ford grinned his approval.

"There's no yellow in him or he'd shore have licked ol' Nigger," he commented.

Every morning the boy opened his eyes upon darkness and gloom, and no darkness could equal his spirits in blackness. He was stiff and sore all the time; a calf he had flanked had kicked him in fifty places; he loathed the life. Nothing but cattle and horses every hour of day and night—he hadn't heard anything else fit for mention talked about by the men. Five days had gone by and he had had nothing in the shape of a wash but dabbling his hands and face with some muddy buffalo-wallow water. He mentioned this fact to Dave.

"Five days?" repeated Dave, mystified. "Say, Dick, don't you go for to worry none yit. It's onhealthy, too much washin'. Wait till you've gone five months."

Yet Thatcher was making progress. There were no longer any dents in his hat; his sleeves were long, and in place of the pretty English leggings he wore the toughest pair of boots he could borrow. The boys were beginning to thaw out to him, too, and even admitted that there might be some merit to a song he ventured to give them, only they were unable to see any. And about this time, recovering of his stiffness and wounds, there surged back in him the craving for excitement other than the normal, healthy thrills of work—that craving with which Harvey Thatcher, railroad president and mine owner, had been unable to contend.

"Thatcher's done gone to Doghole," Maclovio, the horse wrangler, shot it out at Ford as they ate supper. "He passed me over to Ki-yote Crick."

"Yes?" Ford's face was impassive; he knew how to handle his men. "I done sent him there." They knew he hadn't, but respected him for standing up for one of his outfit and his own dignity. And when three days had gone by and young Thatcher returned, a dilapidated, nerve-wrecked youth, they waited expectantly to see him ride away to headquarters, with orders to get his time. Nothing of the sort happened.

"I want to see you, Dick," said Ford, and he led the way to his tarp. "Now," sitting down on it, "your father owns the Circle Bar, don't he? An' I'm wagon boss. I cain't fire you, because he pays. But I can say who'll work for me, an' when anyone thinks he can sneak off without leave because he's the owner's son, he's wrong.

"Wait a minute. You can tell all that to your dad. I was goin' to send you in an' let Gifford do what he liked, but I believe there's somethin' better in you than a shirker, Dick. So we'll forget this. You go to work an' quit gambling. . . . Oh, I've seen you an' Cotton an' Waggoner shootin' dice. . . . Well, that's all. You'll do day herd to-morrow."

It was the longest speech Ford ever made in his life.

A retort was on the boy's lips, but he swallowed it and walked slowly to his bed, which Bob Saunders shared. They had worked up into the mountains by this time, and when old Dave's summons roused them next morning the peaks stood out against a whitish-gray sky. A rosy glow succeeded the gray as Thatcher drew on his boots. He stood up, and in the first deep breath drank in the tang of the mountain air. So sweet and pure it was that the reaction came—the thought of Doghole was nauseating. There rushed over him a love of this vastness and solitude. Suddenly he felt big and strong, full of a tenderness for all the world.

"Oh, it's bully. It's bully," he breathed.

Ford was cinching his saddle when

somebody approached him through the dark.

"Mr. Ford, I—I came to say I am sorry for the trouble I've caused. I'm going to work now."

Whereat Ford turned swiftly and paid the greatest tribute he know, "I wouldn't be surprised if you'd make a cowhand, Dick," he said.

❊

Boston, Mass., Dec. 21, 1907.

Dearest Mother: This is to wish you a very happy Christmas and the same to Dad and all the kids. Also to tell you I am now in the division superintendent's office. My salary is $150 a month. That sounds big to you, but it isn't much here.

However, I save some of it. I inclose thirty dollars for yourself and the kids as a Christmas reminder. You will also find inclosed another postal order for forty which you will please give Dod. Tell him it is to pay him back for what he sent me last year to buy "books and Morris chairs." etc. I never got them—in fact, if he has preserved my letters, he'll find I asked three times for money for chairs. That was due to forgetfulness.

I haven't had a drink in ten months, and I never do anything else you need to be ashamed of me for. I am also sending twenty-five dollars to go toward Uncle Jem's keep in the sanitarium. Give old Dave and all the boys my best. They're thoroughbreds if ever there were any.

Your affectionate son,

TOM.

❊

In the month of August, two years after his arrival at the ranch, Thatcher rode with the Circle Bar outfit into Doghole. Ford was in the lead, and a certain possibility worried him.

"Dick, I reckon we'd better have jist a touch. We've got to put in a day here idle."

"Go ahead without me, Mr. Ford. You don't mind counting me out? I'll take a small one and then I've got some letters to write."

The wagon boss studied his face keenly, and he chuckled as he led his men to Nasby's. Five minutes afterwards young Thatcher shook up his horse and cantered over to the Doghole Eating House, where he wrote this letter:

Doghole, New Mexico, Aug. 20, '08.

Dear: It is long since I wrote you, but round-up time doesn't make for letter writing. Your letter of June 6th reached me safely, though worn and frayed at the edges because Bobby got it mixed up with some packages of cigarette tobacco when he was caught in a storm. The outfit is in town, for we're to load and ship sixteen hundred head.

But it was not of our work, though I love it now, nor of the boys—and I believe I love them, too, especially old Dave—that I started out to tell you.

I'm coming home. I hope that you will find me greatly changed. Do you remember once when I had finished a fine, long speech about reforming and showing the world what I could do? You remarked dispassionately that it sounded well, but you would like to see me prove it. Dear, I think I have proved myself. At any rate I am coming home that you may judge.

JACK.

SOME NORTHERN PIONEERS

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

IN the morning soon after sun-up, we continue our joyous journey down the Athabasca, but the birds are out and about before us. An occasional duck rises sharply off the water with a whirr of wet wings, but generally they are self-complacent and play at "last across the road" with the ship, just as if they sought trouble and despised it. The young ducklings who have only taken to water these few days agone, form themselves into tiny rafts and one might almost expect to see a fairy step aboard them. The fish jump out of the water, praying to be caught. They look like strips of silver ribbon. Mr. Patrick O'Kelly, who is also watching their come and go, declares this to be a sign of rain. "When birds fly low, lady, and when fish swim near the surface, it is well to bring in the clothes off the line." He also says that the plover's cry indicates rain, even as does its name—the *pluvoir,* or rain-bird.

There are few birds to be seen except an occasional hawk, which seems to have no other object than to curvet about and display his clipper-built wings for our admiration. Sometimes, he soars into the skies in order to exercise a keen vision that covers half the Province, or again, he appears to hang in the air with an invisible string, so perfect is his poise. It is foolish to call hawks ravening birds, and to impute evil motives to them. We only do this because they like chickens and other gallinaceous fowl whose end we would prefer to be pot-pie. This is not a reprobate taste on the hawk's part, for, of course, he has never read the game-laws, nor the Book of Leviticus, and cannot be expected to know that certain flesh, in certain localities, in certain seasons, is the particular appurtenance of the *genus homo.* In truth, we are so uninstructed in these laws ourselves that the Government must, perforce, keep game-wardens and the churches must keep preachers to educate us more fully.

The Athabasca River, Mr. O'Kelly calculates, is about eight hundred feet wide and about twelve feet deep. Its current is about five or six miles an hour. The less said about its colour the better. At Athabasca Landing, they use the water as a top-dressing for the land.

I get on well with Mr. O'Kelly because he does not mind answering questions, and I am rather stupid and do not understand irony, a fact now published for the first time.

Mr. Patrick O'Kelly started on "his own" thirty years ago in Manitoba. His name isn't really O'Kelly, but in this country a name is neither here nor there. He homesteaded one-hundred-and-sixty statute acres, but to be a farmer one had to possess a capacity for waiting, and he didn't possess it. After this, be became a prospector. Now, in prospecting, a man does not have to wait: his money is always discernible to the eye of faith. Mr. O'Kelly still holds his on

this unnegotiable, spiritualistic plane. In the meanwhile, he is boss of a big lumber camp over Prince Albert way. He used to be a captain on this river, but he doesn't captain any more. Some of these days he intends to take a wander back home. He hears that northern folk are foreigners in the South. This last remark is made with a rising inflection as if an answer were expected.

Who would have thought such a pathetic fear to be lurking under so confident and so square-shouldered an exterior? I can see now why Mr. O'Kelley finds it hard to get away. Without letting him know that his secret is suspected, I try to explain how it is the northerners who have changed. We pioneers talk of going home, but we really never go back—that is, the persons who went away. This may be equally true of all migrants who go into a far country, whether it be Abraham who went into Ur of Chaldea, or Reginald of Oxford, who goes into Saskatchewan.

There are several scribes on board, and one of them, "a editor in human form," gives us greeting and joins our company. He is a thin, straight, young fellow with a likable face, but his hair is shockingly awry.

"So you are an editor," says Mr. O'Kelly. "Your unpeaceable tribe has committed much damage in this country."

"What do you mean by calling us a tribe? I conceive that you are an old fool and perhaps a Liberal in politics. Although I am an editor, and by no means proud, I consider myself to be much better than you."

"Young person! you mean you are no worse," answers Mr. O'Kelly; "but in faith, I meant no offence, and I am not a Liberal."

Being thus reassured, the editor proceeds to discuss his difficulties with us. He has been treated with great unfairness in one of the northern towns. They gave him a fine mouthful of promises when he went there, but they gave him nothing else. They failed to pay their subscriptions and their advertisements, so that he had to leave the place naked and ashamed. Someday, he is going to write a story in an American magazine and describe this town as a real estate office in a muskeg. It will be marrow to his bones, and he will let the magazine have the story for nothing.

Or worse still, he will tell the truth about all the leading citizens; he will set it down without equivocation or shadow of turning.

"But you wouldn't do this latter," I argue; "only a man with ink for blood could do so terrible a thing."

"On the contrary, lady," snaps he, "I shall take blood for ink, that is what I will do."

"But," said I, "you must expect to be beat a few times in your life, little man, if you live such a life as a man ought to live, let you be as strong and healthy as you may." This was quite a clever answer, and I wish Charles Kingsley had not said it first, then it would have been original with me.

This young editor talks with so much vigour and so many gesticulations one might think he was acting a picture for a biograph machine. It is a pity his political heroes do not avail themselves of his services. As a fighter, the dear lad would have a fine genius if properly incited; also, he has a marvellous vocabulary of flaming adjectives.

There is an Indian woman on the ship who is married to a white man who seems most kind to her. The northern woman who interpreted the Tea Song for me says this man believes the world well lost for love, his heart being very full and his head very empty. You will observe that this northern woman is a philosopher, probably owing to the fact that she has had little to read and plenty of time to think. She was born in this country over fifty years ago, but was educated in the South. At the age

of sixteen, she married a Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company and is now his widow. This year agone she has been in Europe, but has returned once more to her native North, with its hidden wilds and yet unhappened things. I tell you that some secret presage lies upon this land and one who has sensed it must come back again and again to its intangible allurement. It may be the strong austere spirit that holds one; or the vast voids of the sky with their blue and gold, and blue and silver. Or it may be that Tornarsuk, the great devil of the Arctic, who rides on the wind, steals from their breasts the midget souls of humans so that they belong to him and must follow whither he wills. It is not for me to know the reason, or to tell it to you, for I am southern born and cannot construe aright.

Time was when this woman only tasted flour once a year. It was on New Year's Day, when her mother baked cakes for the gentlemen who came to pay their respects to her—the doctor, the missionary, the clerks at the post, or the visitors from other posts. On the first of these occasions her mother, with an ill-grounded confidence, passed the plate of cakes to the earliest visitors, so that there were no cakes left for the callers who came afterwards.

When flour became more plentiful, it was her mother's custom to have cakes every Sunday evening. A cake was baked for each member of the family and one for the plate. No one dreamed of taking the last cake. It would have been accounted a gross breach of etiquette to have done so, and one not to be thought of.

"But what became of it?" I ask; "who ate it ultimately? Surely some one knew?"

Apparently no one did, for I am answered by a lift of one shoulder, suggestive of ignorance and possibly indifference—a little defensive shrug which precludes further intrusion into the subject.

It is unkind of her to leave me with this worrying problem, for there are fifty-two cakes a year to be disposed of, and I may never hope to dispose of them alone.

The Indian woman who has the white husband gives me bon-bons from a box she purchased in Edmonton last week. Nothing so makes for confidence in women as to eat sweets together. Authors write much about breaking bread and the sacredness of salt, but, in actual life, nothing cements friendship like chocolate drops. This is why the woman opens her heart to me and says she desires to write a book—a great book about the white people, of whom she knows many things. I have no doubt she does, and that if she put down all that is in her heart without one glance at the gallery, and without trimming her language to the rules of syntax, her book would be the literary sensation of the year.

She wants to know if ever I wrote a book.

Now, once I did, but it was a simple book, and wise people did not care so much as one finger's fillip for it, but some time I am going to put all their counsel together and compose a really great one. It will not be disjointed, but will flow along without a break in the smooth, natural way people talk when they are alone with their families. It shall concern psychic phenomena, yearnings, root-causes, the "untrammeled" life, strange decadencies, and things like that. It shall be paradoxical, epigrammatic, erudite, even vitriolic. I will pierce the self-conceit of these Canadians and tell them they have need to mend their manners; that they are primitive beasts—even *Diprotodons.*

Now the *Diprotodon* was a kind of ferocious kangaroo, carnivorous and predaceous, which lived in the Tertiary Period, and had a skull three feet in length. Those who are not of this species, I shall designate as fanatics who cling to worn-out shib-

boleths over which they snarl like pestilent dogs; or prigs who affect neurotic cults that are exceedingly false and not native to this country. I will be superior and insufferably arrogant so that they may be vastly annoyed with me and rage like the Psalmist's "heathen." I shall not be kindly to any, nor say them fair words, no matter how much I may desire to, nor how much it hurts me to tell lies.

Then will the wise people take their pens in hand to say that "this writer is possessed of the discriminating sense to an extraordinary degree. She has vision, luminosity, verve, technique, and artistic self-restraint, these, and other palpable qualities which bid us hope, in spite of all which has been said to the contrary, that the time is not so hopelessly remote when Canada may lay some small claim to having a literature of her own."

"O, Me! O, Me!" This is what they will say, and I will laugh in my throat and in my sleeves. I will not care the point of one pencil what they say, so long as they refrain from using the adjective "breezy." When a northern woman goes visiting and the wise people wish to be kind, they all apply this word to her. When the dubious visitor looks into the dictionary for the exact meaning of "breeze," she finds it stands for either "an uproar," or "a gentle gale." People have been murdered for less obvious errors, so that all wise people will please to be forewarned.

If you were to ask here what the Indian woman wished to write in a book about the white people, I would not be able to tell you, for, at this juncture, we all forgot to talk and crowded to the prow of the vessel to see a moose that swam boldly ahead of us in the river. He kept far enough away to be out of range, so that no one shot him. I use the word "shot" in deference to the untaught urban folk into whose hands this article may pass. What the men really desired to do was to "trump" him.

We did not see him take to the bank for we took to the bank ourselves in order to load wood for the engine. He is a worthy gentleman, the moose, and should be well esteemed. Dropped in a thicket, hunted by wolves, unprotected save by his sharp hoof, which, however, will rip anything softer than a steel plate, he ranges the forests till his antlers are full-branched, and then, at the age of three, without costing the Province or the Indian a cent, he tips the scales at a thousand pounds of meat.

We are invited to the tent of Mrs. Jack Fish, who receives us seated. This is not owing to any lack of hospitality on her part, but because she is very old and quite blind. The Oblate Brothers say she is over a hundred years old, and truly she might pass for the honourable great-grandmother of all Canada. Her son, with whom she lives, minds a wood-pile on the Athabasca, but in the winter he has a house of logs at Tomato Creek, to which he retires. All Indians live in tents from preference, and not from the sordid reason assigned them by the would-be poet, who declares that "Itchie, Mitchie lives in a tent" for "he can't afford to pay the rent." There are no rented houses in this country, and no man has ever heard of a landlord. Every person holds his house, or his several houses, in fee simple. In Great Britain, these residences would be designated as "shooting-boxes."

Neither would it be a sign of mental superiority on the part of the traveller to consider Jack Knife's job a menial one. Banking situations or Provincial politics may have an importance in the fence country, but in boreal regions the prime test of intelligence is a knowledge of how to handle a boat or an axe.

Madam, our hostess, informs the Factor's widow that she keeps quite well, except for an evil and tormenting spirit in her chest. She desires to know who are in our company, and

when she learns that the *Okimow*, or Great Chief of the Peace River Country, is one of us, she asks for tobacco. Ah! the Chief at Fort Edmonton would be generous to her, but he is dead, and now there is no tobacco to soothe her pain. When she was young her people fought with the Blackfoot tribe in the Bear Hills, and many of the Crees were scalped. She fled through the forests to Fort Edmonton, carrying her two children on her back, but there was much rain and she was almost drowned crossing the rivers. That was many, many nesting moons ago, and now she is old and her pipe is empty of tobacco.

"Is the kind lady going down the River to find a man?"

No! the kind lady has white hair and her man is dead.

"May be it is the *Okimow?*"

No! the *Okimow* has a wife in the South, with brown hair.

Ah, well! Ah, well! but it was different when she was young. Then every woman's skin was full of oil, and for her there were many braves.

After she has been led into the open, and has had her picture taken with us, the great *Okimow* takes her back to her blankets and fills her lap with a heap of pungent tobacco. It will be many moons before our honourable great-grandmother requires a fresh supply. "An old struggler," that is what I call her, after the beggar-woman who asked Sir Walter Scott for alms.

The religion of the gentle Nazarene has cut the fighting sinews of the Indians. This was why the Christianized Hurons were brushed off the earth by the tigerish and unapproachable Iroquois. The Hurons became soft, and being soft, they became a prey. In some inexplicable way, we Anglo-Saxons have managed to keep our bumps of veneration and combativeness well partitioned or estranged, and so keep mastery of the changeling tribes who permit them to commingle. This is why the Indians are a dying race in a new country. This is why our honourable great-grandmother whimpers for tobacco instead of hurling us over the bank and throwing her camp-fire on the top of us. I could almost find it in my heart to wish that she had.

The title of Mrs. Murphy's sketch for the January number is "The Parting of the Rivers."

THE MISSION BABY

By JEAN BLEWETT

THE quaint old garden with its fragrant gloom
Seems to enfold her in a close embrace,
A little human flower among the bloom,
A little human flower all light and grace.
Oh, wells of wonder are her dear dark eyes,
And gravely tender her unsmiling face!
Past the proud roses stray the dimpled feet:
Red roses, white, and of a sunset glow;
Past phlox, and pink, and wall-flower warm and sweet,
To where the daisies wild dance to and fro
To the mad piping of the winds that blow.
Ah, then the wonder of the dear dark eyes
Is lost in laughter, and the dimpled feet
With all the black-eyed Susans dancing go.

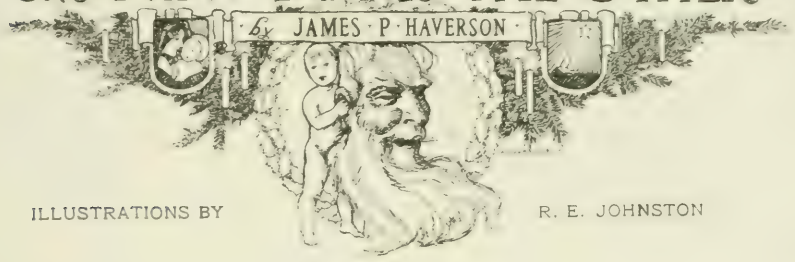
A VENICE NIGHT

From the Painting by J. W. Morrice.
Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The NEW BOY to THE OTHER

by JAMES P. HAVERSON



ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. E. JOHNSTON

THE driving snow smote upon his face, as Teddy Aldridge trudged doggedly over the second Glen Road bridge into that exclusive residential section of Toronto, North Rosedale. Dusk was falling, and across the double row of brilliant electric lights the snow drove in almost horizontal lines or swirled with strange convolutions under pressure of the gusts. From the ravine below came the moaning of the trees as they wrestled with the wind. Teddy settled his chin deeper into his upturned collar, thrust his gloveless hands farther into the pockets of his overcoat, and plodded into the storm. There was something in his gait which spoke of disappointment, something beside the storm which seemed to hinder his progress. It was as though he hesitated to go on, but must.

Still, it was Christmas eve, and he was homeward bound. Teddy—Theodore, to give him the name with which he was christened and which he signed to his sketches—was by way of being an artist. That he was this, and a great one, his wife had no doubt whatever. With those to whom he sought to dispose of his work, it was another matter. He had spent the day going from one advertising agency to another in an effort to make immediate sale of a couple of studies which he carried under his arm. He had failed, and with his failure came the prospect of a dismal Christmas in the tiny bungalow which he had builded with his own hands in a little clump of pine trees, yonder, on the hill.

All the way up Yonge Street, for he had walked to save the solitary nickel in his pocket, he had looked longingly into the store windows where the appurtenances of a merry Christmas were displayed in such alluring profusion. He had thought, with increasing bitterness, how small a part of this horde of good things would have served to meet his small requirements. It was as hopeless as trying to borrow a dime in a graveyard of dead millionaires—a dime or a million, it would be all the same!

Now he must go home and tell Molly that he had failed, and it hurt him to feel in advance the disappointment that would be in her heart. He knew that she would contrive to keep it from showing in her face. He had known in advance that no one would be buying anything on this festive day, which was almost a part of the feast-day itself. But he was a confirmed optimist, and, for once he

Drawing by R. E. Johnston

"I was feeling a bit down myself until I saw that

had consented to allow his wife and little son to pose for pictures to be used for commercial purposes. That one of the round and laughing Teddy junior would make an ideal Ad. for any breakfast food; the other, for which Molly had posed, would glorify the advertising of the finest tooth-paste. But they had not sold, and Teddy was bitterly disappointed.

He had crossed the bridge and was passing through that conglomerate collection of residences which line the main thoroughfare of this district. Some of them were beautiful; others positively ugly; few were sufficiently isolated to allow of their being considered as architectural units. His artistic sense was not pleased; he preferred, he thought, his own amateur attempt at a bungalow, back there on the hill.

One thing, however, appealed to him in the houses he saw about him; it was the warm lights cast upon the snow from their brightly illuminated windows, and the evident appearance of Christmas cheer within. All the rooms into which he could see were profusely decorated with holly, mistletoe, and long festoons of evergreens garnished with gay crimson ribbons. Now and then, he caught a glimpse of the top of a Christmas tree, brave with tinsel hangings, the candles waiting to be set alight. He positively winced with envy.

How fortunate, he thought, were these folk to whom Christmas brought but one more opportunity to rub the magic lamp of their riches. The Genie of Pleasure must immediately attend. Suddenly a pang of sympathy, pity even, clutched at his heart. He stopped in his tracks, for, in front of the house opposite where he stood, was an automobile; it was the unmistakable doctor's brougham.

What a terrible thing for anyone to be sick on Christmas eve! There was something incongruous in the idea of sorrow connected with this prosperous-looking mansion at this season of festival and rejoicing. Sickness in the homes of the poor was more fitting; somehow, it merged in the unity of their general surroundings. But the rich who were so well equipped to meet all the requirements of this season, human and artistic; surely it was out of place that one of them should be stricken thus. The thing was grotesque almost.

He felt a great surge of thankfulness sweep over him, as he thought of his own little home as he had left it that morning. Molly had stood at the window, holding up the crowing youngster; both were smiling happily as they waved him a cheery good-bye. They might be poor, which was especially inconvenient and embarrassing just at Christmas-time: but at least they had health. A cold wave of fear swept back to his heart as he wondered how long this might be so, should their present straightened circumstances remain unimproved. Now at least they were safe.

A moment since, he had considered it a tragedy that, for this one year, there could be no proper celebration of Christmas for his little son. It hurt him that this day, which is before all others the festival of little children, was not to be given its full significance to his own child. He had been resentful at the sight of the over abundance of these others, while he was denied even the little that he needed. Now he could find room in his heart for nothing save a great thankfulness that sickness had never stalked in at the door of his little home, and an aching pity for the owner of the great house before which stood that ominous doctor's brougham. He was luckier than this man, whoever he might be.

He stood gazing through the falling snow at the gloomy front of the mansion. All the windows were dark except one on the first floor up, and there the dim light of o sickroom showed palely on the closely-drawn blind. The snow had completely covered the top of the doctor's brougham; he had evidently been in the house for a considerable time. Now Teddy noticed a figure approaching through the snow. The man was close before he had seen him, for the whiteness underfoot had silenced his steps. Teddy saw that the man's face was drawn and haggard as he passed under the light of the nearest street lamp.

Drawing by R. E. Johnston

"How small a part of this horde of good things would have served to meet his requirements"

"Good night," said the stranger, as he drew nearer. Teddy fancied there was a note of something that was almost hostility in his voice, and that the man was eying him curiously.

"A merry Christmas to you, sir," said Teddy, his heart filled with the spirit of the season. He noticed that, despite his haggard appearance, this man was little older than himself; his clothes looked a good deal better than his own.

"Huh, it may be merry enough for some," growled the other ungraciously.

"Look over there," returned Teddy, indicating the house across the street, "I was feeling a bit down myself, until I saw that. Whatever may be lacking in my home to-night, there is the wife and the youngster in it; and no doctor, nor any need of one."

His words did not seem to have any markedly cheering effect upon his hearer; but Teddy continued his effort to invade the taciturnity of the other.

"That poor fellow over there is likely waiting right now for the decision of the doctor; and I fancy that all his money is mighty little consolation to him, unless it is because it allows him to have the doctor, and a good one."

"Yes," replied the other, "he is."

"It's a terrible thing to wait for a doctor to speak," Teddy ran on, "I remember the night my little boy was born. It was like waiting for the jury to come in and the Day of Judgment, all in one. I'll bet that fellow over there would be glad to trade places with me right now, even if he wasn't going to be able to have a Christmas tree for the kid and a handsome present for the wife."

"He would, indeed!"

There was something so emphatic in the assent of the other that Teddy was convinced his little homily had not fallen on stony ground.
of the other that Teddy was convinced his little sermon had not fallen on stony ground.

"Christmas seems to look sort of blue to you, too?" asked the stranger, a touch of sympathy creeping into his voice.

"It did until I saw that doctor's machine in front of that house," answered Teddy very gently. "Then I felt sorry for that rich man; and that is quite a luxury for a poor devil of an artist."

"Why, what's your trouble?" asked the other, showing the awakening of a warmer interest than he had yet appeared to be taking in their conversation.

"Nothing very much — now," Teddy replied quickly. "I guess I only thought it was trouble. And still," he went on, "it's always seemed to me that there should be a proper Christmas for every little child. I mean a tree with candles and gifts. It takes so little, when a kid is young; and it bears such big interest in all the years that follow. It seems to me that, if a youngster goes out in the world with a long line of Merry Christmases behind him, he can never be discouraged or beaten as easily as some poor little devil—no matter how rich he may be—who has to think of any grief or disappointment connected with the day."

"I guess you're right," replied the other thoughtfully.

"I *know* I am," declared Teddy.

Then the conversation wandered to generalities. They talked of the snow; of how the neighbourhood was building up; how but a few years before it had been a golf course; and but a little time before that, open fields and woods. Teddy noticed that the man's attention wandered; but that, whenever he made as if to be upon his way, the other seemed possessed by a desperate eagerness to cling to his company and conversation. The man was continually watching the house across the road; wherever his eyes might wander, they were sure to return quickly to that dimly lit window on the first floor up. He was nervous and distrait; and was forever building little piles of snow with his feet, only to kick them over as soon as they were built. Once when he gazed toward the bridge, Teddy remembered the number who had hurled themselves from its height, and almost laid a detaining hand upon his companion's arm, but a moment later the man was once more regarding that window across the way.

In a burst of confidence, following a discussion of log fires and Christmas, Teddy came to tell that he had bought a quantity of paving brick to build the fireplace in his little bungalow. The other was interested and Teddy continued his tale, telling how he had found the plan for the bungalow in a woman's magazine which his wife had bought to aid in the building of a gown. He told where he had bought his lumber, and what he had paid for it.

Then the door of the house across the street was opened; a tall man carrying a long black satchel hurried down the steps. Teddy heard a great, gasping intake of breath at his shoulder; and the man beside him broke forward, calling to the physician as he went.

"Oh, doctor, what—How is she?" the voice was tense, eager, tremulous.

"Ah, there you are, Grant, old fellow!" answered the doctor heartily, coming forward with outstretched hand. "My dear boy, I congratulate you. The biggest Christmas gift you've had in all your life, a splendid boy. Your wife, too, will do nicely. You are a lucky fellow this Christmas eve!"

So this was the man whose trouble had healed his own! It had come only to give place to a greater joy; and, with it, had gone his sympathy for the one who supported him in his hour of trial. The man had been ready enough to accept his fellowship while their misfortunes had made them kin. Now this other had forgotten him as soon as his own had been cleared away. It was always so. There was an impassable barrier between the rich and poor. He was glad that the man's sorrow had been healed; but—

Teddy turned and plodded wearily up the hill. All at once he knew that he was tired. For the first time, he felt that it was a long walk up to the little bungalow under the big pine trees. He trudged onward, mounted the hill, and had just crossed the rickety old bridge which led to that newer section where he lived when he was passed by a purring motor car lurching tremendously on the uneven road. It looked, he thought, very much like that doctor's brougham.

As he drew near the little bungalow, he could see the light shining from the south window through the trees. Molly would be waiting to hear his news. He could see her bravely trying to smile when he told her that he had been unsuccessful. Then he noticed a red light, like a danger signal, before the house out in the roadway.

"Confound them," he muttered, "forever tearing up the roads; they're bad enough when they leave them alone."

As he came closer, the door of the bungalow opened, and a figure passed out. The red light before the house began to move away, and he saw it was the tail-light of a motor car. He broke into a run as it whisked around the corner of the side road leading out to Yonge Street. It was

a doctor's brougham, he was sure of that.

Breathless, he reached his door, and burst into the house. His wife was sitting at the table curiously regarding a small, white envelope that lay on the red cloth. She looked up as he entered.

"What is it?" he cried, his voice shaken. "What's the matter with the kid?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing," the woman answered in astonishment. "How excited you are Do be quiet or you'll wake him."

"The doctor," he ran on, unheeding her warning, though wonder now rose above the terror which had been in his voice. "What was the doctor doing here?"

"There was no doctor here, dear. Whatever made you think of such a thing? It was a Mr. Grant who called. He left this note for you. He said I mustn't open it till you came home. He said you'd know all about it. And—oh, yes, he said the doctor drove him up—I don't know what he meant!"

But Teddy was hastily tearing open the envelope. A crisp, new, fifty-dollar bill fell out upon the table; and with it a card. On this was written:

"With a Merry Christmas, from the new boy to the other!"

AFTERMATH

By PAULINE JOHNSON

THE wide, warm acres stretching lazily,
Roll out their russet silence to the sea,
Bared to the winds that whisper ceaselessly
Of homing time and landward-lying things.

Along the uplands, vagrant locusts whirr
Themselves through sunshine, and within the blur
Of purple distances, the faint, far stir
Of some lone haymaker that scythes and sings.

Across the marsh, reclaimed from seas that creep
Against the sheltering dykes, the droning sweep
Of sickles, where the long salt grasses sleep.
Hushed in the peace that near fulfilment brings.

SETTING THE TIRE

From the painting by Blair Bruce in the Canadian National Gallery

DIEPPE

From the painting by J. M. Barnsley in the Canadian National Gallery.

THE PROFILE

From the Painting by Gertrude Des Clayes. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE HAPPY MISHAP

BY ETHEL SAMUEL

CHRISTMAS Eve fell on Saturday. Late as it was in the afternoon, Bill Summers — to quote Mr. Formby—was "standing at the corner of the street." He ought to have been home long ago, but had been ashamed to go there; his pockets were empty, and there was the Christmas dinner to think of.

As a matter of fact, his week's wages were resting in the *Black Bull's* till. The early afternoon had been spent there with his fellow workmen.

Given the right kind of companions, and William might have shaped into one of the best of husbands and fathers. But, lacking backbone, he succumbed to evil communications; his good manners being corrupted by his friends—of the so appallingly common, never-quite-drunk, never-quite-sober type.

Just as dropping water wears away stone, so the constant tippling had blunted Bill's better feelings. But they were not quite dead; the life in them bubbled up now—now that he was away from the fascination of the public-house. Realizing that his pockets were empty and that the cupboard would be bare on the morrow, he was filled with remorse to overflowing point.

Thoughts of his wife and child made him indignant. With the sophistry of the weak-willed, he blamed everyone but himself.

Why should Emma and the kiddie go hungry—when thousands of others less deserving than they—would sit down to-morrow to turkey and plum pudding and no end of luxuries? Why could others have enough money to have a drink or two with their pals—that was his euphemistic way of describing an orgy—whilst he, if he did so, had to suffer for it afterwards, by witnessing the hunger and want of those he loved? It was not fair—not just. No wonder those chaps stood up at the street corner and spouted Socialism. He felt like being a Socialist himself.

Suddenly an idea—surely born in the lower regions—shaped in his mind. He had been employed, during the week, in redecorating a flat, ready for an incoming tenant. Whilst on the job he had got to know the occupants of the adjoining suite of rooms—Number Six.

The introduction came about through the child of Number Six, Bobbie, a manly little fellow, who was glad to be able to air his views on Boy Scouts, for he told Summers his mother and father didn't approve of scouting, and said he was not to talk nonsense when he broached the subject.

Confidentially he let the painter into a tremendous secret: he was going to boarding-school next term! When he got there he meant to go into training. He couldn't join the

Scouts till he was eleven, but he could be getting up all the rules and regulations so as to be ready—couldn't he?

Bill proved a sympathetic listener. Rough fellow as he was, there was a soft corner in his heart for all children; his own "kiddie" was but two years of age. Busy with his brush on the outer door, he painted mental pictures of his own baby—when she should reach the age of the boy at Number Six.

Then the mother—Mrs. Nestor—spoke to him. Returning from a shopping expedition — laden with Christmas parcels—she had difficulty with her latchkey; Bill went to her help.

As he pushed open the door for her to enter he caught a glimpse of the luxuriously-furnished suite of rooms. A wave of envy swept over him. Why wasn't he able to provide such a cosy nest for his Emma?

Memory of it was troubling him when, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, he walked down his own street and reached his own poor home. As he slouched in, his wife came to greet him, quietly helping him off with his great-coat and hanging it—trim and tidy little body that she was—on a peg. Then, returning to his side, she held up her face expectantly, and said:

"Bill, dear, how late you are! Christmas Eve, too. It's just on five o'clock. And you always knock off at twelve o'clock on Saturdays."

There was no kiss given; instead Bill flung himself surlily into a chair.

"Where have you been since—"

"Oh, don't ask so many questions. You're enough to jaw a man's head off. I'm tired!"

The wife turned away; she hadn't any belief in the wisdom of letting husbands see tears. And she could not very well repress her own—the symptoms were so eloquent; there would be no Christmas dinner for them. The rent—poor, hard-working soul—she had contrived to pay—fruit of the little card in the window: "Needlework done here."

She had hoped to pay herself that back out of Bill's money. Because there were so many little things she had mapped out to purchase with her own earnings—small enough, God knows!—things that the replica of herself, little Emma, needed. Alas! the sparkle in bright little eyes would grow dim; the promised visit of Santa Claus would not be paid.

"Don't want any dinner."

His observation grunted out as he saw his wife open the oven door. He was in a mood even to quarrel with his food.

"It'll do you good, Bill."

She took off the covering plate, and the smell of savoury food steamed up in front of him. Although she would not have expressed it so in words, she was alive to the policy of feeding the brute.

"Your favourite dish, too," she added, "tripe and onions."

"All right. Leave it there."

The feeling of shame developed again. The best of wives—he owned that in his heart—and to treat her so! Drawing his chair up to the table, he made a pretence of eating; but all appetite had left him.

"Where's the kid?" he asked.

"Asleep—bless her! Do you know, to-day she said 'Tank you' quite plainly, Bill."

And then her tongue rattled on with a mother's eloquence, for she was talking of the heart of her heart, the soul of her soul. A softer expression crept on to the man's face as he listened to the catalogue of marvellous things his child could say and do.

Thrusting aside his half-eaten dinner, he drew a pipe and pouch from his pocket. The emptiness of the latter chased away the soft feeling. Shake the pouch as he did, he could not get so much as half a pipeful of tobacco to smoke. Snorting angrily, he put the clay in his mouth and sucked at it noisily, the stale mois-

ture in the pipe bubbling in the stem.

Emma cleared away the dinner things—in silence. Then, in a half-halting, wholly nervous way, she put on her hat and jacket. Catching up a market basket, she began, in a timorous voice:

"I think I'll do my shopping now, Bill—being Christmas Eve—before the streets get too crowded."

"Oh, will you?" The feeling of shame was stronger than ever, but he thought to cover it by bullying. "P'raps you'll tell me how you're going to do it?"

"Your money, Bill. Weren't you paid?"

"Of course I was," he burst out angrily, seizing the slightest pretext to hang his temper on. "Do I look like a mug that would work for nothing?"

"N-no." The reply came slowly, despairingly. "I see—you've been drinking again, Bill! Oh, how could you, how could you!—and at Christmas time, too." Her tears were plain enough now—for once she had not been able to hide them—had he been able to look her in the face. "After all your promises, too!"

"Now, don't start preaching, or I'll land you one across the—"

"Bill! How dare you!"

She started back in her amazement. Then her eyes flashed and her bosom rose and fell in her indignation. Even a worm may be goaded to turning-point.

"This is the first time you've ever threatened me!"

The man moved in his chair uneasily. It would have been a pleasure to have been able to kick himself round the room a dozen times. Absolutely in the wrong, he yet found it impossible to voice any regret or sorrow.

He watched his wife furtively as she moved about the room. Having put away her hat and jacket, she swept up the hearth. Then she crossed to the bed—improvised on two chairs—in the corner of the room. Their baby girl was sleeping there.

Hours passed. Then Bill lurched across to where Emma sat. Bending over the bed, he tried to look at the sleeping child, but his wife rose, barring the way. Her hand held the covers down as she said quietly:

"Don't be cruel to her as well as to me. Let her sleep as long as she can. When she wakes she'll cry for food—poor little soul—and there's nothing for her."

The rebuke seemed to strike the man as an actual blow might have done. He tiptoed back to his chair, shame and remorse being too keen to allow him to argue. There came before his eyes again the picture of that cosily furnished flat he had caught a glimpse of, and his eyes roamed round his own bare room resentfully.

He was big and broad-built and strong. He knew that; knew, too, that by putting his shoulder against the Nestor's outer door he could burst its lock quite easily. Once inside, the rooms would be planned like those in the flat where he had been working recently. And the Nestors had gone away that afternoon to spend Christmas in the country. Bobbie had told him they were going.

Why shouldn't he? It wasn't right or just that there should be all this comfort and luxury about whilst his wife and child wanted food—the street corner Socialists' poison was working! Just then the baby woke up, crying out to her mother in her childish way:

"Bupper—baby—bupper!"

Emma made a sop of the bread Bill had left from dinner; but without milk the baby screwed up her little face and turned from it. There was nothing more to give her, and, taking the child in her arms, Emma tried to hush the little one to sleep again. But hunger was not to be appeased that way, and the cry was repeated.

"Bupper! Baby wants bupper."

That—the cry reached his very heart—decided Bill. Jumping up, he pressed a cap down over his eyes, slipped into his great-coat, and left the room. Busy hushing the baby to sleep, Emma did not even see him go.

Outside, he turned his steps in the direction of the block of flats he had left at noon. His plans were but half formulated. Convinced of his ability to burst open the door, yet common-sense came into play. If he did that, noise must ensue; neighbours would immediately rush out to discover the cause of it.

Then he remembered that he had not given up the key of the vacant flat where he had been working; the job was not completed. Feeling in his pocket, his hand closed on what he sought.

Of course, there was possibility of the locks being different. But they were of a common kind. The key might fit. At any rate, he would try to gain entrance that way before adopting extreme measures.

The striking of a neighbouring clock told him it was nine o'clock. That was too early. He must wait an hour or two before attempting to gain an entry: there would be less likelihood of people passing up and down the stairs then.

During that time his thoughts were anything but pleasant. A score of times he decided to give up this scheme the devil had shaped for him —he knew its author! As often there rang in his ears the cry of his little one for food. That always turned the scale.

At ten o'clock he mounted the stairs and, reaching the second floor, paused to get a grip of himself, for his heart was beating, it seemed to him, with sledge-hammer force. Bill was certainly much too chicken-hearted ever to attain any height in the burglar profession!

Gently inserting the key in the lock, he took another deep breath and another hasty glance round. Would it fit? A half turn—and he could turn no further. Knowing something of locks, he "played" the key—ultimately the catch went back! Yet another second, and he had closed the door quietly behind him.

Not a sound. Not that that surprised him. He knew the Nestors' servant had left them—Bobbie had told him so, and there was not likely to be a caretaker.

The bedrooms were at the end of a passage; right and left were the dining and drawing-rooms. He turned into the latter. There must be plenty of "gimcracks" there, he thought, that would be easy to carry off and raise money on.

It happened to be a bright moonlight night, so he had no difficulty in seeing what he was doing—stuffing into his pockets the filigree silver ornaments that were all about the room.

It would be too late to pawn the things to-night, but he would surely be able to find someone willing to advance enough to buy food for his baby. That was the idea obsessing him now.

As he turned to leave the room, he instinctively clapped a hand to his mouth—so managing to stifle the cry that rose to his lips. Standing in the doorway—looking at him intently—was a small, white-robed figure.

At first, nerves all a-jangle, he assumed it was an apparition, so ghost-like did the moonlight make it appear to his over-wrought mind. Stepping forward, he endeavoured to push past, but his way was barred by two small, suddenly lifted, outstretched arms. A piping little voice said:

"Wait a minute, please. Don't go yet. I want to speak to you."

What a big sigh of relief escaped Bill! This was no ghost; this was his little friend, Bobbie. Tremblingly he drew a coat sleeve across his forehead, to wipe away the moisture that beaded his brow.

"Don't be afraid," the child went

on, "I'm not going to hurt you."

A grim smile shaped on Bill's face. The humour of the situation was beginning to appeal to him.

"I heard a noise," the boy continued, "so thought I'd find out what it was without waking mum. I'm sleeping with her to-night, 'cos daddy is away. He had to go on business, so we're not going into the country till Christmas morning."

The child drew himself up proudly, filled with the importance of his position as protector of the weaker sex. Advancing closer to Bill, he peered into his face.

"Why," he exclaimed suddenly, in a pleased tone, "it's Mr. Painter! And I thought you were a burglar! What have you come here for so late?"

Bill was unable to answer this artless question, the confidence and relief in the boy's voice made him so ashamed. The pockets of his great-coat seemed to weigh down as if the filigree silver there was so much lead; and his heart was heavier.

"I came," the little boy continued, "to ask the burglar not to make a noise—if he must burgle. You see, mum had such a bad headache to-night before she went to bed that she had to take facitine to send her to sleep."

"All right, sonnie," Bill responded gruffly "don't be afraid, I won't wake the lady up."

"Thank you, Mr. Painter. But won't you tell me why you came?"

Unable to accord a satisfactory reply, Bill evaded the question, saying:

"You'll catch cold, sonnie, in them thin clothes. You just pop back to bed and—"

"But you haven't told me—"

"Hush!" Bill whispered. "Don't talk, or the lady 'll hear us."

That was enough for Bobbie. With a finger to his lips, and a pleasant nod, he ran quickly from the room along the passage, back to his mother's side.

Left alone, Bill at once made for the outer door. He would not trouble about another thing. Quietly he got out of the flat and hurried downstairs. His feelings were chaotic. He was still full of determination to feed his baby girl—by fair means or foul. But he was just as full of regret.

Reaching the street he started to cross the road. So engrossed was he in his thoughts that he did not hear a warning shouted to him. Then the accident happened. The chauffeur was unable to pull up his taxi-cab in time. Bill Summers was knocked down and run over.

It was a quiet street and nearly eleven o'clock at night; not many people were about. The man who had been in the cab bent over the unconscious body and said:

"I don't think he's much hurt. The wheels didn't pass over him; he went between, fortunately. This unconsciousness is due to shock."

"Better shove him inside, hadn't I?" the chauffeur volunteered, "and take him to a hospital?"

"M'—no. I don't think that necessary. You had only two or three more doors to go. Give me a hand with him, and we'll carry him up to my rooms. A dose of brandy is all the treatment he'll need, I fancy."

Once more Bobbie was roused from his sleep that night. Again he pattered along the passage and entered the drawing-room, to ascertain the cause of the noise there. This time he found his father.

Lifting the boy in his arms, the man asked the reason for his wakefulness. Bobbie replied that, hearing a noise, he thought Mr. Painter had come back again.

The father was puzzled at the boy's explanation. Surely, he thought, the child must be half asleep. Then Bobbie's eyes, roaming round the room, rested on the unconscious man lying on the sofa. Softly he said:

"He *has* come back, dad!"

At the moment Bill *was* coming back, or, anyway, was endeavouring to—to his senses. Another swallow of the brandy restored him to something of himself, and he cleared up the mystery. Realizing the trick Fate had played him, he made a clean breast of everything to the man who had acted the part of Good Samaritan.

Recital of the privations of his wife and child touched the boy's father. "Mr. Painter" applied none but the blackest colours to his own doings. A sudden revulsion of feeling made it clear to him what a mean-spirited, drunken brute he had been. That made his listener view things more leniently; he was touched by Bill's misery and self-contempt.

Taking a sovereign from his pocket, he offered it to Bill, saying:

"Well, there's the Christmas dinner to think of, and little time to get it in. Here's something to buy it with."

"No, sir. I can't take it."

"But your wife and child are hungry."

That was an irresistible argument. Bill took the proffered coin. With lowered head he moved towards the door. Bobbie called out to him:

"Good-night, Mr. Painter. I hope I shall see you soon again."

"Good-night, sir."

Bill stood at the door, shamefaced. Mr. Nestor walked across the room and, placing a hand on the man's shoulder, turned him towards the light. Peering keenly into his face, he said:

"I rather pride myself on my powers of observation. I don't think you're naturally bad. It's a case of bad companions, I expect."

Unable to voice an answer, Bill nodded.

"Get away from them."

"But my work, sir—"

"I'll find fresh occupation for you."

Expectation, hope, gratitude filled Bill, as he stammered out:

"Th-thank you, sir. But—but I stole your—"

"Oh, no, you didn't. Whilst you were lying there unconscious, I went through your pockets to ascertain your address. A glance around will satisfy you that you are not a thief. I have restored to myself the things that were mine. But it's late, you must go now. Come to me on Tuesday morning, I shall be back then. We'll talk matters over. I'll see if I can place you beyond the reach of temptation."

With muttered thanks, spoken stumblingly, Bill left the flat. On his way home, he purchased food for the morrow's dinner; the shops were open later on Christmas Eve.

That was the happiest Christmas Day Bill and Emma had spent since their marriage. He told her everything. She, like the true little woman she was, forgave him, and thanked God that, at last, there was a likelihood of Bill turning out of the error of his ways.

And on the Tuesday good fortune awaited them. Mr. Nestor was building a row of cottages in the country. He wanted someone trustworthy —Bill shuddered at the word—to undertake the painting on the job. Would Bill accept the post?

"And then," said Bobbie, who insisted on being present at the interview, "we shall see each other every day, Mr. Painter. Dad's going to take mummie and me to a nice new house in the country very soon. It's near where you're going to work. Won't that be fine?"

Bill heartily agreed that it would. And that sentiment was endorsed by Emma, when she heard the welcome news—that they were to live in the country, away from the evil influences which had lately governed her husband; in the country where roses grow in baby cheeks.

WHITE CANADA

A JAPANESE VIEW OF CANADA'S ORIENTAL PROBLEM

BY KIYOSHI K. KAWAKAMI

AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN-JAPANESE RELATIONS"

LIKE other British colonies, Canada regards its territory as closed to Oriental races. The watchword is "White Canada." That mystifying yet singularly appealing expression has been industriously exploited, especially by those affiliated with the labour unions on the Pacific Coast.

And yet Canada's treatment of Asiatic races cannot be said always to have been severe. True, it raises against the Orient a barrier as insurmountable as that erected in other exclusive countries, but those Asiatic immigrants who were allowed to enter the country in accord with the provisions of the immigration law Canada has as a rule treated with consideration and even leniency. She has extended to the Orientals the privilege of naturalization and even of securing homesteads. Even in British Columbia, the stronghold of the anti-Oriental agitation, no such discriminatory laws as have been proposed and enacted in California have been introduced in its Legislature. There the Japanese and Chinese are permitted to conduct business and cultivate land, not only unmolested, but enjoying all privileges enjoyed by British subjects in Canada. They can own land, both urban and rural, and in Provinces other than British Columbia they even enjoy voting privileges.

The question arises: "Why of all Provinces and Territories does British Columbia alone discriminate against the Orientals in the matter of franchise?" In the Yukon Territory there are about a hundred Japanese, most of whom are naturalized, while in the Provinces east of the Rockies what small number of Japanese there are have also sworn allegience to Canada. All these naturalized Japanese exercise the franchise just as though they were native Canadians. But in British Columbia the Japanese, though free to become Canadian subjects, are not allowed to cast a ballot. The reason for this discriminatory measure is not far to seek.

British Columbia does not issue fishing licence to aliens. When Japanese fishermen were brought into the Province they found it necessary to secure naturalization certificates in order to obtain fishing licence. Thus it came to pass that almost ninety per cent. of the naturalized Japanese in British Columbia are fishermen, many of whom are uneducated, if not illiterate. The wisdom of naturalizing such immigrants is open to question, but in as much as the Province had to rely upon them for the exploitation of one of its most important economic resources, it had to give them naturalization certificates. Naturalization in such circumstances means little more than the granting of fishing privilege. It does not necessarily mean that the recipients of citizenship certificates are ready to become

faithful subjects of the Empire, nor that they intend to reside permanently in Canada. Not a few of such Japanese do not see much difference between the fishing licence and the naturalization paper.

Under such circumstances we can fully understand, and even sympathize with, British Columbia when it over-rode the Dominion law and deprived naturalized Japanese within its jurisdiction of the right of casting the ballot. Certainly those Japanese fishermen who are not *bona fide* citizens of the Dominion have no moral right to protest against this Provincial measure.

And yet the fact remains that this discrimination is in obvious contravention of the naturalization law of the Dominion. Besides, it wrongs those Japanese who have obtained naturalization certificates in good faith, and are to all intents and purposes desirous of remaining loyal subjects of the British Empire. It is estimated that up to 1911 some 3,091 fishermen were naturalized. Granting that some of these men have since returned to their native country or passed into the unknown shores, there must still be more than 2,000 naturalized Japanese engaged in fishery. It would be unjust to presume that all of these fishermen are ignorant and otherwise unqualified to vote, for my personal observations lead me to believe that some of them are intelligent and are sincerely desirous of swearing allegiance to their adopted country. Moreover, there are in British Columbia some five hundred naturalized Japanese who are not fishermen, but who are, in intelligence and moral character, the equal of the average immigrant from any European country. The interest and welfare of this class of Japanese it would be the duty of British Columbia and Canada to safeguard, especially since the naturalization law obviously means to extend the franchise to all naturalized aliens.

At the same time British Columbia has the right to prevent the injection of undesirable elements into its body politic. How, then, can the Province find the way out of this dilemma? To me the way is clear. Issue fishing licence quite independently of naturalization paper; in other words, extend fishing privilege to aliens, so that no ignorant fisherman, whether Oriental or European, need be naturalized simply because he is needed for the perpetuation of the salmon industry. This is the policy adopted by most States in the United States. California, for instance, issues fishing licence to any alien upon the payment of an annual fee of $10. I do not see why British Columbia cannot adopt a similar policy. On the other hand, all aliens, naturalized in conformity to the laws of the Dominion, should be allowed to enjoy all privileges, civil and political, enjoyed by the citizens of Canada. This British Columbia can afford to do, once she has found the way to secure labour for the promotion of the salmon industry without at the same time admitting ignorant fishermen into citizenship.

British Columbia's peculiar manner of dealing with the naturalization question naturally created a grievance among those Japanese who secured citizenship certificates in good faith. A few years ago these Japanese sought redress through legal channels. In the Provincial courts their claim was upheld, but the Privy Council at London, to which the Province carried the case, virtually overruled the decision of the courts by declaring that the franchise can be exercised by naturalized foreigners only when the Provincial Government recognizes their fitness as voters. From the purely legal point of view there is still room for the Japanese to urge their contention, but the real remedy—a remedy satisfactory to both parties—should be found, I believe, on the line suggested in the foregoing passages.

At present Canada has within its boundaries 12,000 Japanese, as against

40,000 Chinese. The cry of "White Canada" was first raised in the eighties against the Chinese. In 1885 the first anti-Chinese law was passed, imposing upon each incoming Chinese a poll tax of $50, and permitting the steamers to bring only one Chinese immigrant per each ton of the capacity of each vessel. In 1901 the poll tax was raised to $100, and in 1904 to $500; yet during the past several years Chinese have been coming in in much larger numbers than Japanese.

The restriction of Japanese immigration follows a line totally different from that followed in dealing with Chinese immigration. The Japanese are not required to pay any poll tax which is not imposed upon European immigrants. In accord with the provisons of the general immigration law they must possess upon their arrival in Canada at least $25 during the eight months from March to October, and from November to February, when demand for labour becomes less, at least $50. But there is between Canada and Japan, as between the United States and the Mikado's Empire, a sort of "gentleman's agreement." This understanding, entered into in 1908, admits Japanese only of the following classes:

1. Settled agriculturists.
2. Parents, wives, and children of resident Japanese.
3. Those coming back to Canada to resume their residence or business.

This agreement was the immediate outcome of the unscrupulous act of some self-seeking Japanese and Canadians who brought Japanese from Hawaiian plantations by the shipload. Prior to 1907 the Japanese Government of its own accord restricted the emigration of its subjects to Canada, and thus prevented the immigration question from interfering with the cordial relations existing between Canada and Japan. But in that year a body of Japanese in Vancouver, in complicity with their Canadian associates, broached the idea of importing Japanese labourers in Hawaii in order to supply the unprecedented demand for labour created by the general prosperity then prevailing in Canada and the United States. For this specific purpose these men chartered a steamer and began importing Japanese on a large scale. The result was that during the twelve months from July 1, 1907, to June 30, 1908, there were 7,601 Japanese immigrants, showing an increase of 5,500 as compared with the figures for the preceding year.

This sudden influx of Japanese labourers naturally aroused among the labouring class a hostile feeling against the Japanese. About this time the Exclusion League of San Francisco, having established a branch office in Seattle, was striving to extend its influence to British Columbia. Fowler, the man in charge of the Seattle office of the League, came to Vancouver, instructed by his chief, O. A. Tveitmoe, to fan the anti-Japanese sentiment alrealy stirred up by the influx of Hawaiian Japanese. The result was the Vancouver riot of September 7th, 1907. On the evening of that day several hundred labourers marched through Powell Street to demonstrate their hostility against the Japanese. On the whole, these men were orderly and apparently had no intention to resort to violence. But some of them, under influence of liquor, uttered vile epithets and attacked some Japanese, and broke the windows of a few Japanese stores. The Japanese readily accepted the challenge, and the scene that followed was one of violence and disorder. When the scuffle ended several men of each group were seriously wounded.

Alarmed by this outbreak, the Dominion authorities sent special commissoners to Japan to negotiate an agreement for the restriction of Japanese immigration. The result was an exclusion agreement much of the same nature as that between Japan and the United States. Before 1907 Japanese immigration to Canada was

not very large. In 1904 there were only 354 immigrants, in 1905 1,922, and in 1906 2,042. In 1907, as we have already noted, the figures suddenly increased to 7,601. Then came the immigration convention, as the result of which Japanese immigration suddenly declined to 495. In 1909 it continued to decline, the figures for the year being 271. In 1910 there were 437 Japanese immigrants, and in 1911, 765. It must be borne in mind that the majority of Japanese immigrants now seeking Canadian shores are not fresh immigrants, but those who were in Canada before and are coming back to resume their residence or business there. In the following table we observe that Japanese immigration since the conclusion of the "gentleman's agreement" is much smaller than Chinese immigration:

Year.	Japanese.	Chinese.
1908-1909	495	1,887
1909-1910	271	2,156
1910-1911	437	5,278
1911-1912	765	6,247

Not only has "White Canada" erected a barrier against the Chinese and Japanese, but it is even more strictly excluding the Hindus, who are, like the Canadians themselves, the subjects of His Britannic Majesty. Up to 1905 Hindu immigration to Canada was a negligible quantity, but in the year following there are 2,124 immigrants from East India, and in 1907, 2,623. Then Canada took immediate steps to check the further influx of Hindus, as the result of which there were only six immigrants in 1908. Since that year the figures have remained almost stationary, the number for 1911 being only three.

The treatment accorded the Hindus in Canada is much the same as that given them in the United States. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the East Indians are in their religious practices, customs, and appearance, far more exotic than the Japanese, and even the Chinese. Even as the Chinese used to regard the queue as the inalienable appendange to the head, so the Hindu clings to the turban almost with reverence, and is furthermore wedded to peculiar ideas and habits born of the religious conceptions and practices of his native country. Such ideas and habits, when better understood, may be found harmless and unobjectionable, but as yet they are a puzzle to the Occidentals, and in consequence the cause of aversion and repugnance. In the United States, and especially on the Pacific Coast, I saw Hindu immigrants, unable to secure a lodging, sleep in deserted, ramshackle buildings and unoccupied barns. It is probably much the same story in British Columbia.

In Canada the Hindus are not only refused the franchise, but are forbidden to bring their wives or children with them and establish family relations. At one time the Canadian Government went so far as to form a scheme for the wholesale deportation of East Indians to Honduras. The scheme was not carried out, as the Hindus refused to go, but the Parliament at Ottawa adopted in 1911 an immigration law providing a clause which made it virtually impossible for the Hindus to enter the Dominion. That clause provides that no immigrants "who have come to Canada otherwise than by continuous journey from the country of which they are natives or citizens, and upon through tickets purchased in that country or prepaid in Canada" shall be admitted. Innocent on the face of it, the clause is to all intents and purposes directed against the Hindus, who consider it "cruel, vexatious and tricky." To understand the Hindu point of view one need only recall that there is no direct steamship service between Canada and East India, and that no steamship companies in India will issue through tickets to Canada. This discriminatory measure has been the cause of bitter complaint on the part of the Hindus. "The Canadian Immigration Law," says a Hindu

writer, "has laid a clearly defined line between His Majesty's subjects of Canada and that of India, in the face of the bold and clear proclamation of our late Queen Victoria. It is a puzzling riddle to be solved that in India we are British subjects, in England we are British subjects, but in Canada, to legalize our British citizenship right, we have to secure another deed to that effect."

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Canada is "white." Oriental immigration as compared with that from Europe is insignificant. In the fiscal year 1911-1912 immigrants to Canada totalled 354,237, of whom only 1,845 were Orientals—6,247 Chinese, 765 Japanese, and three Hindus. And yet there are plenty of alarmists trying to conjure up the phantom of an Oriental domination. Through the activities of such alarmists various anti-Oriental bills have been occasionally introduced in the Legislature, both Dominion and Provincial. Some of such bills are no doubt put forward for the purpose of wooing the labour vote and need not be taken at their face value. The Province of Saskatchewan, for instance, adopted two years ago a law prohibiting the Orientals, keeping stores and amusement places, from employing white women.

And yet when I was travelling in that Province last year I came across in the City of Moose Jaw two Japanese young men operating a prosperous restaurant where all waitresses were Canadians of English or French descent. I found the establishment one of the best restaurants in the city, and patronized by the leading business men and the best classes of residents. The city authorities were fully informed of the enactment of the new law with regard to the employment of white women by Orientals, but they could see no sense in applying such a law to a respectable Japanese restaurant. Its proprietors, educated, intelligent men, were themselves married to Canadian women of respectable families, and were among the best citizens of the city. Why molest their legitimate business simply because some politicians wanted to curry favour with a radical segment of the labouring class? So these Japanese were permitted to conduct their restaurant as if the employment law had never been passed. Yet the existence of such a law was highly repugnant to the Japanese, and it was but natural that the Japanese Consul at Vancouver requested the authorities of Saskatchewan to exempt the Japanese from the scope of this law. The Provincial Government graciously responded to the request, and the Japanese merchants and business men are no longer subject to that discriminatory law. So far as other Oriental peoples are concerned, that law still remains valid.

The story of the Japanese restaurant-keepers in Moose Jaw is but one of many instances of the fact that the Japanese are possessed of essential qualities to make good citizens. A few years ago these Japanese donated $500 to the Young Men's Christian Association of Moose Jaw, and find staunchest supporters among the religious workers of the city. In Vancouver and Victoria there are a number of public-spirited, intelligent Japanese, who should be allowed, as their brothers in other parts of Canada, to exercise the voting privilege, as do other Canadian citizens.

The principle represented by the catchword "White Canada" is not necessarily a wrong one, but Canada would do well to reflect that all "whites" are not "good whites." Moreover, while Canada is admitting the Chinese by the thousand, it is barring out the subjects of the most advanced and enlightened country in the Orient, an allay of the British Empire. Again, in the fiscal year 1911-1912, Canada admitted South and Eastern European immigrants as follows:

Bulgarians	3,295
Hebrews	5,322
Poles	5,060
Russians	9,805
Turks	632
Greeks	693
Italians	7,590
Roumanians	793
Servians	209
Syrians	144

In the United States many authorities on the immigration question are beginning to realize the danger of admitting without restriction immigrants of the races represented in the above table. If Canada's enormous natural resources cannot be developed without recourse to immigrants it would seem the part of wisdom on her part to conceive her laws so as to receive only desirable immigrants, both from Europe and Asia.

It is much to be hoped that Canada and the British Empire will not permit the shibboleth of "White Canada" to be exploited by those pseudo-publicists and self-styled patriots who have their own axes to grind. It is just such publicists and patriots who constantly raise the hysterical cry of "Japanese domination." They say that the Japanese have placed in their political programme "the occupation of British Columbia," when in reality, Japanese immigrants are merely peace-loving, law-abiding, unobtrusive souls, desirous only of improving their lot in life in this new world of opportunity. They say that the Japanese have "settled down in British Columbia in solid phalanxes of 10,000 or more at a time and place," when the entire Japanese population in Canada does not exceed 14,000, of whom less than 4,000 are in Vancouver.

All such alarmist notes are sounded chiefly, if not merely, for the purpose of creating a powerful Pacific fleet of warships for the Dominion. One can well understand why so many of the politicians of British Columbia are eager to conjure up the bogey of Japanese domination, when one recalls that men-of-war are far more liberal customers of coast-wise cities even than men-of-commerce.

To indicate the extent of patronage which a naval fleet bestows upon a seaport city, let me cite the case of San Francisco. In 1912 $5,000,000 was expended in the City of the Golden Gate by the Commissary for Supplies. In the fiscal year 1913 the expenditure increased to $8,000,000. As a writer in a recent military journal states, "ninety cents out of every dollar of this not inconsiderable sum will swell the bank accounts of San Francisco merchants, civilians, mechanics, labourers, and others to whom the United States pays living expenses." Is it any wonder that Vancouver craves "defence"? It wants to see Dreadnoughts frequent its harbour not because of any fear of Oriental invasion, but because the navy is notoriously "a good spender."

THE READY-MADE FARM

BY GEORGE SHERWOOD HODGINS

AMONG the many paradoxes with which this age abounds, such as the wireless telegraph, the trackless trolley, or the fireless locomotive, we are hardly surprised to find the "ready-made farm" a commercial enterprise, even though it appears to contradict our idea of continuous development incident to the planting, growing, ripening, and reaping of the fruit of the soil. The word "farm" comes from the Anglo-Saxon feorm, a feast. Lands were originally let on condition that the tenant annually supplied his lord with so many nights' entertainment by handing over a stipulated amount of farm produce for use in the great man's household.

The home-making scheme and the irrigation project which form the basis of the ready-made farm idea were originated by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., president of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The undertaking is managed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Department of Natural Resources. It provides a *bona fide* homeseeker with a dwelling house, barn, fences, a well, plowed and seeded land. These are turned over to the settler, and as the farms are sold outright, he works his farm to suit himself and pays off his indebtedness to the company in a term of years.

The cost of the raw land is from eleven to thirty dollars an acre, for non-irrigible areas, and from thirty-five to seventy for irrigible areas, according to location. To the price of the raw land is added the cost of the improvements. The total so found is discharged by the settler in twenty years. Six per cent. per annum is charged on the outstanding amount still due.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having been in a sense from the first more or less of a national undertaking, the Government of Canada assisted in the construction of the line, by land grants, and parts of these holdings are sold to-day as ready-made farms. The Department of Natural Resources, headed by Mr. J. S. Dennis, assistant to the President, has been organized with a view of maintaining and developing the policy sought to be inaugurated when the land grants were made, and it is therefore not a land-selling concern, but a colonization agency, working on a substantial business basis. It thus serves the double purpose of selecting and placing desirable colonists, assisting them to make a start, and at the same time, it provides steadily increasing groups of patrons for the railway.

There are several plans offered to intending settlers. These are for convenience called "policies." One of them, involving "the long-term payment," now practically obsolete, enables a man selected by the company's colonization agent, to buy a farm, put up his buildings, and begin farming. The "improved farm" project is intended for men who are not pioneers, but who know something of farming. For them, the company

"improves" the land so that a new arrival can take up his residence in a house already built, his barn up, his ground fenced, a well on his property, and his land plowed and seeded. These "Improved" estates are the ready-made farms, and they are sold at the value of the raw land, plus the cost of the improvement; the whole amount being payable in twenty years at six per cent.

Another "policy" has been designed principally for settlers from the United States or for men with a certain amount of capital. If they are able to bring their families and household goods and make a first payment, the company will advance up to $2,000, with which to build a house and barn, according to plans provided by the company, drill a well, and fence the property. The rate being six per cent. on the loan for twenty years.

The terms of sale are that any area of non-irrigible land not exceeding 1,280 acres will be sold to one individual, but only one hundred and sixty acres of irrigible land will be sold to one person.

For the purpose of still further encouraging *bona fide* settlers, the company has established sixteen demonstration farms, three in Manitoba, four in Saskatchewan, and ten in Alberta. The object of these farms is to prove to the farmer that a greater cash return may be had from land worked under mixed farming than from one cultivated on the one-crop system. In connection with the Provincial Departments of Agriculture, the company runs demonstration trains from which instruction is given and exhibits are shown, indicating the best and most scientific methods of working.

Live stock is supplied to the farmer who may have a quantity of feed on hand, and who gives satisfactory evidence that he has the necessary knowledge and facilities to properly care for the animals. The company supplies the live stock at cost, and makes mutually satisfactory terms of payment. A carefully selected corps of inspectors is maintained by the company, whose duty is to visit farmers and advise them as to improved methods of conducting agricultural operations. Pamphlets, articles, and folders, containing information are freely distributed among the settlers. Railways and their subsidiary enterprises such as the ready-made farm and the irrigation of land, are regarded with favour alike by Government and people as being what they are supposed to be, the highways of traffic and the arteries of commerce for the healthy development of the whole country.

Canada is often spoken of as a cold country, but the terrors of the winter are often exaggerated in the imagination. The cold weather possesses a positive dollar-and-cent advantage which is too frequently lost sight of. The freezing of the moisture in the soil retains the soluble nitrates which would otherwise be drained out and lost. These elements of plant life and their retention in the ground are most important in the raising of wheat and other cereals. The depth of the frost penetration retards the drying up of the earth, especially in sandy soils, during the summer, and thus prevents the land from quickly becoming parched. The blanket of snow protects vegetation from sudden drops in temperature and supplies moisture as it melts in the spring.

In the matter of housing and caring for settlers on the ready-made farms, the company erects a dwelling house and barn, the latter having accommodation for eight animals and a hay-loft capable of holding from four to six tons of hay. The houses now built are the largest hitherto constructed and may be regarded as permanent, as they are intended to meet the requirements of an ordinary settler for over ten years. They contain two bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen and pantry. Fences are provided

and the company generally breaks, cultivates and seeds about fifty acres of land on each farm.

In a pamphlet on immigration issued by the Department of the Interior (Dominion Government), it is shown that the total homestead entries for the year 1911-12 were 39,151 persons. The total immigration for the same period was 354,237. Assuming, as the writer of the pamphlet does, that every homestead entry represents 2.5 persons, the percentage taking up homes in Western Canada was 0.442 of one per cent. of the total, or a little over two-fifths of one per cent. Stated in another way, it may be said that out of every 100,000 settlers who entered the country, 442 of them were claimed by the homestead. It is impossible to obtain accurate figures representing the number attracted by the ready-made farm, but considering the many opportunities afforded by a rapidly developing country, and the fact that farmers and farm labourers outnumber those in any other activity, it might not be so wide a guess to assume that the Canadian Pacific Railway attracted to its ready-made farms about one-fifth of one per cent. of the total immigration to the country for the year 1911-12.

One of the most remarkable features of the whole undertaking is the irrigation system. In 1894 the Dominion Government withdrew from sale and homestead entry three million acres of land in Southern Alberta. This tract was transferred to the company on its undertaking to construct an adequate irrigation system. The Government agreed to permit the waters of the Bow River to be diverted, and 2,100 cubic feet a second to be taken therefrom for use in the western section. The water from the western section is drawn off inside the limits of the City of Calgary. From there it flows south and east through the main canal, which is seventeen miles long. The canal is sixty feet wide at the bottom and one hundred and twenty feet wide at the waterline. The water is ten feet deep. The main canal delivers water to a reservoir for which a natural depression in the ground has been utilised, and by the aid of an earth dam a body of water three miles long, half a mile wide, and forty feet deep, has been created. From this reservoir the water is distributed by a system of secondary canals aggregating 250 miles. From the secondary canals distributing ditches come off, making a total of about 1,300 miles.

The irrigation block contains, roughly speaking, equal portions of irrigible and non-irrigible land. A farm having "wet" and "dry" land is called a combination farm, and to these the ready-made farm idea is also applied. In designing the system, the object was to obtain the greatest number of "combination farms" in any given tract. The Canadian irrigation laws regard the waters of Alberta as the property of the Crown, and a title given for water rights is equal to a title to land, and consequently there has been no litigation involving water rights. The United States Department of Agriculture, in Bulletin No. 96, recommends that the Canadian practice be adopted as the basis for irrigation laws in those States where irrigation is practised or is contemplated.

The method of delivering water to the settler is most interesting. The organisation charged with the work is headed by a superintendent, assisted by a corps of engineers who attend to general administration and are capable of doing betterment work. The water is looked after by ditch-riders, each in charge of a district. The ditch-riders report to watermasters, who are men having a knowledge of irrigation farming. An important part of the work of the whole department consists in educating new settlers and in seeing that proper rules are made and carried out.

The canals are spanned at road

crossings by bridges. At points along the secondary canals, small wooden dams are placed, each of these has a flashing board, over which the water flows. The significance of the word "flashing" is apparent when it is remembered that it comes from the same root as "flushing." The small dams are called "drops." They divide the secondary canals into a series of steps, like locks in a ship canal.

It is obvious that the highest "step" is the one nearest the reservoir, and the next lower, farther on. From the sections between "drops," or steps, the irrigation ditches come off. The entrance to each ditch is controlled by a dam and flashing board. By raising the flashing board, no water can enter the distributing ditch, which leads to several farms. The flashing board is locked in position and the ditch-rider keeps the key. He can, by this means, regulate the time and the amount of flow. Each farm has been previously "contoured." Small ditches, made by the farmer, traverse his land. Some of them are simply turned with a plow, others require more work. These ditches wind round from high to lower levels with slight fall. The space between any two approximately parallel ditches forms the irrigible land. These small ditches are filled from the distributing ditch by water let into them by the ditch-rider on request from the farmer.

When the contour ditches are full, and the "manual" acts of irrigation have been performed, nature carries on the work of moistening the soil by the seepage of water into the area below each contour ditch. In time the whole area becomes moist by the downward seepage of water from higher to lower level, like the spreading of a drop of ink from the edge of a sheet of clean blotting paper.

Irrigation is really "rain insurance," or the artificial elimination of drought. The caprices of mist and rain no longer hinder or destroy the work of months, and "Jupiter Pluvius" may be disregarded on a combination ready-made farm. The tiller of the soil has not only good land, but in a sense he may be said to regulate the equivalent to the rain-fall to suit himself. He has but to work, and reap the fruit of his labours. The competition of those about him leads him to produce, but never to destroy.

The prairies of the Northland bring forth
their earth-hid life,
To swell the worker's triumph, won without war or strife.
The plow-sheer, once the sword blade; the
pruning hook, the spear;
Ours in the living present, the vision of
the Seer.

THE MOURNER

From the Photograph by M. O. Hammond. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition.
Winner of a Silver Medal.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE SKYLINE, TORONTO

From a Sketch in Oils by Archibald Browne, looking from the Island

PUTTING A NEW FRONT ON TORONTO

BY LIONEL H. CLARKE

CHAIRMAN OF THE TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS

FOR more than a hundred years Toronto has suffered from the handicap of a bad front. In the early days, when a small central area of the present city was known as the town of York, no slur could be cast at a place so unpretentious because her waterfront was not a thing of beauty, but if one could accept contemporaneous prints as authentic documents one could with justice come to the conclusion that even the successful besiegers of the town during the War of 1812-13 gazed from their frigates off shore upon a sight just as attractive as one witnesses from the water approaches today, a hundred years later.

But Toronto is about to put on a new front. A new front has been the dream of public-spirited citizens back to a time beyond the memory of anyone still living, but it has remained for the present Toronto Harbour Commissioners, with great assistance from the Dominion Government, to begin a series of works and improvements that will not only make To-

TORONTO HARBOUR AS IT APPEARED ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

From a Drawing in the John Ross Robertson collection

ronto harbour capable of receiving deep-draught vessels, but that will transform the present ugly waterfront into a panorama of great beauty. Beauty, indeed, has been long and sadly lacking from the immediate approaches to Toronto, so that strangers coming into the city, either by railway or steamboat, have received their first impressions from a long stretch of grimy railway yards, black coal bunks, dingy warehouses, gloomy freight sheds, rickety docks, ancient slips, and neglected spots of history. But now there is to be a transformation. In a word, Toronto harbour will be deepened in keeping with the projected deepening of the Welland Canal, so that vessels of twenty-four feet draught, after passing through the canal, can enter Toronto harbour and tie up there at modern concrete wharves. Besides that, a magnificent boulevard is to be built along the waterfront, with driveways, footpaths, and bridle-paths; and parks and beauty spots are to be located at suitable points along the whole course of about thirteen miles. The work on the canal and Toronto waterfront will cost the Government and the city about $75,000,000, so that by the end of the year 1918, if the hopes of the Honourable Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways and Canals for Canada, are realized, a new Welland Canal will connect Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and by the end of the same year, if the hopes of the Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works for Canada, and of the Toronto Harbour Commissioners are realized, Toronto will have a harbour worthy the commerce that already is clamouring for accommodation.

The first step towards the realization of Mr. Cochrane's hopes was

THE SKYLINE, TORONTO

From a sketch in Oils by Archibald Browne, looking from the Western Gap

taken some three weeks ago, when work began on the first section of the new Welland Canal. The first step towards the realization of the second aspiration was taken when the Toronto Harbour Commissioners and the Department of Public Works for Canada signed contracts with the Canadian Stewart Company for the execution of work in Toronto harbour amounting in all to $11,000,000.

Probably no other public works of such magnitude have been planned and carried to the point of commencement so rapidly and with as little friction or criticism as the two public works mentioned. When the new canal and the harbour development works are completed the results will be such as very few people at present realize.

A very small percentage of the citizens of Toronto, as well as of other municipalities along the border of Lake Ontario, realize that the real big shipping industry of the Great Lakes has its eastern terminus at Buffalo, and that Lake Ontario is limited because of the nature of the canals which form its eastern and western entrances to a trade carried on by a class of vessels which cannot compare in size and capacity with the big liners which ply west and north from Lake Erie. The present Welland Canal can be navigated only by vessels drawing not more than fourteen feet of water, and the same condition applies to the St. Lawrence River waterways, which form the outlet for the lakes to the east, consequently the vessels calling at ports on Lake Ontario are restricted in size to the draught mentioned and are very rarely longer than 250 feet, while many of them are much smaller. From Buffalo west the depth of the waterways is such that vessels drawing twenty-two feet and having a length of 600 feet can navigate the

TORONTO'S NEW WHARF LINE

This piece of concrete wall running east from the foot of Bathurst Street marks the south line of the new marginal street

entire chain of fresh water from Lake Erie to the head of Lake Superior, with the result that the interior navigation commerce of Canada has been built up on this section of the Great Lakes, and the ports on Lake Ontario have had to be satisfied with what was left of the old merchant fleet and the addition of some few vessels built by companies for the purpose of handling package trade to the Northwest

The opening of the new Welland Canal will change this condition. The new canal is designed for a present depth of twenty-four feet, while the seven locks which will replace the present twenty-three locks in the old canal will be built with a depth of thirty feet, so that a similar depth can be obtained throughout the entire canal at any time in the future by simply dredging the stretches between the locks to that depth.

When the new Board of Harbour Commissioners for Toronto was organized at the end of the year 1911, the new Welland Canal was simply a paper project, but the Commissioners had the assurance of the Minister of Railways and Canals that the matter was going to be pushed through with the utmost expedition and they realized that the result would be an immense impetus to the shipping trade on Lake Ontario, and that Toronto would have an opportunity which, if handled in a proper way, would mean much in transforming the city into a metropolis.

With this fact before them the Commissioners and their officials commenced the planning of a development for Toronto's harbour which would place her in a position to participate in the expansion of water transportation which Canada is bound to experience in the next few years.

The $25,000,000 which the Harbour Commissioners plan to spend on To-

A TRAVELLING CRANE

Placing the concrete top on a modern, permanent wharf at the east end of Toronto Harbour

ronto's waterfront not only provides for the increased business which will follow the admission to Lake Ontario of large vessels from the Upper Lakes, but also looks ahead to the time when the Government will supplement its splendid work on the Welland Canal by undertaking the deepening of the St. Lawrence River and the canals connected with it for the purpose of providing a deep waterway from Montreal to Toronto. That this development is bound to follow is now recognized not only by the members of the Government and their officials, but by that portion of the public which is in touch with the shipping interests. When the improvement of the St. Lawrence River is completed, Toronto will be one of the chief ports on the greatest system of waterways in the world, and while a few years ago the suggestion that ocean-going vessels would dock at Toronto's waterfront was met in the spirit of skepticism, to-day the same suggestion is being made by many of those who formerly assumed a pessimistic attitude. It is not expected that Toronto will become a passenger port for ocean-going business, in which speed is such an important factor. It is not at all probable that any ocean passenger business of importance will be carried farther west than Montreal, but there is no doubt now in the minds of students of navigation that with the improvement of the St. Lawrence system of waterways following the development of Toronto's harbour, large ocean freight vessels will carry their cargoes direct from old country ports to the docks in the capital of Ontario, from which point a great deal of it will be distributed throughout the Province.

Another feature of inland navigation which has been for many years lost to Toronto, and to which Toronto's docks had said what was apparently a final farewell, will, it is

THE TORONTO HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS' LINE PRINCIPAL DREDGES

Transforming Ashbridges Bay into "The Toronto Harbour Industrial District"

expected, be to a very appreciable extent revived as one of the results of the development now commenced; that is the handling of grain, and it is the belief of the Harbour Commissioners that before many years, large modern elevators will add their attraction to Toronto's waterfront. At the present time grain shipped in large vessels from Fort William is transhipped at Port Colborne and is consigned from that point by means of barges to Montreal, where it is rehandled, either into the elevators or direct into the holds of ocean-going steamers. This business has grown so rapidly at Montreal that the utmost efforts of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners and of the private interests controlling elevators have been unable to keep pace with its growth. In 1912 the Harbour Commissioners completed the erection of a new elevator with a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels of grain. This gave them a total capacity of 4,000,000 bushels No sooner had the elevator been placed in operation than the Commissioners found that the total capacity was still inadequate for the business offered, and work was commenced at once upon an addition to elevator No. 1 for the purpose of adding an extra 1,500,000 bushels. This is now rapidly approaching completion, and the G. T. R. is also completing a large addition to their grain elevator at the mouth of the Lachine Canal, and it is now realized that even with this added accommodation Montreal will be unable to take care of the grain which will be offered at that port during the season of 1914. This condition is bound to continue, and the officials at Montreal now feel that they cannot possibly provide accommodation as rapidly as the business will demand. The result will be that some other port must undertake to look after the surplus business, and Toronto is the logical point for the establishment of another trans-shipping

A PIPE LINE FIFTEEN INCHES IN DIAMETER, THROUGH WHICH THE DREDGE FORCES SAND FOR THE PURPOSE OF DISTRIBUTING IT OVER A LARGE AREA

port. The reason for this is that a large vessel can discharge a cargo of grain at Toronto and ship for its return journey a cargo of package freight, whereas, should grain be carried to some point farther east on Lake Ontario, the distance between that point and Toronto would have to be traversed by the vessel practically in an empty state, so that it is confidently expected that a very considerable business of this nature will come to Toronto in the not far distant future.

The Commissioners have been very fortunate in the reception which has been accorded their plans from all quarters. The public generally has received them very enthusiastically, and both the City Council and the Dominion Government endorsed them without a word of criticism, the Government's endorsation being followed by its assumption of some $7,000,000 of the total expenditure and the awarding of a contract for $5,371,000.

Toronto's waterfront in the past has not been one of the portions of the city which citizens have exhibited with pride to visitors from other parts. As a matter of fact, most citizens will heartily endorse the Honourable Mr. Rogers in his statement that the waterfront is a disgrace to the city. This was one of the conditions that the Commissioners had to meet and remedy, and the situation was to some extent complicated by the fact that a great portion of the most valuable section of the waterfront on the inner harbour was privately owned. While plans were being prepared for the proper development of the Ashbridge's Bay district, and for the creation of a lake front boulevard and driveway, negotiations were carried on with the railway companies and other private owners along the front for the purpose of transferring to the Harbour Commissioners the control of the entire stretch of property between Cherry Street and Bathurst Street.

The final defeat of the railway's application for permission to build bridges as a means of carrying out the grade separation ordered for Toronto and the agreement for the construction of a viaduct made between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railway Companies, the City of Toronto, and the Harbour Commissioners, and endorsed by an order of the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada, cleared up the situation so far as the property from Yonge Street to Cherry Street is concerned and immediately following the construction of the viaduct the Harbour Commissioners will be in control of all the property in this section.

From Yonge Street to York Street the Commissioners already controlled the dock property, which was deeded to them by the city in December, 1911. From York Street to Bathurst Street the property was controlled by the two railway companies, and agreements have been negotiated with them and are now about completed which will transfer the control to the Harbour Commissioners. With this end attained, the pierhead line will be extended some 1,100 feet into the waters of the Bay, and a fine, broad street will be carried across the entire front from Cherry Street to Bathurst Street for the purpose of serving a new wharf area to be developed between this marginal way and the new pierhead line.

The preliminary work of constructing a bulkhead and filling in the water lots to the north of it, for the purpose of laying out this marginal way will cost approximately $5,000,000, and the new docks will be constructed to the south of this bulkhead from time to time as business demands them. These docks will all be of modern, permanent, concrete construction and will add greatly to the new waterfront, which is to be created for the city.

North of the marginal way will be provided large areas of land available as industrial sites, and from this property will be derived a large proportion of the revenue which will be needed in order to carry the interests on the heavy expenditure involved. This central dock development was planned subsequent to the original plans made public by the Commissioners, but it will be one of the most important features of the entire work.

One of the most interesting portions of the work, active operations on which will be carried out during the winter of 1913-14, and on a larger scale from the month of April, 1914, will be the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay. For many years this work has been advocated at various times by different members of the City Council and different public bodies, but the carrying out of such work entailed a vast expenditure, and while many project plans were prepared at various times, no definite step was taken towards carrying out any plan until the property was transferred by the city to the Harbour Commissioners, and the development became susceptible of realization as one portion of a complete waterfront improvement scheme. Ashbridge's Bay contains approximately 1,300 acres of waste lands, almost all covered by shallow water or marsh. Although the entrance to the district, Cherry Street, lies only one mile from the crossing of King and Yonge Streets, access to it could be had only by means of a small bridge across Keating's Channel, a shallow cut created for the purpose of carrying sewage from Ashbridge's Bay through to the lake. No real advantages could be offered to industries to locate in the district because they could not be given any of the modern facilities which industries demand, such as railway siding accommodation, water, gas, and other necessaries of industrial life.

Under the plans prepared by the Commissioners and approved by the city and the Government, Keating's Cut will be filled up and the marsh to the south of it will also be filled to

a height of eight feet above mean water level in Toronto harbour, thus joining the entire district to the main land and allowing access to it over all the streets which at present lead south from Eastern Avenue east of the Don, as well as by means of Cherry Street, and of the new marginal way which will run west from Cherry Street across the waterfront. A railroad connection can then be made with the Grand Trunk Railway at the foot of Cherry Street, and upon the completion of the city's industrial tracks on the east bank of the Don, connection can also be made with the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern Railroads, at Winchester Street, and the Commissioners propose, as part of the development of this district, to install a complete system of railroad sidings, which will be connected with all three railways, thus giving every factory which locates in this district the privilege of receiving and making shipments over any of the three roads free from interswitching charges. Just what this means to an industry can only be realized by those in touch with shipping business, but that it means much is proved by the fact that at the present time with no railroad accommodation, with very primitive water system, with no sewage system, and the land in an ungraded state, several factories have taken leases in the district and are putting up with the inconvenience at the present time in order to be in favourable locations when the new development is carried out. These leases have been made at what the Commissioners consider an extremely favourable rate, and they feel that as a result of this experience they are justified in expecting that from the Toronto Harbour Industrial District, under which name Ashbridge's Bay will be known in the future, will be derived a revenue sufficient to meet the annual charges on the total bonded indebtedness which the Commissioners will incur.

When the new industrial district is completed it will contain 646 acres of land available for industrial sites, and every industry locating there will have a frontage on a street for ordinary traffic, and also a frontage on a street reserved for railroad sidings, which will be operated under a system by which any industry can receive or ship a car without disturbing its neighbours on either side. Thirty miles of streets, varying in width from a minimum of seventy-five feet to a maximum of 175 feet, will provide for the vehicular and pedestrian traffic which will undoubtedly develop in the future, as well as for street car accommodation which will have to be provided as the district grows.

In addition to the railroad facilities, industries settling in the Toronto Harbour Industrial District will be given the opportunity to receive and ship goods by boat. A ship-channel 6,800 feet long and 400 feet wide will be carried east into the district from a point about half way north and south along its western face, and will terminate in a turning basin 1,000 feet square. This ship-channel will have a depth of twenty-four feet, and the dock structures along its banks will be so constructed that the depth can ultimately be increased to thirty feet by means of dredging, so that boats of any draught which may in the future come through the Welland Canal will be able to find accommodation in Toronto. The banks of the ship-channel will be docked so as to provide ample dockage accommodation for all the industries which may desire to avail themselves of shipping facilities, and this dockage, in addition to the dock, and pier construction, which will be carried out on the west of the district fronting on Toronto harbour, will provide a total length of wharfage of four and one-half miles.

Toronto has for many years been the principal manufacturing and distributing base for the Northwest Provinces, and it is easy to realize

what a tremendous impetus will be given to this business when a manufacturer is able to ship goods by boat from the door of his factory to the head of Lake Superior for distribution throughout the West.

At the foot of Bathurst Street a small industrial area, covering seventeen acres, will be developed, also served by dock and railroad facilities. The railroad tracks here, as in the east, will be connected without inter-switching charges with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Grand Trunk Railway, and it is expected that this little area will be greatly appreciated by industries desiring to establish in the west end. A large section of the dock to serve this district has already been constructed and will be ready for use in 1914.

It is expected that the old western entrance to Toronto's harbour will be filled up during the same year, so that railroad sidings can be carried across to the new district, and it should therefore be available for use before the end of another year.

The development of these two industrial areas and also the development of 180 acres of industrial and dock areas between Bathurst and Cherry Streets will, it is expected, take care of the commercial and industrial development of Toronto for many years to come. The creation of the new dock area and of the industrial district will be accompanied by the dredging of the entire harbour to a depth of at least thirty feet, so that upon the completion of the work planned, the great portion of which is under contract, vessels drawing twenty-four feet of water would be able to find accommodation at any point in Toronto harbour.

When the Harbour Commissioners were appointed, the City of Toronto transferred to the Commissioners all the property owned by the city along the entire waterfront from Scarboro on the east, to the Humber River on the west, comprising eighty-three and one-half per cent. of the entire waterfront property. What the people of Toronto owe to the City Council who secured and retained control of this splendid waterfront property cannot be estimated to-day. Had the Commissioners been obliged to face conditions under which they would have had to expropriate this property or any considerable portion of it, the immense cost would almost have prohibited the carrying out of their plans. Other ports, both on the lakes and on the oceans in America, have had to face tremendous expenditures in order to secure as a basis for their harbour development works, property to compare with that which was already controlled by the City of Toronto.

Much of the property so deeded to the Commissioners consisted of water lots to the east and west of the Island, which forms the barrier between Toronto harbour and the lake. This property, while susceptible in some places, particularly along the front of Ashbridge's Bay, for treatment as industrial sites, and in some places for development for wharfage purposes, was peculiarly susceptible for treatment along park lines, and the Commissioners felt that it was their duty to the public, whose trustees they are, to develop the entire property in the manner from which the public would secure the greatest benefit. With the industrial and commercial future of the city protected, as has been explained, it appeared to them to be wise to develop the balance of the property in an æsthetic manner and to provide for the citizens some means of utilizing Toronto's splendid waterfront for recreation purposes. For this purpose a waterfront boulevard and driveway was planned, which will reach from Woodbine Avenue, on the east, along the lake front south of Ashbridge's Bay and across the eastern channel to the Island, and thence through the interior of the Island and along the western waterfront to the Humber River.

This boulevard and driveway will have a total length of thirteen miles and will consist of broad concrete walks, driveways, bridle path, and park areas, to a total width of 200 feet, making one of the handsomest waterfront boulevards on the North American continent.

From Woodbine Avenue to the eastern channel the boulevard will lie immediately behind the breakwater and will command a view of the lake to the south. To the north of the boulevard will lie a park and lagoon system, covering 350 acres, which will be provided for the recreation of the East End residents. From Bathurst Street to Sunnyside a protected waterway with an average width of 500 feet will separate the boulevard from the sea wall. This waterway, in conjunction with the Island lagoons and the lagoons east from the eastern channel, will allow a small boat to traverse the distance from Woodbine Avenue to the Humber without being subjected to the danger of any storm which may occur on the lake.

From Sunnyside to the Humber a fine sand bathing beach will border the waterway on the north, and modern bath houses will be erected in order that the public may be afforded an opportunity to enjoy summer bathing on a bathing beach equal to the finest now in existence. Similar advantages will be afforded the East End residents by means of bath houses along the lagoons west of Woodbine Avenue.

In the same section from Sunnyside west, a terraced promenade fifty-five feet wide, patterned somewhat after the popular board walk idea in use at many summer resorts, will be graded on an elevation of some twelve feet above the boulevard proper, and to the north of this promenade will be a reservation of lots which will be leased for various commercial purposes suitable to a summer resort development, this being another source of revenue from which much is anticipated. North of this building reservation will be constructed a new street to take the place of the present Lake Shore Road, and the latter road will be widened to eighty feet and be used as a right-of-way for radial railroads entering the city from the west.

It is anticipated that the creation of this waterfront boulevard and driveway will result in the establishment of a park and driveway, encircling the entire city.

The entire work planned by the Commissioners was estimated to cost on the original plans, $19,142,000, and the subsequent plans for the improvement of the central waterfront will add $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 to this amount. Of this the city is asked to contribute only $1,800,000 in order to secure the waterfront boulevard, while the Government is spending a sum originally estimated at $6,123,000, but which has already been increased by the Government itself so that it will probably reach close to $7,000,000, on work which is recognized as shore protection and harbour extension work. The balance of $11,000,000 remaining of the first estimates, and also the additional $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 for the central development will be raised by the Harbour Commissioners by means of issuing debentures, and the first block of these debentures has already been disposed of in order that a start may be made by the spring of 1914.

The Toronto Harbour Commissioners are a joint civic and Government body, consisting of five members, three of whom (Messrs. R. Home Smith, Thos. L. Church, and the writer) were appointed by the City Council; one (Mr. F. S. Spence) was appointed by the Dominion Government, and one (Mr. R. S. Gourlay) was appointed by the Dominion Government on the nomination of the Toronto Board of Trade.

TECUMSEH: THE CLIMAX OF THE INDIAN TRAGEDY

BY WILLIAM EDWARD PARK

TECUMSEH was born in 1768 on the banks of the Mad River, a pretty tributary of the Ohio, in that brief interval of dubious peace betwixt the fall of Quebec and its logical sequel, the American Revolution. In his childhood days, Pontiac's conspiracy of 1763 was still a new story. A boy, he saw his tribe, the Shawnees, allies of the British, fighting the American colonists; he was six years old when his father, Puckeshinwau, fell in battle. He fled with terrified women and children when, in 1780, the burning of his native village, Piqua, by the Americans forced the Shawnees to seek refuge north of the Ohio. Thus, in his most plastic years the story of Pontiac's great dream was fresh, the victory of the confederated Americans over the British made a deep impression, and, the death of his father and the sufferings of his people nerving him to vengeance, he dreamed dreams and beheld visions which in later years slowly crystallized into definite realities.

Beyond the Ohio, in the Indian country, dwelt many tribes—Shawnees, Iowas, Mingoes, Miamis, Ottawas, Wyandottes—all save the latter sprung from Algonquin stock. Roving bands of Indians must, from time to time, have visited Tecumseh's village, their varying dialects and habiliments arousing a curious interest in the thoughtful youth. He had heard that still further away dwelt strong Indian nations. In his nineteenth year with his elder brother, Cheeseekau, and a party of Shawnee braves, he set out on the "long trail." With the hospital Mandans his party hunted the buffalo of the plains; they lent their aid to the intelligent Cherokees in their warfare against the whites, and, mingling with the Chicasaws, Seminoles and Creeks of Florida, like true soldiers of fortune, helped to fight the Americans and the Spaniards. The years thus spent converted the youth into a hardy warrior; the death of Cheeseekau in battle gave him command; on his return to the Ohio in 1790, his partly unconscious preparation for his life work was measurably complete.

The fires of undying hatred glowed along the always shifting border of the Western States. The earliest days of English settlement had sown seeds of enmity; long years of border warfare wherein the Indians fought each other as allies of French or English had watered the soil with blood. The harvest ripened in bitter hatred. Crude, daring, unsentimental, adventurous, the backwoodsman of Ohio or Tennessee was trained in a hard school. He learned to fight the Indian as the Indians fought; and in his more peaceful dealings he developed a lack of scruple that had not even the Indian's just excuse

that it was part of a racial inheritance.

With relentless certainty the tide of white settlement encroached upon the hunting-grounds. In the years immediately following the Revolution numerous councils framed treaties. The first solemn treaty, that with the Delawares in 1778, in return for a cession of lands conceded Indian sovereignty beyond the Ohio and the right to punish according to Indian custom any whites who might dare trespass upon Indian territory. Through the half-dozen or more treaties which followed, each signalized by another cession of land to the whites, runs the same guarantee of Indian sovereignty in the lands still left, the same relinquishment of all white claims, the same declaration that should any white trespass "the Indians may punish him or not as they please." Yet each Indian attempt to assert this solemnly pledged supremacy was the signal for a cry of vengeance, another Indian defeat, another cession of territory, another pledge made only to be broken. These swift recurring wrongs were the everyday talk of the councils in which the young Tecumseh modestly sat, hearkening to the wisdom of his elders. In his bosom they must have rankled, just as pride must have glowed when, returning from the long trail, he heard the tale of the destruction of Harmer's expedition; or when, shortly after, runners bore word to his village of the defeat of General St. Clair. He must, too, have seethed with impatience of the lack of Indian unity and the failure of individual chiefs to loyally resist the blandishments of American land grabbers.

In 1794 came the crowning wrong. Along the Rivers Au Glaize, Lake and Miami the Indians dwelt in highly prosperous settlements—"like a continuous village," writes Mad Anthony Wayne—with highly cultivated fields and gardens, and corn crops for the luxuriance of which the rich Indiana soil is still famed. These things hint that the Shawnees, taught the folly of war and relying on solemn treaties, were content with peace. Wayne and his Americans relentlessly ravaged the fields and burned the villages; the inevitable treaty, signed in 1795, ceded to the land hungry Americans yet more territory. Pathetically the Indian chiefs handed back the proffered treaty money. "Your settlers come because they are poor," pleaded the representatives of eleven tribes. "Give them this money, make them rich, and let them stay away and leave us our lands." Wayne insisted, the lands were ceded; the Indians, afraid yet vengeful, were in mood to receive Tecumseh's message.

Tecumseh sought a mouthpiece in his ambitious brother, Laulewasikau, like himself an orator of no mean degree. Already this brother, his sinister aspect enhanced by the loss of an eye, enjoyed repute as a sorcerer. He now retired to the forest solitudes, there spending much time in meditation, prayer and fasting. Returning, he proclaimed himself the Tenskawatawa, the "Open Door," through which would come deliverance to the Shawnees — the messenger sent by the Great Spirit to proclaim His will to the Indian race.

A conception so bold and lofty is new to Indian tradition. Some slight analogy might be found in the Aztec tradition of the return of Quetzalcoatl, which played so huge a part in the conquests of Cortez and some variant of which may have lingered among the Southern Indians. But the Open Door finds, in the Messiah as depicted in the Hebrew writings, a far closer parallel. Many fanatical whites had proclaimed that the Indians were the original Canaanites, to be relentlessly wiped out. Tecumseh, keen to analyze all things and alert to find a way of de-

liverance for his people, might well have fancied in the white man's faith the secret of the white man's triumph, and have sought to graft that faith upon the religion of his own people. The Prophet's preliminary retirement to the solitude is distinctly Messianic.

Nor were the principles the Prophet enunciated at the Great Council at Wapakonetta unworthy of his high pretensions. The Indians must beware of drunkenness—he had seen in a vision the torments of drunkards hereafter—they must eschew the white man's ways and return to the habits of their forefathers, must gather in one village, hold all things in common, and dwell in peace and industry, regarding all Indians as brothers. "His advice has always been good," one writer quotes an Indian as saying. "He tells us we must pray to the Great Spirit, who made the world and everything in it; not to lie, drink whiskey or go to war, but to live soberly and peaceably with all men, to work and to grow corn."

This religious veil half hid political aspirations wherein Tecumseh planned the salvation of his race. Their territorial rights had been bartered away by individuals, often without authority to speak for their people. To conserve the rights still left, he enunciated a principle to which he asked the adhesion of all the Indians of the Ohio—the principle that the land was the property, not of individuals or even of chiefs, but of all the Indians, and that what was owned by all could be ceded only by a council representative of all.

Indian confederacies had been formed before. The semi-civilized tribes of Peru and Mexico had framed the semblance of highly-organized national life. The Cherokees possessed an advanced form of tribal government. The Six Nations of the Iroquois had evolved a tremendous fighting force. Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, near kinsmen of the Shawnees, had temporarily united the widely scattered tribes; the leaven of Pontiac's ideal still worked when, after the Revolution, the Indians of the Ohio loosely joined against the Americans. The idea was essentially old, but into it Tecumseh infused the new principle—borrowed, like his religious principles, from the American colonists—of a common nationality, while the Tenskawatawa threw about it a religious glamour. The conjurings and incantations of the Prophet, his belt of sacred beans, his exorcisms, mark the lesser and more superstitious mind; but the ethical principles of the new religion, sobriety, industry, peace, union and national brotherhood, bear the impress of the sane logician and far-sighted statesman upon whom the lesson of American union had not been lost. The Prophet's superstitions formed the bait to lure the Indian to the one course of conduct which spelled racial salvation.

Grudgingly accepted at first by a few isolated Shawnee clans, the new religion was hailed with acclaim by the Great Council. Delawares, Wyandottes, Miamis, Ottawas, Pottawatomies and other tribes of the Ohio valley united to establish a village on the Maumee. Naturally apprehensive, the American settlers were quick to take alarm at this unwonted manifestation; but at a conference with the Governor of Ohio, held at Chillicothe, Tecumseh, supported by Blue Jacket, Roundhead and Panther, urged that the only aim of the confederacy was peace. The Governor, satisfied, dismissed the militia.

This early collision drove home to Tecumseh the bitter realization that, as first planned, his scheme was futile. He had framed a confederacy of the Ohio tribes; he now saw that with the steady pressure of white immigration, his people must become a red island in a white sea.

Quickly his bold and active mind overleapt the barrier. East of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio the whites dwelt; French, English, and Americans had always conceded the forests and prairies beyond these rivers to be Indian ground. North, south and west of these natural boundaries the Indians, welded into one vast confederacy, would unite to bar the westward progress of the whites. The frontier tribes, in times of stress supported by bands from west and north, would interpose a living barrier; at intervals along this line the village of the Maumee would be duplicated by large settlements with a constant line of intercommunication. Between the Mississippi and the Rockies would be the home of a powerful Indian empire.

For Tecumseh, the years that followed were filled with ceaseless activity. The Prophet, vain, headstrong and tyrannical, proved a drag upon the cause; Tecumseh, boldly relegating him to a minor role, stood forth himself as the head of the crusade. From the Gulf of Mexico to the Red River of the north he travelled, preaching to the scattered tribes his new gospel of nationality, acclaimed by all as the voice of the Great Spirit and the saviour of his people.

These activities the Americans, beneficiaries of more or less unjust aggressions, watched with suspicious eyes. Through American documents of this time glimmer little hints of Indian restraint under American injustice. "The patience of the Indians is astonishing," writes William Henry Harrison, Governor of Indiana. In the face of aggressions, Tecumseh counselled peace. Such counsels a people historically unscrupulous in their dealings with the Indians merely regarded as evidence of a like lack of scruple.

Rather than provoke a conflict, Tecumseh in 1808 moved his town from the Maumee to the junction of the Tippecanoe and the Wabash. The settlers were not placated. In Indian organization they saw only war; in Indian protestations of peace they saw only subterfuge. The capital was fairly bombarded with petitions for troops. Harrison summoned Tecumseh to a conference at Vincennes on August 12th, 1810. Attending with a retinue of 400 braves, the chief bore himself with a haughtiness befitting the spokesman of the entire Indian people. As was his custom refusing to speak in other than the Shawnee tongue, he declared that the Indians declined to recognize cessions of lands made by individuals, and that, though the confederacy stood for peace, it stood also for determined resistance to further encroachments. Harrison was equally obstinate. The parties reached an impasse; and the Governor, predicting an immediate uprising, demanded aid from Washington.

Throughout the ensuing winter, affairs swept on to a crisis. The settlers, fearful of attack, determined to crush the growing confederacy. The Federal Government refused to sanction attack or to send troops. The settlers made incursions; a number of Indians were killed; still the tribes held firm to peace. At a second conference Harrison demanded, in disregard of the treaties, the surrender of two Pottawattomies accused of killing whites upon the Indian lands, and haughtily refused to discuss the unauthorized cession of the Wabash territory. Tecumseh, while steadfastly urging the rights of his people, argued that a confederacy, able to enforce law among the Indians, must make for peace. Harrison apparently was satisfied.

In August, 1811, Tecumseh, with thirty braves, set out for the south. Following the line of the Mississippi, he penetrated the Texas country, Alabama, and Florida. Choctaws, Cherokees, Creeks, and Seminoles,

tribes which in after years fully proved their prowess as warriors, avowed willingness to throw in their lot with their northern brethren. Harrison bears witness to Tecumseh's work:

"If it were not for the vicinity of the United States, Tecumseh would perhaps be the founder of an Empire that would rival in glory Mexico or Peru. No difficulties deter him. For four years he has been in constant motion. You see him to-day on the Wabash, and in a short time hear of him on the shores of Lake Erie or Lake Michigan, or on the banks of the Mississippi, and wherever he goes he makes an impression favourable to his purpose. He is now upon the last round to put a finishing stroke upon his work."

The finishing stroke was put. Tecumseh turned northward, his most ardent hopes realized.

While still distant from the Ohio, ominous rumours reached him, speedily confirmed by terrified fugitives. The Prophet's Town was in ashes, the Ohio confederacy broken. Harrison, seizing the opportunity of Tecumseh's absence, had pressed forward with 1,200 men. Met by a deputation from the Prophet, he promised a council the ensuing day; then, yielding to the clamourings of his men, continued to advance, halting only on the threshold of the Indian town. Whether in the ensuing night engagement Indians or whites commenced the conflict is immaterial. Harrison's invasion of the Indian country was in direct defiance of orders from Washington. It also violated the treaty of 1795. That document literally authorized the Indians, without fear of reprisals from the central Government, to destroy Harrison's entire force; and Washington itself was obligated to aid in driving Harrison from the Indian territory. Hostilities were virtually commenced when the Americans set foot on Indian ground; the moral guilt rests on Harrison, no matter whose match actually fired the powder.

Though the iron must have deeply entered his soul, Tecumseh wasted no time in mourning. Energetically he set to work to rally his confederacy and establish a new town. To a council at Mathethie, Tecumseh, questioned by Roundhead, head chief of the Wyandottes, determinedly proclaimed his purpose. "If we hear of any more of our people being killed, we will immediately send to all the nations on or toward the Mississippi and all this island will rise as one man." The soul spoke bravely, but the body was shattered. Tecumseh's own tribe, the Shawnees, never ardent supporters, rejected his proposals. The Delawares were hostile; the other tribes friendly, but fearful. His personal following dwindling to thirty braves, Tecumseh set out for the British post at Malden.

To Colonel Matthew Elliott, deputy superintendent of Indian Affairs, the chief proffered the services of his party in the conflict impending between Great Britain and the United States. "Not for love of King George," writes a British observer, "but because they hoped to receive from his hands the justice they had sought in vain from the Americans." To Isadore, chief of the Wyandottes, sent by the American general, Hull, to urge neutrality, Tecumseh made clear his aims. If the Long Knives prevailed, the Indians must still suffer; if the British won, the peace treaty would forever secure to the Indians their rights. The British king had done well for Brant and his Mohawks; he would not be less loyal to his later Indian allies.

Assigned to help garrison Bois Blanc, Tecumseh summoned his tribesmen for the conflict. War was declared on June 18th, 1812. On July 11th Hull occupied Sandwich. American freebooters penetrated as far east as Moraviantown. Tecumseh with twenty-five Menominee Indians ambushed Major Denny and 120 American militia sent to capture Malden, and drove them back in utter rout. The capture of Michilli-

mackinac by the daring Roberts ensued. Tecumseh's runners spread the glad tidings broadcast, summoning the braves to share in the predicted downfall of Detroit. Already his daring mind foresaw what Brock was soon to achieve.

Hull's operations against Canada languished. With 2,500 troops, he lacked the energy to use them. The British controlled Lake Erie; and already Tecumseh's braves, ranging the unsettled wilderness between Fort Detroit and the Ohio, captured Hull's despatches and intercepted his supplies. Early in August Tecumseh ambushed Major Van Horne, sent from Detroit to relieve a beef convoy, and secured despatches which, promptly transmitted to Colonel Proctor at Malden, told a tale of dissension in Detroit. Van Horne's defeat, compassed by Tecumseh, forced Hull to withdraw his last outpost from Canada. At Maguaga an attempt to ambush Colonel Miller with a second relief expedition failed, but, in Hull's own words, "the blood of 75 gallant men could only open the communications as far as the points of their bayonets extended." Tecumseh, first to join battle, last to retire, harassed Miller when, abandoning his purpose, he retreated to Detroit.

General Brock's arrival from Niagara was followed by a midnight council. "This is a man," declared Tecumseh to his fellow chiefs. Where Proctor had hesitated, Brock never faltered. Overruling the protests of his officers, he decided to attack Detroit.

"We are committed to a war in which the enemy must always surpass us in numbers, equipment, and resources," he declared significantly; and, turning away from further argument, studied the roll of birchbark on which Tecumseh had traced a map of the environs of Detroit.

To Brock's first formal summons, Hull returned defiance. Captain Dixon's batteries on the Canadian shore promptly opened fire. The same night a thousand Indians under cover of darkness completely surrounded Fort Detroit. Next morning, while Dixon's guns steadily pounded the walls, Brock crossed the river. Hull, completely demoralized, despatched a flag of truce. Fort Detroit, the territory of Michigan, the brig Adams, 2,500 soldiers, 2,500 stand of arms, 10,000 cartridges, thirty-seven cannon, constituted the spoils. The colours of the Fourth United States Regiment, "the heroes of Tippecanoe," still hang in Chelsea Royal Hospital, trophies of a victory that could not have been won without Tecumseh's aid; yet of the man who had devastated his village, not one hair was harmed.

"A more sagacious or more gallant warrior does not exist," wrote Brock enthusiastically. Indeed, without Tecumseh and his Indians, the British regulars, unskilled in backwoods warfare, must have rested on the defensive. The cutting of his lines of communication demoralized Hull, the ambuscade of Van Horne forced his withdrawal from Canada, the intercepted despatches gave ample evidence of fatal weakness in the numerically powerful garrison. Brock's daring was the one thing needful to pluck the already ripe fruit of victory.

In warfare, as in all other concerns, the moral effect of an early victory is tremendous. Canada, at first fearful of the odds against her, plucked up courage and gained a needful breathing space. This achievement made the most forlorn hope seem gloriously possible.

The American border settlers, terror-stricken, rallied in self defence. William Henry Harrison succeeded to the command of the west. While Tecumseh, taking advantage of the victory, set out for the Wabash to recruit reinforcements, General Winchester, a subordinate, eager to forestall Harrison, with 2,500 men ravaged the Indian villages on the Mi-

ami and ousted a British outpost at Frenchtown. Colonel Proctor, now commanding at Malden, with 500 militia and 800 Indians, by a bold march surprised the Americans at Frenchtown and forced Winchester's surrender. In great numbers the tribesmen rallied to Tecumseh. He, leaving one party on the Wabash to annoy Harrison, with another band returned to Malden, to urge on Proctor the following up of his first successful stroke.

The boldness of Captain Roberts, who abandoned an untenable position to win a splendid victory, the daring of Brock who staked his little force against the odds of Fort Detroit and won, were foreign to this old world soldier. Essentially a Fabius, Proctor preferred the apparently safe defensive and the tactics which text books and drill masters had taught him. The adaptability so needful in border warfare was not his. Tecumseh, eager to measure strength with his old foeman on the Wabash and to regain possession of his people's territory, chafed at Proctor's inactivity, just as, doubtless, the British commander fretted at the lack of military precision in the Indian allies.

Proctor's despatches throw vivid light upon this fatal irresolution. He seems to seek excuses for failure rather than opportunities for success. Governor Prevost had promised much needed reinforcements; their non-arrival Proctor makes a constant excuse for inaction. His despatches are filled with pleas for reinforcements and fresh supplies. They reveal, too, evidences of steadily growing animosity toward the Indians. This feeling was mutual. The elements which, under Brock and Tecumseh had striven harmoniously and achieved victory, under Proctor and Tecumseh attempted little and achieved less.

Frenchtown was fought in January, 1813. Tecumseh urged the British general to repeat the blow. Proctor, after much delay, in May undertook a half-hearted movement against Fort Meigs. A four days' bombardment silenced the American guns, but the Fort still held out. Proctor raised the siege. In July, once more at Tecumseh's instance, he made a second attempt. Strategy failed to draw forth the defenders. Proctor irresolutely shifted to Fort Stephenson on the Sandusky, where he wasted time and sacrificed gallant lives in a hopeless frontal attack. "A more than adequate sacrifice to Indian opinion," Proctor calls this, the tone of his despatch almost triumphant. Irresolute, entering upon active undertakings against his own judgment, he welcomes failure as a vindication of his wisdom, regardless of its cost to Canada.

While Proctor thus faltered, a new danger loomed up. In February, 1813, Commodore Perry had taken energetic command of the American fleet on Lake Erie. Proctor made no attempt to check the building of new ships. The British commander, Barclay, relaxed the blockade of Presqu' Ile Bay long enough to permit the larger American vessels to escape, and shortly after paid the penalty in irretrievable defeat. From the heights at Malden the British with anxious eyes on September 10th watched the combatants till the battle-smoke obscured them. Not till long after the sounds of conflict ceased did the cloud, lifting, disclose to their glasses a melancholy glimpse of Barclay's crippled ships following in the wake of the American squadron toward Sandusky Bay.

Fort Malden, its guns sacrificed to arm Barclay's new-built flagship, was defenceless. Proctor at a council declared his intention of abandoning the post. Tecumseh's long pent up feelings found voice in bitter challenge to the British general to hand over the guns and ammunition to the Indians, and let them hold the frontier or die in its defence. More than anger at Proctor's inefficiency

rang in Tecumseh's eloquence. Retreat spelled ruin of his hopes. Always he had urged operations that would ensure to his allies control of Michigan and the Ohio Valley when the peace treaty was framed; were Malden abandoned, his people must be sacrificed in the eventual treaty. In a British and military sense retreat must have been justified; but Tecumseh voiced, not the caution of the Briton, but the aspirations of a new-born Indian nation gasping out its brief life. The treaty of Ghent vindicated his prescience.

Awed by the acclaim with which the savages hailed the chieftain's challenge, Proctor for the first time admitted to Tecumseh that Barclay was defeated. Tecumseh reluctantly agreed to abandon Malden. He urged resistance to the Americans on landing, at the Canard, and at every vantage point—a guerrilla warfare in which, protecting their supplies and luring the enemy into an unknown and thickly wooded country, the British could pave the way for a crushing American defeat when reinforcements from Fort George at length enabled them to turn upon the invader. In such warfare, the Indians could have given the maximum of service, while all that Proctor sought, the safety of his little force, would have been secured. Proctor would promise nothing more than a stand at Moraviantown, sixty-three miles to the east. Tecumseh, demanding a private audience, urged sending an advance party to prepare the village for defence. The British general was evasive. Tecumseh, gripping his silver-mounted tomahawk with one hand, with the other fiercely smote the hilt of Proctor's sword. "You are Proctor, I am Tecumseh," he challenged; but Proctor made no answer.

With Malden in ashes and the smoke of Fort Detroit rising behind him, Proctor left Sandwich on September 27th, 1913. Tardy in the offensive, he was equally dilatory in retreat. Had not a storm delayed Harrison, the British force must have been nipped at Malden. Worry regarding his wife and sick daughter, resentment toward the Indians, the murmurings of his own men, the confidence that Harrison would not venture into the interior, all doubtlessly contributed to the most pathetic mockery of generalship in Canadian military history. Cautious Harrison, awaiting the arrival of Colonel Johnson's mounted Kentuckians, thereby afforded the fugitives a respite that helped little. In five days Proctor covered but fifty-four miles, nor did he even destroy the bridges behind him. On October 1st he reached Dolsen's. At Chatham, five miles further east, where a small stream joins the Thames, Tecumseh urged a stand. Proctor agreed. "Here," he declared, "we will either defeat Harrison or leave our bones." The site selected, to-day Tecumseh Park in the heart of busy Chatham, was admirably adapted for defence. Tecumseh surveyed it with mournful satisfaction. "This is a good place," he commented. "It reminds me of my village at the junction of the Wabash and the Tippecanoe."

But Proctor, hastening ahead with the baggage, did not return. Tecumseh anxiously consulted Colonel Warburton, second in command. With no enemy yet in sight, the retreat had become a rout. The officers vainly urged Warburton to take command. On October 3rd at Chatham a messenger brought word that Harrison's scouts had engaged the rear guard. Hasty preparations were made to resist. Next morning at a second alarm the British retreated six miles eastward, where Proctor joined them. Tecumseh, bitterly chagrined, held the bridge at Chatham till Harrison's heavy guns drove the Indians, fighting stubbornly, from their position.

One gunboat ascending the Thames the retreating force abandoned and set on fire; two others, grounding.

were left behind, blazing tokens of a panic-stricken retreat. Above Arnold's Mills, where Harrison's men forded the swollen stream, the Americans captured two bateaux with all the British ammunition and supplies. At news of this disaster the British deserted their half-cooked breakfast, halting only two miles west of Moraviantown. Harrison found the deserted British campfires still burning.

Without food all morning, without ammunition, without confidence in their leader, the retreating soldiers were demoralized. Even to the last, Proctor's fatal irresolution was evidenced in hasty shifting of the lines of defence. Men still doubted whether or not there would be a stand. Perhaps Proctor himself doubted. Tecumseh went to him. "Shall we fight the Americans?" questioned Calderwell, when the Chief returned. "Yes, my son," Tecumseh answered. "Before sunset we will be in their smoke. They are now almost upon us." Unbuckling his sword, he handed it to his aide, Shaubena. "If I should not come out of this fight," he declared, solemnly, "keep this sword, and when my son is a great warrior, give it to him."

Across the road the British formed in two lines of defence, Warburton in the van, and Proctor, with his staff, behind the second line. Their left rested on the Thames, their right on a black ash swale. Beyond this swale a narrow stretch of solid ground was barred by a few regulars; on a larger swamp to the right the Indians were posted. A six-pounder, without ammunition to serve it, was placed in front of the first line; two others a couple of miles east uselessly guarded the Moraviantown ford. In the two hours of waiting Tecumseh passed along the line, shaking hands with the officers. "Father, have a big heart," he urged Proctor; then passed on with his braves to join the Indians. "Be brave, stand firm, shoot straight," he counselled the old warriors.

At three o'clock the enemy's bugle sounded. Johnson's cavalry, suddenly appearing, swept down upon the red line. The British fire emptied many saddles, but the Kentuckians quickly rallied and the defenders, unable to reload, fell back. The second line fired an irregular volley; then the British ranks broke, fleeing from the relentless horsemen. Proctor, himself already in flight, made no attempt to rally them.

In the swamp, the Indians, stoutly holding their ground, repelled the attacks of Desha's brigade. The Americans retreated, and the defenders, emerging in eager pursuit, were attacked by the victorious Kentuckians. Tecumseh ordered a retreat to the swamp. The horsemen, pursuing, were mired, their first ranks decimated by the terrible fire of their concealed enemies. Dismounting, they formed on foot, Desha's men moving up to their support. The Indians kept up an irregular fire, and for a long time the issue was in doubt, till Tecumseh, foremost in the defence, encouraging his braves, thrice wounded, staggered and fell.

His son, a lad of seventeen, among others, still fought on, but gradually the battle yielded, and the defenders, bearing the body of their chief, sought shelter in the deeper woods.

For many days the tradition lingered that Tecumseh was but wounded, and would return to again lead his people. Harrison in his prolix despatch never mentions—what must then have been doubtful—Tecumseh's death. The chieftain vanished into a haze of mystery. Even to-day his grave is unknown and unmarked by any monument. On the battlefield where he fell patriotic citizens of Thamesville—once Tecumseh—have raised a simple monument. It marks more than the fall of a chieftain; it marks the passing forever from national significance of the Indian race.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE old order changeth and giveth place to the new in Britain. The change has been more rapid during the past six years than at any time in the past century. The old country is witnessing not the rise, but the arrival of democracy. The land campaign inaugurated by Mr. Lloyd-George at Bedford is the beginning of the end of that territorial influence from which the ruling caste derives its power and prestige. Land has been the fertile source of wealth and privilege for that section of the British nation known as the landed gentry. A rural revolution would transform the countryside in England and change the balance of power forever in favour of the toilers. Liberalism and Conservatism each has its favourite nostrum qualified, as most party policies are, by a prudent concern for the effects which a particular policy may have upon the fortunes of the party. Thinking men of all parties are agreed as to the necessity for a change in the land system. But the reform of a system which has its roots deep down in the history of the nation is bound to liberate powerful opposing forces and to rouse into action dormant passions. The chief points in the Liberal land programme are:

A minimum wage for the agricultural labourers.

A land court to fix fair rents and ensure security of tenure.

The building of cottages, with land attached.

Accessibility to the soil is the keynote of Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches. His scheme finds considerable support on the Unionist side among that section which is eager to outbid the Liberals for the votes of the farmer and labourer. Numbers of owners have thrown their estates on the market. The result is often that, unless the tenant farmer is in a position to purchase his own farm, he runs the risk of eviction by the new owner, very often a land syndicate, or forced to pay an increased rent. This was largely the cause of the land war in Ireland. It was not the old landed gentry—many of whom still remain on friendly terms with their former tenants—who rackrented the Irish farmer so much as the rich manufacturers and land speculators, who bought up the encumbered estates of bankrupt and impecunious Irish landlords as an investment, and who evicted thousands of tenants in order to convert the land into cattle ranches. Over miles of country nothing was heard but the lowing of kine. Much the same thing has taken place in Great Britain, where wealthy Americans enable impecunious Peers to eke out their incomes by the annual renting of game preserves.

Bedford, at which Mr. Lloyd George opened his land campaign, was a Radical stronghold before the term Radicalism was invented. It took the side of Parliament against Charles I. Within a mile from Bedford, at Elstow, John Bunyan was born in 1628. Nowhere had the spirit of Puritanism such a potent sway

than in Bedford, and this spirit still survives.

While Mr. Lloyd George has been enabled to do things, it should not be overlooked that he is the inheritor, not the creator, of the Liberal reform programme with which his name is imperishably linked. The man who stood at the parting of the ways, between the old and the new schools of Liberalism, and who elected to march with his face to the dawn of a new era, was the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who became Prime Minister in 1905, on the resignation of the Balfour Ministry. He it was who changed the whole attitude of Liberalism and paved the way for the social legislation of the past seven years. Unlike Gladstone, he held it to be the duty of a Government to deal with the great problems of unemployment and poverty. He attacked the land monopoly in numerous speeches and outlined the present proposed scheme of legislation by which he hoped to make the soil of Britain more and more "a treasure house for the poor, rather than a mere pleasure-house for the rich." As an earnest of his desire to grapple with the social evils that pressed so heavily on the working classes in England, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman brought into his Cabinet Lloyd George and John Burns, advanced thinkers among the gathering legions of an aggressive and educated democracy.

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"Ulster," writes Lord Dunraven in *The Times*, "is the master log that holds the jam, and to avoid catastrophe it must be loosened gently." The feeling is gaining ground that both parties in Great Britain have an interest in securing a settlement of the Irish question on the basis of an Irish Parliament with an Executive responsible thereto. Unionists no longer profess to believe in the status quo. In guarded and qualified language that emphasizes their anxiety to get rid of the deadlock, they show a willingness to consider proposals for extending wider powers of local government to Ireland. Once again the Federal idea is being mooted as offering the line of least resistance, and there seems a disposition among the moderates, Liberal and Unionist, to lend an ear to Lord Loreburn's proposal for a settlement by consent that will relieve the Ulster Unionist minority from any feeling of humiliation. The King is known to be personally interested in a peaceful solution of the question and may be instrumental in bringing about, through interchanges of views among the leaders, a compromise that will satisfy all but the extremists. No one now pretends that the Irish problem can remain where it is. Much water has passed beneath the bridge since the late Lord Salisbury prescribed "twenty years of resolute government" as the true antidote to the Home Rule agitation.

One of the most serious results of the Carson campaign is the effect which it is producing on the minds of disaffected natives in India. Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for India, states: "I hear from authoritative sources in India, from those who are in the very best position for obtaining authentic information, that the effect in India of this Ulster campaign is becoming a serious matter. There was a letter in *The Times* on the 16th by Sir West Ridgeway. He has a double knowledge, and in that letter he points out that all the arguments which are used by some of the less wise advocates of action at Ulster —all those arguments which lead not only to possible rebellion, but also to a refusal by His Majesty's troops to suppress that rebellion—all these arguments can be used in reference to a possible rising in India and to the refusal of the loyal Indian troops to serve the Crown in India, to act against their fellow countrymen. If the Ulster arguments are good, there is no possible answer to the same

argument used by those who wish to promote rebellion in India. That is not a light matter. I do not say that those who use those arguments in relation to Ireland understand or know the possible mischief that they are doing, but I do wish that before speaking thus they would think of the Empire as a whole and not only of that corner of it in which their especial interests lie."

The Ulster movement is also exercising a baneful influence in the ranks of Labour and the militant suffragists. For these reasons the attitude of Ulster is a matter of increasing concern to those who value British traditional love for ordered progress by constitutional means. Whatever virtue there is in the Ulster opposition to Home Rule it is not denied that the Carsonites are setting an example which, if followed in other parts of the Empire, would seriously menace the peace and security of the British nation.

"Jim" Larkin, the Labour leader, is in jail for inciting to violence during the heat of a strike in which the police and the employers of labour acted with great provocation. The only difference between Larkin and Carson is that the latter has the legal training which enables him to incite the Unionists of Ulster in guarded and hypothetical language that saves him from the clutches of the law. Such a weighty authority as *The Times* declares that "Mr. Larkin is their (the employers') own creation. It is true that no evidence was offered of the sweating of which they are accused, and the Court of Inquiry only speaks of low wages and unsatisfactory conditions of employment as 'alleged.' But it regards the events that have occurred as indicating that 'grievances of considerable importance have existed.' We agree with that view. It is not denied that wages have been extensively and substantially raised in consequence of Mr. Larkin's agitation, which means that employers have refused to give terms they could well afford until they were compelled." Why is Larkin in jail and Carson still an honoured Privy Councillor? This is the pertinent question which Labourites are asking, and it is an ugly issue to submit to the disaffected working classes at the present time in the United Kingdom. The issue cannot be obscured by any platitudes about expediency and legal technicalities. The loss of Reading and the reduced majority in Linlithgowshire are as much an expression of Labour dissatisfaction with the Liberal attitude in regard to Larkin and other issues as of the rising tide of Unionism which threatens to submerge the Liberal party at the general elections.

What are the causes of the dissatisfaction in the ranks of Labour? At the conference of the Independent Labour Party in Britain in 1912. Mr. Anderson, the chairman, attributed "the whole upheaval" to "a revolt against poverty; against, that is, Social Injustice; and it involves the right to live." When asked by Press representatives what he proposed, Mr. Anderson replied: "We are determined that destitution must be stamped out; and our remedy resolves itself into this: A national minimum of wages, housing, leisure and education. That is Labour's battlecry for the future." Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, who has made a special study of industrial conditions in the United Kingdom, and who is himself a large employer of labour, tells us that—"The capitalists should entirely shake off the idea that wage-earners are inferior beings to themselves, and should learn to regard them as valued and necessary partners in the great work of wealth-production—partners with whose accredited representatives they may honourably discuss the proportion in which the wealth jointly produced should be divided." Mr. Rowntree sees clearly that—"The poverty at one end of the scale will not be removed except by encroaching heavily

upon the great riches at the other end." Mr. Sidney Low informs the British public that there are many young men among the workers who read Carlyle and Ruskin, and believe that if society were rightly organized the life of cultivated leisure would not be the privilege of the few, but the possession of the many. A decent minimum of food and clothing, leisure and recreation, and houses fit for human beings—and there will be no peace until the demand is conceded.

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There is a serious recrudescence of political crime in Bengal. A large number of printed leaflets are being published which openly incite Indians to murder Europeans. These leaflets find their way among the natives in a most mysterious manner. One of them was found posted up on the blackboard of a Government school. Murders are distressingly common and the police have entirely failed to discover the source of the evil. The passive resistance movement among the Indians settled in South Africa is also causing disquiet.

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It had been expected by many that the King would have created Prince Arthur a Peer on his marriage, following the example of Queen Victoria, who created the husband of the Princess Royal a Duke, and announced the fact at the wedding breakfast. The position, however, with regard to Prince Arthur and the Duchess of Fife is different. Neither is now in direct line of succession to the throne, whereas the Princess Royal at the time of her wedding was the third heir presumptive. The succession of the Duchy conferred by Queen Victoria was given to the present Duchess by King Edward, and to any child she may have. Should she die without issue, the Duchy passes to Princess Maud. Prince Arthur himself is, of course, heir to his father's Duchy of Connaught. It is suggested that his father's second title of Strathearn might be given to Prince Arthur as a separate Peerage.

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M. Le Coultre, the astronomer at Geneva, is convinced that Mars is peopled and that its inhabitants are making attempts to communicate with the Earth. He states that he has observed for some time past bluish-white appearances on parts of Mars similar to those caused by powerful electric arc lights. Few will accept the conclusions of M. Le Coultre. Most people have read H. G. Wells's novel recounting the visit of the Martians to this planet, and M. Le Coultre seems to be rivalling the imaginative author.

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The hoary antiquity of some of the towns in Britain is illustrated in the case of Sandwich, in the neighbourhood of which Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught spent their honeymoon. Sandwich is one of the old Cinque Ports, once an important place. The sea has receded, and left it on the side of a tiny stream, the Stour. The water gate and quays remain to show that the place was once a flourishing and busy port. The streets are quaint; many of them remain as they were in the days of Elizabeth, and in Strand Street the house in which the great Queen once stayed is still standing. Sandwich has another curious link with the past. The great bell of St. Mary's, the principal church, still sounds the curfew at eight o'clock.

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The defeat of Tammany in the State elections, a terrible disaster in a Welsh colliery, in which 436 miners perished, the burning of the liner *Volturno,* in which 136 people lost their lives, the failure of Mexico to elect a President, and the possibility

of European intervention in the affairs of that distracted Republic, are among the notable events of the past month.

Another event of importance, and one that may effect a change in the naval policy of the Canadian Government is the determination of New Zealand to follow the example of Australia and build a fleet of her own to act in co-operation with the Imperial navy in times of emergency.

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Still in the prime of manhood, for he is only fifty-four years old, bringing to his new duties unrivalled diplomatic experiences in various countries, Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, K.C.M.G., has been warmly welcomed in Washington as a worthy successor to the brilliant and popular author of "The American Commonwealth." When Mr. James Bryce's time for retirement drew near, considerable concern as to the choice of the British Foreign Office mingled with the regrets so widely expressed that Mr. Bryce was compelled, through advancing years, to withdraw from the cares of office. Problems were arising, as yet but clouds like a man's hand, on the Anglo-American horizon, which called for delicate and tactful handling, and Bryce seemed the one man qualified to smooth away the international difficulties. The Panama Canal tolls dispute was arousing fierce controversy, affairs in Mexico were nearing a point where the interests of European nations and the Monroe Doctrine might be brought into sharp opposition. Above all, it was necessary that nothing should be done to destroy the good effects of ex-President Taft's friendly overtures, or to militate against the success of the approaching celebrations whereby the English-speaking nations hoped to commemorate the century of peace and to lay the foundations for continued friendly relations. Great Britain has always attached great importance to the selection of her Washington diplomatic staff, and the changed attitude of mind of American statesmen towards European affairs has increased the concern of the British Government regarding the choice of an Ambassador at White House. The United States has out-

SIR CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE

The New British Ambassador at Washington

grown its years of national development and the Monroe Doctrine has now to be interpreted in the light of the new Imperialism which President Roosevelt was largely intrumental in evolving. The United States has burst the fetters of an exclusive national existence and has built a powerful fleet to symbolize the new spirit of the Republic. It is at this interesting stage in the evolution of the United States as a world-power that Sir Cecil Spring-Rice arrives at the White House, where he has been hailed by the American press as the embodiment of "inoffensive grandeur." His quiet, unobtrusive bearing, strong mouth, and inflexible jaw denote the self-contained man. Heredity combines in him the cumulative wisdom and experience of generations of Spring-Rices who have played a part in the public affairs of Great Britain. Spring-Rice is the family name of Lord Monteagle, an Irish Peer, and Sir Cecil, the subject of this sketch, is a side-shoot of this old Limerick family. The widow of the first Baron Monteagle was born at Caledonia, Ontario. A Spring-Rice was Under-Secretary for the Home Department ten years before Queen Victoria came to the throne, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer in her first Government.

He served his apprenticeship under Earls Granville and Rosebery, and at such widely separated places as Brussels, Washington, Tokio, Berlin, Constantinople, Teheran, Cairo, St. Petersburg, and Stockholm has accumlated an experience of men and affairs which places him in the forefront of the British diplomatic body. He had a distinguished career at Oxford, but he is not literary, like his predecessor, Mr. Bryce, and does not affect to shine as a lecturer before learned societies, although he had the reputation at Oxford of being a fluent speaker and was marked out for a parliamentary career. He chose instead the coveted entrance to the British Foreign Office, to this day the most exclusive preserve in Britain of the old ruling classes and the last to give ear to the call of democracy. He is the antithesis of the blatant Britisher who antagonizes by his loud superior manner, and, paradoxical as it may seem, gains favour thereby in the eyes of the spread-eagle Yankee.

The Paris *Temps* refers to Sir Cecil as "the ablest living diplomat ever sent from one great capital to another under orders from the British Foreign Office." Temperamentally he is a diplomat to his finger-tips and is the affable, courteous Irish gentleman without the coldness and hauteur of the Englishman. In him are combined the Celtic heritage of alertness, unostentation, simplicity, and good breeding of the Irish gentleman, with the education, training, and experience of Eton, Oxford, the Foreign Office, and the dazzling splendour of Western and Oriental courts. He has, it is stated, "delivered an ultimatum in St. Petersburg as if it were an invitation to dinner," while Shahs, Sultans, Emperors, and Kings have waited on his word with the anxiety of uncrowned mortals who seek to fathom the mysteries of the future.

His term of office at Washington opens a fresh and interesting chapter in the history of American development, and in the relations between the Republic and the Empire. Affairs in Mexico are a challenge to the Imperialistic spirit in the United States, which President Wilson may find it difficult to curb, while, on the other hand, he must justify his policy of non-intervention in the eyes of European nations. The future is on the knees of the gods, but in Sir Cecil Spring-Rice Great Britain has an Ambassador who brings to the difficulties of his office a personality, ripe judgment, and wide vision which will support him in the delicate task of adjusting every difference that may arise between the two dominant factors in the promotion of the arts of peace and civilization.

THE MIRACLE AND OTHER POEMS

By Virna Sheard. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

IF for no other reason than the poem that gives it title, this volume has ample justification. "The Miracle" is no ordinary composition. See what picture is presented in the three opening stanzas:

Up from the templed city of the Jews,
The road ran straight and white
To Jericho, the City of the Palms,
The City of Delight.

Down that still road from far Judean hills
The shepherds drove their sheep
At silver dawn—at stirring of the birds—
When men were all asleep.

Full many went that weary way at noon,
Or rested by the trees,
Romans and slaves, Gentiles and bearded priests,
Sinners and Pharisees.

It might well have been entitled "The Ballad of Blind Bartimeus"—Bartimeus who

"—heard the world go by, Gentiles and Jews, Sinners and Pharisees."

You do, indeed, hear the world go by—the great throng pressing close upon the footsteps of the Nazarene, the throng that rolls tumultuously on, like

"A restless sea, between Jerusalem and white-walled Jericho."

Then we have the story of the Christ passing by and of the faith that brought healing, for

"The curtain rose from off his darkened sight—
He saw the King's own face."

Bartimeus rose and followed the Christ, and we are left with this concluding stanza:

"Oh, Bartimeus, of the mask-like face,
And patient, outstretched hand,
Was it for this God set on thee the mark
No man might understand?"

Mrs. Sheard's muse is tuneful and at times gorgeous with colour. The poem written on the death of Sir Henry Irving is extremely artful, as in the last stanza:

"Thy feet have found the path that Shakespeare found,
Life's lonely exit of such far renown;
For thee, O dear interpreter of dreams,
The curtain hath rung down."

A broad sympathy is expressed in "The Vision," which we quote in full, notwithstanding the fact that it was first published in this magazine:

Long had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,
Within the empty chapel, cold and gray,
Telling her beads, while grief with marring line,
And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear;
Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarms,
Mary leaned down from out the pictured place,
And laid the little Christ within her arms.
Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She—the abandoned one—the thing apart.

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THE FLUTE OF SARDONYX

By Edmund John. London: Herbert Jenkins.

IN these days when poets spring up in a night it is almost necessary, in order to secure a hearing at all, for some person of consequence in the literary world to act as sponsor. But it scarcely would seem necessary for anyone to introduce this new, young English poet. Yet no less a critic than Mr. Stephen Phillips introduces Mr. John, and he sets him down as possessing "a quiet, distinctive, and even—which is by no means the same thing—a quite distinguished note." There is sensuousness in almost all of Mr. John's poetry, and his outstanding poem, "Salome," is overwhelmingly sensuous:

Her locks are dusky with the sighs of night,
Her curved cheeks passionate, her hot mouth bright,
Her supple body sinuous like a snake,
Her slim form girdled with a jewelled chain;
And as she moves her dreams sink slowly slain,
And her soul burns, and her wild eyes awake.

Her lips are towards the moon that hangs above,
And in her white child's neck is traced for love
A fine blue vein for throbbing lips to seize;
So that the sorrow of the chords grows sweet
With bitterness and harmonies that beat
In rythmic music through the southern breeze.

"Before Dawn" is another of the same genre, a very appealing, personal poem in which a great deal of temperament is suggested. Mr. John sings with a very fine instrument and his song is for the most part veritable poetry, as

"Lay lightly your two hands upon my brow—
It has been burned by many bitter brands—
For 'when I give, I give with my two hands,'
You said, and your young voice, I know not how,
Seemed sweet with sorrow from unsaddened lands."

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DOC WILLIAMS

By Charles H. Lerrigo. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

IF the so-called up-to-date medical practitioners would put a little of old Doc Williams's common sense into his practice their would be more cures and fewer complaints. The old Doc himself would call it "hoss" sense, and he would be about right. While there is to the story a fine plot, which centres in the mystery of the oil spring, this novel is more notable for its fine character delineation, its quiet philosophy, its quaint humour, and all-round wholesomeness. It is dedicated to the doctor's wife ("she riseth also while it is yet night"), and the Foreword says: "Arter all, they ain't nothin' in medical science 'at is so plumb diff'runt f'm good

plain common-sence, ye understand me."

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MOTHERING ON PERILOUS

By Lucy Furman. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WE confess a fondness for this book, notwithstanding the fact that it is written in epistolary form. The letters are dated from Joslin, Ky. It should be explained that the letters have to do with the experiences of a teacher in a school for boys located near Perilous Creek. In other words, it is a place where boys are "mothered." There is something extremely naïve about this book, and its pages have a peculiar fascination. Women and girls, above all others, will like it, but there is a splendid appeal to manliness as well, for there is a real Kentucky feud, some genuine fighting to kill, and much exciting adventure. The illustrations by Mary Lane McMillan and F. R. Gruger are much better than are usually seen.

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GOLD

By Stewart Edward White. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

TAKING the great gold rush of forty-nine as a basis, Mr. White gives us a vivid account of that historical adventure, and he infuses enough imagination and romance into it to make an interesting and forceful novel. One must suppose that the tale is told by an old Forty-niner, one of a party of four who set out for the California gold-fields from New York, going via Panama. The book is divided into four parts: Panama, The Golden City, The Mines, The Law.

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TWO SHALL BE BORN

By Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Toronto: Cassell and Company.

FEW novelists know the Canadian woods as does the author of this stirring romance, who is himself a native Canadian, brother of Charles G. D. Roberts. David Westley, a fine example of manliness and fortitude, hears that the girl he expected to marry, is about to wed some other man. In despair, he goes into the woods, takes up a large tract of land for the purpose of developing it; and when everything material looks promising he is surprised one day by the appearance of the girl for whom his heart has never ceased to yearn. The girl had been true to him, and had the courage to follow and make known to him his mistake—not a very ingenious plot.

⁂

SKIPPER ANNE

By Margaret Bowen. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton.

ONE can look with certainty to this author for a fine, stirring, romantic tale of adventure. The feature of this novel of the time of Napoleon (a time, by the way, that seems to particularly attract Miss Bowen) is a woman who can keep a secret; and she keeps it well until the last page is almost reached. Much of the flavour of the period is put into the pages, and altogether it is a pleasant entertainment.

⁂

DANTE AND AQUINAS

By Philip H. Wicksteed. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume makes one realize clearly that all the great thinkers have said things which have an eternal significance and truth, even though they are connected in the minds of their authors with certain definite dogmas, which the instinct or the knowledge of the present day refuses to accept. Dante lived the full life of his time, and is a noble interpreter of the best thought of his age; but he was, too, a prophet and a poet, and because of this, he has added something to literature of truth and

beauty which the world cannot let die without serious and permanent hurt.

*

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

By Emil Legouis. Translated by L. Lilavoik. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS is more than the usual consideration of an important author, for in the first place it pretends to prove that Chaucer was not purely Anglo-Saxon, but that he was greatly influenced by the French, that, indeed, it was in his French style and manner that he painted contemporary society in England. The volume is extremely interesting to all students of English literature, and in reviewing it William Henry Hudson makes the observation that "French criticism possesses an extraordinary power of penetration—of going to the heart of a subject and disengaging its essential features from the mass of accidental detail. It is at the same time characterized by a largeness of outlook and by a strong sense of perspective, environment, and historical background. More than any other body of criticism it recognizes the social forces in literature and brings evolutionary principles to bear upon the matter of art; yet it does this without any sacrifice of the demands of art as such. The usual purpose of the English critic is to give you his opinion of an author. The usual purpose of the French critic is to show you the author himself. Professor Legouis's book on Chaucer, already well known to students of the poet in the series of "Grands Ecrivains Etrangers," is an admirable example of the French critical monograph, which is tantamount to saying that it is a model of its kind."

*

—"Olivia in India," by O. Douglas, (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton), is a series of witty, vivacious letters from an English girl in India to a friend at home. It is not a new venture in fiction, nor is it a great one, but the author manages to infuse a good deal of lively observation and comment into her letters and to compel interest in her escapades with a gentleman who takes up a good deal of her attention.

*

—In "The Players," by Sir William Magnay, one gets an intimate acquaintance with life behind the scenes. It is a study of society, politics, and the stage, with a strong love story to maintain the interest. (Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton).

*

—"Empery," by S. A. White, is another of this young Canadian writer's tales of adventure in the North. (New York: The Outing Publishing Company). It is full of daring adventure, intrigue, love, villainy, and all that a vivid imagination might form out of the rivalry that existed between the two great trading companies, the Hudson's Bay Company and the Northwest Company. Mr. White wields a graphic pen, and if one likes a thrilling tale, here it is.

Wonder What He Got

"Sure, Casey was a fine fellow."

"He was that. A fine fellow, Casey."

"And a cheerful man."

"A cheerful man was Casey—the cheerfullest man I ever knew."

"Casey was a generous man, too."

"Generous, you say. Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Casey ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly. One day he came into Flaherty's bar-room, where me and my friends were drinking, and he said to us: "Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?"—*Exchange.*

*

Kept His Mouth Shut

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boathook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying: "Colonel! Are you hurt?" "No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop"

No Dividend in Sight

Young Mother—"The question is, Mr. Bache, what are we going to make out of baby?"

Mr. Bache—"I can't see a cent in him. If he only had two heads or three legs, now, he would pay dividends."—*Montreal Star.*

Irishman: (After ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent riots). "Hoorroo! They've got Home Rule at last. *Punch*

Reward of Virtue

Mrs. Titus carefully locked the jam closet, and told her two sons, eight and ten years of age, that she was going shopping.

"All right, mom," came the chorus.

The street door had hardly shut behind Mrs. Titus when the two youngsters made a concerted rush for the jam closet. It was locked. A hunt for keys produced half a dozen. Each one was tried patiently, but not one fitted. The lock held, the jam closet remained inaccessible.

"What a shame!" said Thomas, the younger.

"Well," said Frederick, the elder, "we can wait until mamma comes home and ask her for something for being good boys."

*

The First Shall be Last

"Can you direct me to the best hotel in this town?" asked the stranger who, after sadly watching the train depart, had set his satchel upon the station platform.

"I can," replied the man who was waiting for a train going the other way, "but I hate to do it."

"Why?"

"Because you will think after you've seen it that I'm a liar."

*

Not Running Now

Two soldiers were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, the other an Irishman.

"Pat," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," said Pat.

"Did you run, too?"

"I did," said Pat, "and the man that did not run is there yet."

*

Sandy Not Particular

Doctor (feeling Sandy's pulse in bed)—What do you drink?

Sandy (with brightening face)—Oh, I'm nae particular, doctor. Anything you've got with ye.—*Toronto Globe.*

A Connoisseur

A well-known racehorse owner said to a veterinary-surgeon:

"How is it you haven't called on me for your account?"

"Oh," said the vet. "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! Then how do you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why, after a certain time I conclude he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

True! Too True!

A quack doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience.

"Yes, gentlemen," he said. "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."—*Tit-Bits.*

Beggar: Give a pore man tuppence fer a bed, guv nor.
Inklestein: All right, my frendt. Vere's der bed?
—*Tatler*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE GOOSE-GIRL

From the Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE BARTLETT DRAWINGS

A review of "Canadian Scenery," a picturesque presentation of Canada as it appeared to an English draughtsman about 1840

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

AMONG the early works on Canada issued in England, few are more sumptuous than the volume published by the Victoria Art Publishers (Virtue of London) entitled "Canadian Scenery." The date of this publication is given by Phileas Gagnon in his "Bibliographie Canadienne" as 1842. It was published in two large quarto volumes. The literary portion of these tomes is the work of N. P. Willis, a compiler of art books, who has done his backwork in a good honest way in accordance with his light, and of this I will speak in a moment. But by far the most interesting portion of the work are the numerous engravings taken from drawings by W. H. Bartlett. They are as far as I know the most complete picture of the Canada of that time in existence, and no collection of Canadiana would be complete without them. It was the time of the Papineau and Mackenzie risings and the Lord Durham report—days of hot strivings and long-forgotten animosities, days of the infancy of responsible Government and Canadian civilization. On this account these engravings, apart from other merits, have an historical value that is almost untold. Leafing them, we can see the Canada of the first years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Railways had not yet woven, spider-like, their cobweb of tracks over the land from Halifax to Vancouver. The West was almost unknown. Toronto and Montreal were tiny towns. Ottawa hardly existed, to say nothing of Winnipeg and Calgary. The costumes of the figures in these engravings, with their peg-topped trousers, their old-fashioned hats and crinolines, have all the quaint piquancy of our grandfather's days. It is all so remote. "Was it," we ask ourselves, rubbing our eyes, "possible?"

The literary matter, too, is just as quaint and ridiculously old-fashioned as the engravings. It commences with a chapter on what the author terms "the aboriginal inhabitant," by

THE MARKET-PLACE, TORONTO, FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

which he means the Indian. A considerable amount of really informative matter for those days is laboriously compiled into a regular treatise on the habits, history, and ways of the red skin. Every now and then one comes across a picturesque remark. For example, on the question of the exact colour of the skin of the American we read that the author is "not prepared to express a decided opinion . . . but it obviously requires a closer investigation than it has yet received."

Curious anecdotes abound in the text, affording the best part of the reading. The Ursuline nuns, having educated a Huron girl (we are told), presented her on her marriage with a complete outfit of clothes in the Parisian style. "They were much surprised, some days after, to see the husband, who had ungenerously seized on the whole of the bride's attire and arrayed himself in it, parading back and forward in front of the convent and betraying every symptom of the most extravagant exultation."

Again there is the tale of the Indian chief, in the French regime, who attended the Governor's feast, and seeing the general use of mustard, took and put a whole spoonful in his mouth, "out of curiosity." "On feeling its violent efforts he made incredible efforts to conceal it, . . . but severe sneezings and tears starting to his eyes, raised a general laugh. Nothing could ever induce him after that to allow the "boiling yellow," as he termed it, to enter his lips.

There is also the gruesome story of an Indian Montagnier, by name Mocantagan, or Crooked Knife, who in a drunken fit confessed to having killed and eaten several halfbreeds. Starvation drove him to kill and eat the first man. But once having tasted human flesh a mad craving for it made him slay the others secretly.

Another of these Indian anecdotes would make an excellent short story. An Indian laboured under a delusion that he would fail in everything he undertook until he killed some one, and in his madness nearly killed his brother.

QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

The next two chapters contain a history of Canada, its discovery and settlement up to the date of publication. On the whole they form an excellent account, and as far as I know seem remarkably accurate for a work at that date. The tone, of course, is the English point of view, and the outlook is consequently coloured by the purple windows of a proud, self-glorification which is at times a little ridiculous. In certain phases of the later colonial days the writer is too strongly partisan. Otherwise I should say he has put together a singularly creditable piece of work.

The book, however, takes on quite a different value when the writer turns to describe the condition of the inhabitants of Canada of his own day. Remember, it is the condition of Canada between 1830 and 1840. Remember, too, the author is writing for home consumption in the old country. Then you will be in a position to see in the proper light these singularly interesting sketches he gives us and at the same time place them at their proper value.

After describing in some detail the feudal nature of the habitant tenures, he paints the following personal picture of them:

"They are tall, thin, and, from exposure to the climate, almost as dark as the Indians. They have thin lips and often aquiline noses, with small dark and lively eyes. Many of the girls are pretty oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth and glossy locks. The dress is nearly after the fashion of the French peasantry. The men wear the capot, a large gray coat or surtout, covering nearly the whole body, and tied with a girdle of brilliant colours. On the legs they have moccasins, and on the head a straw hat in summer and a red bonnet in winter. The hair is still tied in a long queue behind. The women wear short jackets or bed-gowns (mantlets), with petticoats distinct, and sometimes of a different colour, and caps instead of bonnets. . . . They have long waists and sometimes the hair tied behind in a large club. . . . Hair powder is sometimes worn, and beet-root employed as rouge."

"Willis, however, notes their conservative habits: "The habitants are not a stirring, enterprising, or improving race. They tread in the steps of their forefathers, following the

MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

same routine, and with difficulty adopting the most obvious improvements of modern husbandry."

In speaking of their marriages, he mentions a peculiar custom called "charivari," of annoying ill-matched couples, particularly when the ages of the parties differ greatly. The young people of the district "assemble at night in large bodies, sounding various discordant instruments — horns, drums, bells, kettles, accompanied by loud shouts, and a contribution to the church, or some charitable purpose, is indispensible to obtain a respite from this jocular persecution."

The remarks on the French-Canadian Sunday still remain true to this day:

"Sunday is to them their day of gaiety; there is then an assemblage of friends and relations; the parish church collects together all whom they know, and with whom they have relations of business or pleasures; the young and old, men and women, clad in their best garments, riding their best horses, driving in their gayest calèches, meet there for purposes of business, love, and pleasure. The young habitant, decked out in his most splendid finery, makes his court to the maiden whom he has singled out as the object of his affections; the maiden exhibiting in her adornment every colour of the rainbow, there hopes to meet her chevalier; the bold rider descants upon and gives evidence of the merits of his unrivalled pacer; and in winter the powers of the various horses are tried in sleigh or cariole racing; in short, Sunday is the grant fête."

But of the English society in Upper Canada the writer has quite a different picture to paint. Whether there is any truth in what he says, I am in no position to judge. I simply put on record his picture of the early Ontario and Western life as an ultra view of colonial life of that time. The statements he makes are sweeping, and the charges are grave. It must be borne in mind he was writing in 1840. He commences by saying it breathes rather the spirit of Kentucky than of New England. He goes on:

"Disbanded soldiers and sailors were not well calculated to improve the breed; and even the voluntary emigrants were

MONTREAL, FROM ST. LAWRENCE. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

not always composed of the respectable classes, whom, under the pressure of the times, have lately embraced this resource. The removal of the ordinary restraints of society and the absence of religious ordinances and ministration, concurred in giving to them a reckless and unprincipled character. Intoxication, encouraged by the cheapness of spirits, is indulged to a lamentable degree, and is often productive of general ill-conduct and ruin. Little regard is paid to the Sabbath and other sacred institutions; and the ear of the stranger is wounded, not only by abusive language, but by swearing to an odious and disgusting degree. Pugilistic contests are carried on with a violence rivalling those of Kentucky, and have not always been unaccompanied by the savage practice of gouging. Mr. Talbot, though he admits that he met with many respectable females, charges a large proportion of the sex with a disregard and even insensibility to their first duties. Although a spry lass, as she is termed, is certain of repeated offers, and is sure of being early united in the bonds of matrimony, she may frequently before that event have given birth to one or two children. Our author was in company with a lady, who volunteered to the company the information that 'her Betty' had been two years old at her marriage. The corrected feelings on this subject, of females from the old country, are condemned as ridiculous. Nay, where so little delicacy prevails, and the children are so valuable a possession, the bringing two or three into the world in this irregular manner, instead of being a bar to marriage, proves, it is said, an additional attraction, by making the young lady a species of heiress. After marriage she makes an active and industrious wife, but expects from her husband much deference, and even that he should wink at occasional frailties. These faults are described by Mr. Gourlay as rapidly disappearing, though Mr. Talbot, and even Mr. Shirreff, found them still too prevalent; but the increased means of instruction and the example of respectable emigrants, will, it may be hoped, gradually effect a thorough reform."

The Gourlay referred to is, of course, the eccentric Robert Gourlay, who waged war against the Family Compact and was imprisoned for his pains. Edward Allan Talbot published in London in 1824, an account of his "Five Years' Residence in the Canadas." Patrick Shirreff published at Edinburgh, in 1835, an account of "Four Years Through North America."

Fortunately, he has better things to

RAFT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

say: "No people in the world live better than the inhabitants of Upper Canada." He gives us a lavish picture of the bees and junketings in this land of plenty, though he maliciously adds that "Mr. Talbot, during a residence of five years, never saw above two individuals with books in their hands; and in one case it was a medical treatise consulted for health."

The citation of these authorities, instead of personal statements, is an easy method of shifting the odium from Nathaniel Parker Willis himself to the books he read. Indeed, as to how widely Willis travelled in Canada, I have no information. He is described as a poet in Cousin's Dictionary of English Literature, but it is rather an ambitious title to apply to one who was essentially an opportunist in literature. He studied the public taste and complied with it. In fact, he gave the public what it wanted.

He was born at Portland in 1806, and educated at Yale, according to the ever-useful Cousin, and edited several magazines in the States; but he also wrote short poems, short stories, and books, for which there was a great demand in his day, such as "Pencillings by the Way," "People I Have Met," and "The Slingsby Papers," etc. For a time he was attached to the American Embassy at Paris, and wandered widely in search of copy. In fact, he was one of the first of the modern type of journalists. Cousin sums him up in his usual admirable way: "He was a favourite in society, and enjoyed a wide popularity in uncritical circles, but is now distinctly a spent force." Death overtook him in 1867.

His summary on the West and its barbarous inhabitants is really perhaps best considered as a journalistic write-up, with the colours laid on thick for European consumption. Probably, like others, Mr. Willis knew his market well.

Yet, perhaps, one should not grumble, for his citations are extremely interesting. In retailing the opinions of various travellers, who, like Talbot, published accounts of their jour-

TORONTO HARBOUR. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

neys, Willis shows the careful method of a man who has read up all he could on his subject. He does not speak from personal knowledge. He will not commit himself. It would be ungracious to deny that his book makes excellent reading.

For example, he seems to have garnered a large amount of statistical information and otherwise, on the condition of the Redskin. We read of the general use in summer of ice in Canada—the very thing the newly-arrived Englishman nowadays writes home about. We hear how Lord and Lady Dalhousie held a *grande levee* in a Montreal inn. We are told that a considerable number of Indians used to walk Montreal streets with moccasins for sale. Of Montreal itself he writes (remember the year in which he was writing):

"The city built on the southern border of this fine island is not crowded, like Quebec, into a limited space, which can alone be covered with streets and habitations. It has a wide level surface to extend over, so that even the older streets are of tolerable breadth, and several of them occupy its entire length. The principal one, Rue Notre Dame, considerably extends half a mile in extent, and contains many of the chief public buildings. There is an upper and lower town, though the difference of elevation is very slight; but the former is much more the handsome of the two. The seven suburbs are not, as in the older Capital, detached and extraneous, but on the same level and immediately adjacent. Their streets, continued in the direction of those in the body of the place, are regular and display many handsome houses. The vicinity is adorned with beautiful villas."

Again, of the society of Quebec, for instance, Willis tells us:

"The society of Quebec is more gay and polished than is usual in colonial cities, where the pursuit of wealth forms too often the sole object of the inhabitants. Here, besides merchants, there are a number of British civil and military officers, and a body of French noblesse, living on their domains. These different classes do not, it is said, always amalgamate. The French, though often superior in manners and habits, are in some degree disdained by the English people, which they do not well brook. Among the English themselves, the chief test of rank is an introduction at the castle, without which

THE CITADEL OF KINGSTON. FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840.

strangers will find themselves placed below those whom they would have been classed above in the Mother Country. The hotels are good, and after the fashion of the United States, the inmates commonly dine at a table d'hote, which often affords to the visitor the opportunity of meeting with interesting characters."

Willis, of course, has suggestions on emigration from the old country. They are very precise and full of warnings of what not to do.

Talking of what he quaintly calls "Sporting in Canada," he has some wild bear yarns to spin, mostly taken from Talbot's letters. And, of course, he has to quote at length on the beauties of the Niagara Falls. No writer on America escapes it, any more, as Mr. Charles Roberts once remarked, than the writer on Italy forgets Venice. Willis also quotes from the same writer the following description of Toronto:

"York (Toronto) is the seat of government for Upper Canada, and is situated on the north side of Lake Ontario. Its harbour, which is a very extensive one, is formed by a long, narrow peninsula, commonly called Gibraltar Point. Its defenceless situation, which cannot be much improved, renders it of little importance in time of war. . . The garrison is about a mile west of the town, and consists of a barrack for the troops, a residence for the commanding officer, a battery, and two block-houses, which are intended for the protection of the harbour. In the year 1793 there was only one wigwam on the present site of the town. . . The streets of the capital are regularly laid out, intersecting each other at right angles. Only one of them, however, is yet completely built; and in wet weather, the unfinished streets are, if possible, muddier and dirtier than those of Kingston. The situation of the town is very unhealthy, for it stands on a piece of low marshy land, which is better calculated for a frog-pond. or beaver meadow, than for the residence of human beings. The inhabitants are, on this account, much subject, particularly in spring and autumn, to agues and intermittent fevers; and, probably, five-sevenths of the people are annually afflicted with these complaints. He who first fixed upon this spot as the site of the Capital of Upper Canada, whatever predilection he may have had for the roaring frogs, or for the effluvia arising from stagnant waters and putrid vegetables, can certainly have had no very great regard for preserving the lives of His Majesty's subjects. The town possesses one great advantage, however, which is that of a good, though defenceless, harbour."

THE FISH-MARKET, TORONTO, FROM A BARTLETT DRAWING OF ABOUT 1840

From these quotations my readers will see what a splendid anthology of English grumblings and "grousing" Mr. N. P. Willis has collected in his "Picturesque Canada." But it is all so long ago by now that we can afford to laugh at it, and, if Mr. Willis and Bartlett himself could come back in the flesh and stand at the bottom of Yonge Street, they would have cause to rub their astounded eyes.

The work as a whole is valuable mostly because of the drawings, which, nevertheless, cannot be regarded as examples of art. They serve for their own time about the same purpose as photographs serve in our time. They have every appearance of having been drawn from actual observation, and therefore they are of much topographical and general interest and value. The work includes a large number of these drawings, but the ones reproduced herewith will give a good idea of their character.

THE WAGRAM OF MAJOR WARFORD

BY F. C. LEEDER

"NO, siree, the rising generation will never learn to play checkers," the Major said with finality, addressing in general the company, grouped in attitudes of dejection round the big stove in Ezra Gook's store at Caldon West.

These remarks, received with that profound attention and respect always accorded the *obiter dicta* of a master, Major Warford adjusted his spectacles, tilted back his squirrel-fur cap, stroked his white whiskers, straightened his form to its accustomed six feet, and strode to the window overlooking Main Street.

"I wonder if that checker man is coming or not? A nice how-de-do," he continued, with mingled fierceness and benevolence, "expecting me to go to Beaminster House, and play him there. I'd like him to understand, I am checker champion of Palgrave county, and, as such, it's up to me to name place and time, and I always name Ex. Gook's store."

It was generally believed in local checker circles that the Major played a better game in a store, amid an *olla podrida* of fragrant and homely smells.

"They tell me," the Major resumed, "he makes it a rule to play but one game; quite young, too, they say."

The "he" Major Warford referred to, was a young man, one of a party detained in Caldon by a snow-bound train, and, according to the company assembled in the store, he was "some" checker-player. On the previous evening this "he" had met four of the leading checker enthusiasts of the town in friendly games, and, to use an expression current in local checker circles, had "skunked" them. To make matters worse, one of the stranger's companions had remarked with a knowing smile that Smith could make short work of any two of the Caldon men with a bandage over his eyes. Then it was that the Major's name was mentioned with subdued, sinful pride, and, after much haggling, and calling up on 'phones, and ringing of 'phone bells, the strange Mr. Smith had agreed to go the next day to Gook's store and play the Major a game, providing his train did not leave in the interim. This acceptance of their challenge pleased the challengers mightily, for the Major was the most beloved man in the whole fair county of Palgrave. Steeped in all the lore and literature of checkers, he loved the game. To him it was a sacrament, a communion of intellect. For miles round Caldon, on the hill settlements, and on the rolling plains, he was acknowledged to be the one person in the county who knew what was "ruleable" in checkers and what was not. Strangers from neighbouring counties, and even from Toronto, writhing under defeat, administered in masterly fash-

ion by the Major, consoled themselves by misquoting Spenser, to the effect that skill in checkers argued a misspent youth, whereat Major Warford smiled winningly and gently corrected the misquotation.

The Major had attained his majority, not on the snowy-tented, emerald fields of Niagara, but in a far more creditable way, by popular favour. He had, in days long gone, been in the crack militia regiment, the 200th Foot, (Coon-catchers); but, owing, it is popularly believed in the county, to gross dereliction of duty on the part of officials in the Militia Department at Ottawa, he had never risen beyond the rank of sergeant, and his friends and neighbours, with one voice, gave him his honourary commission with the rank of major, and major he had stayed ever since.

"And you have not been able to find out who this checker-playing stranger is, Nosey, eh?" Ez. Gook questioned.

"No; I ain't, Ez.; but you bet I will, if there is any find-out to it," responded Nosey Willet, whose nickname did not hinge on his personal appearance, but rather on his belief in the irrevocable and inalienable right of every good citizen to possess a full and profound knowledge of his neighbour's business.

"There they come," someone ventured timidly, as a muffled stamping of shoes was heard on the stoop.

The Major shivered slightly, a close student of history, and an ardent admirer of the great Napoleon, he was wont to say that every man met his Waterloo or his Wagram, and often, in moments of reverie he wondered if a checker-player would ever appear in Caldon who would defeat him: for in his heart of hearts, and in spite of the enthusiastic belief of his admirers, he knew he was not a strictly scientific checker-player. If this man Smith should be the Wellington of the local checker world—he trembled at the thought. As befitting a champion, however, he bore himself as a master, when the great Mr. Smith surrounded by a sycophantic group of fellow-travellers was conveyed over to the big stove and introduced to the old master.

"They tell me you play a good game of dra—l—er—mean checkers. Major, eh?" Smith queried, in a deep musical voice.

The Major disclaimed any ability as a checker-player, but admitted he played the game. He adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed the young man thoughtfully. Where had he seen that face before? The commanding forehead, the wide-set, luminous black eyes, and the downward, compelling sweep of the nose. The face reminded him strangely, whether in features or expression, he could not decide, of an engraving of Burns that hung in the study of the old manse where he was born, in a hill-flanked hamlet, in the heart of old Ontario. His heart warmed to the lad. They shook hands. A board was solemnly produced, the checkers arranged, and the game commenced.

The stranger's opening appeared to the Major commonplace. With trembling hands the old man made each move—he feared his Waterloo. As the game progressed, however, his confidence returned, and with two men more than his opponent, he knew that by judiciously "manning off" he would win; the stranger was not so formidable, after all, he told himself. When Smith, shortly afterwards, fell into a trap, the Caldon champion was inclined to be patronizing. The spectators guffawed. Outside the snow fell heavily. In a room at the rear of the store, Hetty Gook, the storekeeper's daughter, home from boarding-school, at the county town, played old Scotch melodies, sweet and penetrating as the odour of crab blossoms. The Major's hand fluttered hawk-like over the board, about to give his opponent a man, and lead him into another trap, when looking up he saw the young man's brilliant, magnetic eyes, searching

his face with a curious, sad, yearning expression.

He looked more like Burns than ever, the Major thought. His heart smote him. He was a man of the world, he reflected; he could read faces, the lad was meeting his Waterloo, knew it, and was sorry for himself. Oh, the bitterness of defeat! Softly from the back room floated out the strains of "Afton Water." The stranger made a half-turn toward the room, as if in mute protest; again his eyes searched the Major's face.

Major Warford paused, he withdrew his hand from the man; he was three men to the good. Should he do it? Another covert glance at the sad face—yes, he would. He purposely bungled a move, and gave his opponent a man.

There arose a murmur of disapproval, almost drowning the haunting melody of the piano—the black eyes of the stranger flashed a puzzled question.

The Major frowned; was the action of a master to be criticized by an ignorant crowd? Soon the frown-wrinkles faded from his face, and he forgot his unmanly weakness. Stretching out a steady hand he gave his opponent a man, took three, and the game was won.

The stranger congratulated him, a curious smile adorning his deeply-chiselled face.

"A verra gude mon," he said affably and ambiguously, speaking in the Scottish dialect for the first time since his arrival at the store, and after putting on his fur overcoat, he shook hands warmly with the Major, and stepped out into the twilight, followed by his dejected friends and Nosey Willet.

Then arose a mighty roar of cheering from the boys. They seized the Major's chair, and up to the rafters he went. They were preparing for a second elevation, when in rushed Nosey Willet.

"Major, Major," he shouted, "that young man you played checkers with is Willie Woderson, the professional checker champion of Scotland, on his way from the North to Toronto to play a serious of exhibition games."

From the ceiling the old man gazed down through blurred glasses at Pete.

"Series, Pete, my boy—s-e-r-i-e-s," he corrected.

His happiness was complete. Outside a train crashed southward through the gathering storm.

AT THE PARTING OF THE RIVERS

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

AUTHOR OF "JANEY CANUCK IN THE WEST," "OPEN TRAILS," ETC.

The Third of Six Sketches.

MIRROR LANDING, where we leave the boat to make the portage to Soto Landing, is on the Little Slave River, at its confluence with the Athabasca. Its name has been well chosen, for the Little Slave River is a clear stream and shows a kindly portrait to all who look therein. A telegraph office, an official residence, a stable, and storage sheds are the only buildings. What is to be done with the portaging party whom we have met here and who go back to Athabasca Landing on our boat? That is a question beyond mere woman. Both parties must spend the night here; there is only one bunk to every twenty persons, and those who hold possession utterly refuse to sleep outside with the mosquitoes and bulldog flies. Once I read a story in the Talmud which I considered wholly fabulous. It was about a mosquito saving the life of David when Saul hunted him upon the mountains. I no longer doubt this story, my credulity having vanquished this day with my courage. A mosquito is big enough to do anything.

A member of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, truly a most formidable-looking man, insisted on searching our luggage for contraband liquor. I was sorely displeased and could have dealt him a clout with all my might for the forward manner in which he turned out my things to the public view. He might have known if I carried a flask, it would be in my coat pocket. His only find was an unbroached bottle of elderberry wine, which a rancher's wife was bringing home for her dinner-party next Christmas. Be it said to the youth's credit that upon the circumstance being explained to him he returned the wine to her. He had no authority for so doing, but assuredly he had the countenance of a great example, Yahveh of the Jews having aforetime "winked at" certain breaches of the law which he considered to be the better kept in their non-observance.

The liquor taken by the police is either given to the hospital at Grouard or poured on the ground as a libation to Bacchus and his woodland troop. It is very foolish to ask the officer in command if his men ever drink it themselves, for he will say, "Pooh! Pooh!" and use other argumentative exclamations that will fright you out of your wits. You would almost think the subject was loaded, and it takes a soft look and a wondrously soft answer to turn away his wrath.

Early in the evening, I was invited to "browse" at the official residence, and I had a good time; that is to say, I found it distinctly entertaining. "I would say that you are very wel-

come," remarked my hostess as she held out both her hands, "were it not that it seems an understating of the fact. I have read your *Sowing Seeds in Danny,* and feel that I know you extremely well."

It was fortunate I did not tell her, she had confused me with Mrs. McClung, for she gave me eggs to eat that were most cunningly scrambled with cheese; also many hot rolls sopped in butter, and yellow honey in its comb.

This is a ramblesome bungalow and very comfortable. Musical instruments, couches, big cushions, book-shelves, and pictures take on a peculiar attractiveness when they are the only ones in a hundred miles or more.

After supper, we read "Phil-o-rum Juneau," by William Henry Drummond, and discussed its relation to the French-Canadian legend, *La Chasse-Gallerie.* Of all our Canadian legends, I like it the best, and it may happen that you will, too. It tells how on each New Year's Night the spirits of the woodsmen and rivermen are carried in phantom canoes from these lonely Northlands back to the old homesteads in the South, where, unseen and undisturbed, they mingle with their friends. The father embraces his children; the lover his maiden; the husband his wife, and, once more, the son lays his head on his mother's lap. All of the voyageurs join the feast, the song, and the dance, so that no man is lonely in those hours, neither is he weary or sad. It is a better thing, I make believe, than even the communion of saints. But just before the dawn comes, the wraith men find themselves back on the Athabasca, the Mackenzie, and the Slave, and no one speaks of where he has been, or of what he experienced, for all this he must keep hidden in his heart.

When, over a century ago, the legend first sprang to life, there were none save men to travel like this, but now, of times, a woman may travel, too. I know this for a certainty in that each New Year's Night I go myself. In my dug-out canoe—delved from wistful thoughts and things like that—I take my hurried way across prodigious seas of ice where never living foot has fallen; adown ill-noted trails, through silver trees; by hidden caverns that are the lairs of the running winds; over dark forests of pine and across uncounted leagues of white prairies which light up the darkness, till I come to the warmer southland where youths and maidens make wreaths of greenery, and where mellow-voiced bells ring out the dying year.

And when those who are my own people feel their hearts to be of a sudden rifled of love; that some one has brushed their cheek, or that a head is resting on their shoulder, then do they know the exile has come back, for I have told them it will be thus.

And you, O my readers of the Seven Seas, now that we are friends and know each other closely, will you of New Year's Night be keenly watchful, too.

It was here that our conversation wheeled off from the consideration of this legend to the northern postman. In the final summary he must be classed among those peerless fellows who, because of their courage and incredible endurance, have won for Canada this myriad-acred, but hitherto, waste heritage. No man who here puts his hand to the mail-bags must ever look back: he must have the quality of keeping on against the odds. He is the modern young Lord Lochinvar who stays not for brake and stops not for stone. Often his route is stretched out to hundreds of miles, and there is no corner grocery where he may thaw out his extremities while mumbling driftless things about the weather and the Government.

Presently, the railways will have taken over his perilous profession and he will exist only as a memory of

pioneer days. For this reason I took great heed while my host talked concerning him and of the qualities which go into making a successful "postie" under the aurora. He must be agile, light of weight, obstemious, trustworthy, tireless, thewed and sinewed like a lynx, and, above all, he must have wire-strung nerves. In a word, his profession requires a strong will in a sound body.

"Does it ever happen that the mail is not delivered?" I asked.

My host hesitated and made three rings of smoke while he considered the answer, as though he would be sure-footed as to his facts.

"Sometimes it is not delivered, madam," said he; "there may be an untoward happening, in which event, its delivery depends upon the recovery of the carrier's body."

When he made another three rings of smoke he proceeded with the story:

"Yes! the mail-carrier in this country is a special person and must not be judged as general. He deserves a much better reward than he gets. To my thinking, it is a vast pity poetic justice so frequently fails. It may be that some day you will write a story about us northmen, and if you do, be sure you set down how Destiny so often blue-pencils our lives in the wrong places. We will read your book down here, all of us, just to see if you have been true to us, instead of laying up for yourself royalties on earth."

"And where do you bury a postman who dies with his mail-bags?" I further pursued.

"Holy Patriarch!" he ejaculated, "you don't think he is carried back to Athabasca Landing? His body is cached in a tree and the police are notified. When they give their permission, and when the ground is thawed out in the spring, we bury him just where he died. It may, however, interest you to know that the letters, 'O.H.M.S.' are cut on his tombstone."

"O.H.M.S.," I repeated. "Don't you mean 'I.H.S.'—*Iesous Hominum Salvator,* the same as we write over our altars and on our baptismal fonts?"

"No!" he replied. "I mean 'O. H.M.S.'; the same as they stamp on Government letters which are franked *'On His Majesty's Service.'* You see, the work of delivering the mails down this way, while extremely arduous, must never for a moment be considered as menial. The carrier is a servant to none same His Imperial Majesty, George the Fifth, of England."

They are all gamblers, these Northmen; they play for love, for money, or for the mere pleasure of the play, and Boys of our Heart, like the mail-couriers and the striplings of the Mounted Police, gamble with the elements for life itself.

"Ah, well!" remarked my host, as he put away his pipe for the night, "these fellows know the rules and dangers of the game when they 'sit in,' and while twenty-six of the cards are black, it is just as well to bear in mind that there are an equal number of reds."

On my return to the ship at midnight, I found that someone had seized and was occupying my stateroom on the nine-tenths of the law idea. She seemed to be a woman turbulent in spirit, and, accordingly, I left her in possession; also, I left her door open to the mosquitoes who are evil whelps and more tutoured in crime than you could believe.

The purser, a very agreeable and well-behaved man, gave up his office to me, but I did not rest well, in that a whirligig of jubilant mosquitoes was occupying it conjunctively. Being full-blooded and sometimes inclined to be rather mean, I endeavoured to accept this retributory plague as a chastening which might prove beneficial to both body and soul.

In the morning, all the reckonings of the trip were settled at a desk beside my bunk, the men moving around

with the prehensile tread of the villain who goes round a corner in the moving-picture films. I pretended they had not awakened me, and breathed with much regularity, but all the while I was stealthily peeping. They would not have understood if I had made objections to their entering for here, at the edge of things, all men are gentlemen or are supposed to be. Conventionality would be actual boorishness, and a woman must try and earn for herself the title of "a good scout," it being the highest encomium the North can pass upon her.

Before leaving the ship for the portage, we backed into the Athabaesa and after travelling two or three miles, unloaded a vast deal of freight at a little tent town on the bank. Here and there, through this country, you come upon these white encampments which mean that the iron furrows of the railway are steadily pushing the frontier farther and farther north. This was the first load of freight to be brought down the Athabasca for the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It was only rough hardware truck, but, withal, amiable to my eyes, standing, as it did, for the end of a long rubber between fur and wheat. You would like the looks of the young engineers who took charge of the stuff. They were no muffish, sickable fellows, but brown with wind and sun, hardy-moulded and masterful.

One of them has written something about life on the right-of-way, which he intends sending me to "touch up a bit" for a paper. It augurs well for a country when its workers love it and want to write about it.

And even so, My Canada, should I forget thee, may my pen fingers become sapless and like to polar twigs that are blasted by fire. And may it happen in like manner to any of thy breed who are drawn away from love of thee.

The fourth sketch of this series, which concerns Minna and the chair legs, and a Cree baby, will appear in the February Number.

RECLAIMED LANDS

By PAULINE JOHNSON

THE long, flat lands out reach, field after field,
Low-lying at the hem
Of snarling seas that beat against the shield
Of dykes that shelter them.

No more the landward-lifting waves will drown
These shores with storm and tide;
The guardian earth they cannot battle down;
The sea is shut outside.

I hear the voices of the days long gone
Clamour and call to me,
O love, the shelter of your arms alone
Shuts out the wolfish sea!

LOUISA

From the Painting by William H. Clapp. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

PLOTTING WITH ALICIA

BY MARGARET BELL

ALICIA sat in the window seat eating peanuts. She was a free lance writer, who paid the rent of her attic room on the promises of Sunday editors. Sometimes landladies require more than a promise. At such times Alicia would make the round of department shops, seeking interviews with advertising managers. The results of these interviews usually appeased the landlady—for a time.

Alicia's attic was rather luxurious as attics go. It boasted a couple of Mosoul rugs, a Cromwellian table, and a view of Bradbury Gardens. Alicia would have preferred a supperless night to indifference to a bargain in real rugs and antiques. Hence the soft rugs and the black oak table.

Oftentimes she would turn down the gas, cuddle up in the window seat and watch the people come and go. And she would dream of the time when she would drive through Bradbury Gardens in her own motor-car.

This night she was not dreaming of motor-cars. And the people who thronged through the park gates did not seem to interest her, so much. It was the twenty-fourth of December, about eight-thirty. As yet Alicia did not know of what her Christmas dinner would consist. But that was not bothering her very much. Although when one is twenty-four and of the effeminate genus, it seems rather natural that one should give some thought of such things.

Alicia was plotting a story. She had been respected for her looks and ideals and brains. As to looks and ideals, there might have been some certainty. As to brains—she must prove them. The eating of the peanuts was merely subsidiary. That is, it served as an occupation for Alicia's hands. When one's brain sings with thought it often requires an accompaniment of physical activity.

Thus it was with Alicia.

Across from the park gates the Salvation Army were building a booth for Christmas morning charity. Alicia could see ragged little urchins hanging around expectantly. And a great desire seized her to go out and buy things for them. A toy mouse, a cheap stick-pin, anything. For she knew that the little stockings, even if they were hung up beneath some smoky chimney corner, would remain empty during the long, black night.

But then she thought of her own purse and the emptiness of it. That was why she had sat down there to fathom some plot. So she cracked another peanut and kept her eyes glued to the flickering lights of the park. But somehow or other ideas did not seem to come to her that night. Her mind would go hopping from one subject to another, like a hungry sparrow, to a few scattered crumbs. Very often it would concentrate on herself, and her minuteness in the great city.

Alicia thought that the flickering lights and bustle of the park were a hindrance, rather than an inspiration. She gathered the peanut shells into a little pile, wrapped them in a

bit of paper and raised the window. It seemed so alive and Christmas-like outside! Bells were jingling, children shouting, and on one corner a chestnut vendor was calling his wares. How could a girl of twenty-four be expected to think of plots in the midst of such jubilance? She threw the little parcel of peanut shells down and closed the window. Then she turned up the gas and walked slowly up and down the room.

Ned Thornton felt something on his head. He stopped suddenly and looked up and down the street. Then he decided to pick up the article which had hurtled through the air. Its remnants were scattered all over the sidewalk.

Ned put two or three of the peanut shells in the paper, bundled them together and pushed the bulky thing into his overcoat pocket.

Then he crossed the street and stood staring over toward the big, brick building on the opposite corner. Away up near the room were three windows. A big elm tree was scraping its branches against the panes, as if exhorting the mistress of the gable room to come out and join in the Christmas fun.

Somebody walked toward the three windows under the roof, paused, and looked out toward the Bradbury Gardens. She had a *retroussé* nose, light brown hair, and eyes of some shade or other. Ned could not make out exactly what colour they were. It didn't matter much, as far as he was concerned. He said the expression of one's eyes was all that he cared about, anyway.

Ned Thornton was an artist.

The policeman came up to him and quietly suggested that he move on. Ned walked up to the chestnut vendor on the corner and bought a dime's worth of his wares. He handed the pedlar a two-dollar bill, although there were several dimes in his right vest pocket. During the time the street merchant took in counting out the change, Ned saw the girl in the house opposite sit down on the window seat and press her face against the pane. Her chin rested in her hands and her whole attitude did not bespeak happiness or contentment.

Ned decided that she lived alone in the room with the gabled windows. He was a decent young fellow was Ned Thornton, and he was blessed with the greatest blessing of the gods —a sense of humour.

"By Jove, she needs someone to buck her up. Looks rather alone in the world. And I'll do it. I'll take the risk of getting thrown out like the shells. Christmas Eve is my excuse."

He gave the chestnuts to a small urchin, and walked over to the big house on the corner. This was rather a new adventure for him. It took two or three trips past the house, and a couple of jerks to an inoffending hat, to summon courage enough to walk up the steps.

How is it that one can face a crisis much better if one jerks one's hat more firmly down toward one's ears?

He rang the bell. By Jove, what a stupid heart to go thumping around like that! He almost ran down the steps again.

Someone opened the door. Someone tall and gaunt, with an expression which exuded inquisitiveness.

Ned jerked off his hat.

"I came to see the young lady—er —at the top of the house. The room with the three gable windows."

"Oh, Miss Hunt. Callers usually ask for the young lady they wish to see by speaking her name. I suppose you can find your way up?"

A bit of silver about the size of a quarter found its way into the thin hand. A bit of silver about this size is always known to produce affability in the most callous.

"Just come with me and I'll show you the way. I'm sure Miss Hunt will be glad to see an old friend. She don't seem to chum with anyone. There now—there you are. You just

go up those stairs and knock on that door. And thank you, very much."

Ned walked slowly up the second flight of stairs. He wished his heart would stop its stupid thumping. He knocked at the door leading to the room with the gabled windows. It had a knocker in the form of a sphinx.

"Come in," a voice sounded from the other side of the brown partition. It seemed to come all the way across the room.

Ned did not notice the two bargain Mosouls and the Cromwell table. That is, he did not notice them in particular. He had the sensation of being in a place which harmonized in all its parts.

The girl got up from the window seat and came toward him.

"I hope nothing's the matter," she said.

"No, not at all. And you must pardon my intrusion and all that sort of thing, you know. But I have a small parcel which I think you dropped. In fact, I know you did."

All this time he was fumbling in his overcoat pocket. Finally, he drew out the crumpled paper and handed it to her.

Alicia's face became the colour of the holly berries the hawkers were selling on the streets.

"Don't you think you were a bit presumptuous to come up here on no pretext whatever?"

She threw the shells into her scrap basket. Ned stood under the gaslight, twirling his cap in his hands.

"Well, you know, it was a pretext. Something hit me on the head and how was I to know it was not something valuable that had fallen out of your window?"

"There are other windows below mine. Might it not have come from them?"

"Oh, I never thought of that. You see, when I saw you standing before the window there, you seemed so jolly lonesome—and all that. I just thought they—the parcel—must be yours."

"Well, that is a confession. I'm sure I'm obliged to you for your opinion of me. That was one way of attracting someone's attention."

"Oh, I say. You don't think that, do you? I'm not quite such a rotter as all that. Probably we have a mutual friend somewhere. I'm Ned Thornton. I draw and dab and illustrate some."

"Do you ever sell any of it?"

"Oh, now and then, when rent time comes around."

"You're lucky. I always have to seek the advertising offices about rent time."

"Oh, are you an artist, too?"

"No, I just scribble. I might be an artist at that, if I had the chance. But there never was any particular science to pot-boiling."

"That depends on the pot. In ancient days, the Persians boiled precious herbs in very beautiful pots."

"The present day has no use for archaisms, alas!"

"But it's up to such as we to teach the present day."

Alicia seemed to realize the awkwardness of her position. They both stood under the light, while there were five unoccupied chairs all around them.

"I suppose we might as well sit down," she said.

They did.

"Now, tell me how you found out my name."

"Just happened on it. The tall creature downstairs who opens and shuts the door is responsible for my knowledge."

"Surely you didn't ask her! Good heavens! That was clever!"

"Not I. I simply said I wanted to see the young lady at the top of the house. She said, 'Miss Hunt? Callers usually ask for the young lady they wish to see by speaking her name.' That's what she said, word for word."

"The old griffin! She's so inquisitive! But really, you know, it is rather refreshing to break the con-

ventionalities. Stupid conventionalities, that is. I don't see why any Madame Grundy should set up a standard for people who are capable of thinking for themselves, do you?"

"My presence is proof of it."

Alicia seemed to have forgotten her plot-seeking. When one is in the company of congeniality, one's ambitions oftentimes will go soaring out through the window of one's indifference. So it was with Alicia. It was so long since she had talked with anyone whose ideas were other than commonplace that her very soul seemed to cry out its satisfaction. Some people would have called her improper. She was only human, and endowed with an unusual amount of intelligence. When one is endowed with intelligence, such trifles as conventionality count for naught.

Ned suggested that they go out and watch the crowds. The calls of the street hawkers came in through the three gable windows, the shrieking of the street urchins. It was a welcome suggestion. Alicia longed for a jaunt down through the brilliant thoroughfares. The vision of busy Christmas shoppers, all laden with bundles, had been blotting out the plot of her story all evening.

The landlady smiled as she peered through the crack of her door. It was the first time that Miss Hunt had gone out with a young man. And it did not seem natural for girls not to have gentlemen friends.

But Ned and Alicia were elbowing through the crowds, with not a thought for the gaunt landlady.

"Where are you going to eat your Christmas dinner?" Ned asked, when they had separated from the street mobs.

Alicia blushed. She had not thought of that. It was her custom to enjoy each moment as it came, without clouding its happiness by any thoughts of an indefinite to-morrow.

"To tell you the truth, I hadn't thought about it," she answered.

"Neither had I. So we'll put our two heads together and give the matter our profound consideration. I know a little Italian place, down on Emerald Street. They have fine cooking, and don't charge extra for serviettes. How'd you like to try it?"

"It sounds great. And probably a movie afterwards?"

"Righto! Or a legitimate show. I sold a picture the other day. It's good for that much, at least."

"And how about the rent?"

"When one is enjoying oneself, one forgets such unpleasantnesses."

They walked past the glittering shops where tardy shoppers struggled with their bundles. There was a sort of booth set up between a couple of shops where everyone seemed to be playing a game of chance.

"A dollar a throw! Everyone come and try your luck. There's nothing in the fishing pond worth less. Most of the prizes are worth five times the amount!"

"Here you are!" Ned said, pressing a bill into the fellow's hand. "Now, Miss Scribbler, try your luck!"

Alicia took the rod and line and brought up a weighty parcel.

"It may be a gold brick," she laughed.

"That's better than a brass knock."

And on they walked. When one is happy, one will find a laugh in the slippery pavement or the stiff December wind.

They came to a large building, which knew Alicia. Many times, she had walked up the steps to a certain office marked "Sunday Editor."

"This is the altar on which all of my brain children have been sacrificed," Alicia said, pointing to the door.

"What a pagan mother, to cast her children into such a pit!"

"Ah, there's the pity of it. Some of us have paganism thrust upon us."

"Yes, and probably, through no fault of our own."

"Paganism surely would not come from voluntary choice. At least, literary paganism."

"I'm rather glad you added the afterthought."

"Yes, I'm somewhat of the opinion that some expressions of paganism are more interesting than those of Christianity."

"I agree, perfectly."

They had come to a little café, where Ned often lunched. They went inside and ate a Welsh rarebit.

It was a jolly little place, with half-lighted corners. The Christmas revelry came to them as they sat there. Alicia could not remember when she had felt so happy.

"Tell me, what were you doing when I came in?" Ned asked.

"Trying to think of a plot."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I hope I didn't interrupt."

Alicia laughed.

"On the contrary, you have been the means of my forming a most excellent one—all but the end."

Ned leaned over the table.

"Do you think I could help you to make a correct ending, if I had the chance?"

Alicia smiled. Her eyes seemed to wander beyond the table and glittering lights.

"Well, I'm always willing to give intelligent people the chance to display their intelligence."

"That's comforting. But I still have to ask if I am fortunate enough to be classified in that column."

"Then, if you really belong there, you'll find out."

Alicia got up from the table and walked toward the door. Ned followed.

*

The landlady noticed an unusual flush in Alicia's cheeks when she came in. And through the crack in the door she heard her say:

"At one o'clock, then, to-morrow. Good-night. Merry Christmas."

And she hummed a bit of song as she ran up the stairs to her attic.

SPECULATION AND ITS EFFECT IN CANADA

BY W. W. SWANSON

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THE question of speculation, especially in its relation to the high cost of living, has never received adequate attention in Canada. The mania for gambling in real estate, which has obsessed the minds of Canadians for the past decade, has had a very intimate bearing upon advancing prices; and yet the problem has been in general overlooked. And now that the boom in real estate has subsided, those who wish a short-cut to wealth without earning it are turning their attention to the oil fields of the West, the black fox ranches of the East, and the stock market. It is almost incredible the number of Canadians who are engaged in sheer gambling, although the more euphemistic term "speculation" is generally used to describe their operations. Aside from all that, Canada has too extensively discounted the future; and in these reasons, not in the Balkan war, the Mexican imbroglio, or the huge increase in the output of gold, are to be found the main causes of the increase in prices and high interest rates. Illegitimate speculation has seriously injured the economic condition of the country. Gambling often masquerades under the name of speculation; but there is a fundamental difference between them. Business enterprise is one thing; paying court to the god of luck is quite another. But serious as are the results of gambling—moral and material—to the individual, the economic effects on the community at large are of equal concern. Speculation has a direct and immediate effect upon the market. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, and ultimately the consumer must pay the cost of a speculative boom, and suffer at its collapse. Prosperity which is not based on the actual production of goods is merely the excitement produced by intoxication. Much of Canada's recent progress has been of a thoroughly sound nature; but a part has been fictitious and represents no real advance. Gambling which results in forcing up the price of real estate adds nothing to a nation's wealth, it merely lays a burden upon the consumer for years to come. High values mean high rents; and high rents mean high cost of production, which in turn means high prices. High prices and high rents may really represent a high degree of misery and want. The true measure of a nation's prosperity is found in the relative purchasing power of the people.

Now, abnormal credit extension and illegitimate speculation are largely responsible for the high cost of living in Canada. Not only so, but they have been the chief causes of the

sudden and remarkable collapse in the value of securities; and for the long-continued stringency in the money market. These are matters of vital importance to the individual, as well as to the several governments, municipal, provincial, and federal. It is imperative, therefore, for all who would understand fundamental economic conditions to get a clear conception of what is involved in speculation.

The term speculation, of course, is used in various senses. Often it has reference to persons who "dabble" in the market as "outsiders." But generally it refers to men who expect to make their living or their fortune by dealing in securities or commodities—persons who are "professional speculators." These may again be distinguished from "legitimate" dealers—the wheat merchant, the cotton dealer—who act as permanent middlemen between those who have something to sell and those who wish to buy. Between these persons there are insensible gradations. All these speculators influence, to a greater or less degree, the course of market prices. It would be absurd, of course, to condemn all speculation. Legitimate speculation is absolutely necessary for the proper functioning of business, for it brings into equilibrium demand and supply. It tends to make daily prices conform with seasonal market prices; and to make the latter such that the whole supply will be absorbed by the market. Men who have devoted themselves, in a professional way, to the study of fundamental market conditions, become shrewd judges of the seasonal supply. They can estimate the effect of a given supply upon price, and hence they are able to make a profit in their business. They buy, when others are willing to sell, at a price lower than the facts of the market warrant; and, conversely, they sell when others bid a higher price than the facts warrant. Buying and selling between expert dealers tends to avoid sharp variations in seasonal prices. Inevitably, there will be fluctuations in price, with unexpected speculative losses and gains. But the general effect of legitimate speculation is to promote the smooth course of exchange and consumption, and to lessen sharp fluctuations in price.

Now, it is just here that speculation becomes of vital interest to the manufacturer and the consumer. The lessening of fluctuations in price is of manifest advantage to the ultimate consumer, and also to the manufacturer who, in the parlance of economists, is the "consumer" of raw materials. For the ultimate consumer, say, of wheat, an early and exact adjustment of price brings a more careful utilization of the available supply. A short crop must be carefully husbanded throughout the season; and the sooner the higher necessary market price is reached, the more likely will this be accomplished. And conversely, a large crop is better sold at a steady, though a low price. But outsiders who "dabble" in the market, and who are ignorant of basic conditions, tend to unsettle prices. This is good neither for the manufacturer nor for the consumer. A variable price for raw materials prevents the manufacturer from properly adjusting his output to the demands of consumers.

In former days, before the establishment of world markets, wide variations in the price of food were common. Under modern conditions, with great areas of supply brought into competition by railways and steamships, abrupt changes in the supply of most foodstuffs and raw materials are rare. The development of cold storage in recent times, too, has secured an even distribution of supply under conditions that are essentially speculative. Fruit, fish, and eggs, when the supply is heavy, are bought by dealers, put in cold storage, and held for sale at a later period. By this device prices are made more equable, and the risks are less. More-

over, on the average, the community secures its supplies at a smaller cost.

The process of lessening fluctuations and distributing risks is promoted by the practice of dealing in futures. It is with this operation that speculation is most intimately associated. Professional dealers make a close study of the probabilities of the future, and undertake to make delivery of goods on the terms which those probabilities suggest. Apart from the fact that prices are steadied by this practice, it is of very great benefit to manufacturers who enter into contracts for the future delivery of their products. The price of cotton goods, woollens, rubber goods, flour, and so forth is closely related to the cost of the raw material used in their manufacture. To avoid the risk, therefore, which inevitably arises from contracts to furnish goods at a fixed price in the future, manufacturers buy the raw materials at a fixed price for future delivery. The risk arising through changes in the price of the raw material is thus avoided, as it is assumed by the speculator and the wholesaler. Even in the case where the manufacturer is producing steadily for the market risk can be avoided. A miller, for example, who buys a certain quantity of wheat to be ground into flour can sell, for future delivery, the same quantity of wheat. Thereafter, as wheat goes up or down in price, he loses as much by the one transaction as he had gained by the other. He can then concentrate his attention on the manufacturing end of the business, the risk arising from price fluctuations of the raw material having been eliminated.

Against the advantages which professional speculative dealings bring are serious evils. These evils are enhanced by the very facilities which enable speculation to perform important services to the community. To make this clear, attention should be called to the fact that speculation is made possible, on a large scale, by "standardizing" the commodity dealt in—that is, by grading and classifying commodities according to quality. This process puts an end to all disputes regarding the quality of the things contracted for. Thus, grain is examined as it reaches the market, by publicly-appointed inspectors, and is graded as being No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. Thereafter, when a purchaser has his wheat delivered to him, neither he nor the vendor need inquire further whether it is of the stipulated quality. Delivery of elevator receipts, certifying the grade, satisfies all contracts. On the exchanges of America and Europe, cotton, wool, iron, etc., are treated in a similar way. Of course, securities — preferred and common stocks, and all grades of bonds—offer exceptional opportunities for speculation, because of the ease with which they can be standardized.

Now, when once a commodity or a security has been standardized, the door is flung wide open to speculation. Anybody and everybody can become a speculator. Under ordinary circumstances, the man who buys an article must know something about it. He must be able to judge whether it is good or bad in quality, and what it ought to be worth. But on an exchange where commodities or securities are graded, no such questions arise. Only price, present or future, need be considered. Any one can buy if he thinks the present price low, or sell if he thinks it high. Such buying and selling is done, on an enormous scale, by large numbers of persons who do not possess, or wish to possess, the articles they buy or sell. Their only concern is to make a profit by taking advantage of fluctuations in price. They virtually bet on the future price of commodities or securities, and gamble about it as men gamble on cards, roulette wheels, or horse races. In form, their dealings are like any other operation on the exchange. Brokers receive orders from these "outsiders" to buy and sell; and they must, by the rules of

the exchange, make delivery at the stipulated time. The brokers, in turn, hold their customers to this same responsibility. But, though in form like other dealings, on the better-known exchanges—such as the cotton and grain exchanges of New York, for example—the immense majority of the transactions have in view no *bona fide* business. The machinery which has been devised for the easy and rapid transaction of business is utilized for gambling on a large scale. This is especially true of the security market. The whole business resolves itself into an enormous economic waste through the employment of an army of unproductive labourers. If the only persons engaged in this work were merchants and dealers who systematically gave their time and attention to it, the number needed would automatically adjust itself to the work required. But where there is "illegitimate" speculation on a great scale, an army of brokers and dealers is required. All this labour is unproductive.

The obvious remedy, of course, is to prohibit buying and selling for future delivery. But this would put an end to the benefits which the community gets from contracts for futures. The loss would outweigh the gain. Germany, however, has prohibited future contracts in grain. The most effective remedy would be a better moral standard for all industry, and an aroused public opinion against all forms of gambling. But the desire to make "easy" money and the close association of speculation with business dealing rightly deemed legitimate, render it difficult to bring public opinion to bear.

The gains in stock exchange speculation, however, are very great, and outweigh the evils. The gains arise in this instance, not from the lessening of price fluctuations, but from the promotion of investment. But, although the gains are real, the evils are no less real, and are intensified by the unusual ease of entering on the transactions. There are many Canadians who habitually gamble in stocks. The dealings for the continent are concentrated at the New York Stock Exchange, which is at once the greatest institution in the world for facilitating investment, and the greatest of gambling hells. And the waste involved is not confined to the useless expenditure of mental and physical labour. The waste is increased by the demoralization of many men in the community who take an interest in speculation. Like all gambling, it distracts from the continuous, productive work on which the common welfare rests.

As has been said, speculation in some of its aspects is wholly legitimate, and is essential to the proper functioning of the business of the country. The plain fact is that every buyer and seller is a speculator in money, though he may not realize it. Not only so, but every debtor and creditor is a speculator not only in money, but in "futures" as well. Every debtor has sold money short in exactly the same way as a speculator who deals in wheat has sold that commodity short when he has contracted to deliver a certain number of bushels at a given price at a future time. He gains or loses as the price at the time of delivery has fallen or risen.

It is one of the accepted principles in speculative markets that there is no better guaranty for the maintenance of prices than the existence of a large short interest. The reason is evident; for these persons are potential purchasers who must buy within a given time, whether they wish to do so or not. In times of business expansion and general prosperity, when people are extending their business operations and seeking new opportunities of gain, a large short interest in money is being created; and as the time for meeting their obligations approaches it is inevitable that there must be a scramble for money

with which to satisfy these credit contracts. And that is exactly what has happened, and is happening in Canada at the present moment. Business men and financiers have largely discounted the future. They have "taken chances" in almost every direction. While an enormous productive effort has been put forth, and the farm, the factory, and the mine, have been worked as never before, yet a great deal of the country's capital has been invested in purely speculative enterprises with the hope that the upward trend in prices would continue long enough to net substantial profits. Thousands of persons throughout the country, however, have made a special payment on their purchases and have borrowed to cover the difference, or are making payments from time to time as these become due. It is this class that suffers most when there is a stringency in the money market. Dealing in a small way, although the total of their business amounts to an enormous sum, they are unable, when the market breaks, to hold their own, and must sacrifice their holdings to meet outstanding obligations. The pressure exerted by these small dealers on the entire business structure of the country is very great; and it needs the most consummate skill of the bankers and financiers of the nation to avoid a total collapse of credit and prices.

The reasons for the enormous decline in the prices of securities and real estate in Canada are not far to seek. A man who finds himself obliged to make a payment at a certain definite time must either borrow or sell what property he has. It has been very difficult to borrow, during the past year, on speculative holdings; and hence these have been thrown on the market. The present would seem to be an opportune time to buy, for many securities are selling far below their real value. And not only so, but the municipalities and the Provincial and Federal Governments should seize the occasion to erect permanent public works. It is a totally erroneous idea that induces a policy of parsimony during a period of industrial declension. Great public works should be pushed forward so that labour may find employment, the market be steadied, and credit sustained. Retrenchment merely accentuates the difficulties of the situation.

Canadians hardly realize how close the country has been to the verge of a financial panic during the year that has gone. Undoubtedly the skill and conservatism of our bankers and a splendid harvest have saved the situation. The country has been taught a lesson which, if heeded, will have been well worth the cost. True prosperity is based on the production of goods, and not upon the pyramiding of credit and prices. The monetary stringency is gradually passing away, and the mania of illegitimate speculation has largely spent its force. A spirit of optimism once more is abroad in the land. The possibilities and resources of Canada are not indeed measureless, but they are truly vast. For the future, however, development must be based more largely on facts, and less on vain fancies.

HOW FINLEY McGILLIS HELD THE PIER

BY ROBERT BARR

THIS is a story of war's alarms, and the agony that comes through man's inhumanity to man. It is generally supposed that it is upon the common soldier that the brunt of battle falls, but very often highly-placed officers are called upon to suffer for their country, and it is the pathetic tale of one of these war-dogs that I now set myself to relate, hoping that his heroism may thus retain a place in the annals of the land. If Madame History, after listening to my tale of woe, reserves a modest niche in the temple of fame for Captain Angus McKerricher, I shall be more than satisfied.

Of course, being the privileged historian of McKerricher, I should by rights keep silence regarding my own military exploits, but few of us are entirely unselfish, and so, having the opportunity, I may casually mention, seeing that no one else is likely to do so, that I fell gloriously in the defence of the Empire, yet no medal has been awarded me. As it is not yet too late to remedy this neglect of one of our bravest men, I may be forgiven for dwelling on this personal incident. The "Fenian Scare," as it was called, caused much expenditure of money and pine lumber. There arose all over our part of Canada, and doubtless in other portions as well, huge drill-sheds whose style of architecture more nearly resembled the Country Fair building of later days, than it did the White City of the Chicago Exhibition. As I remember, the cost was defrayed somewhat in this way: any town or municipality patriotic enough to yearn for one of these military erections, got up part of the money and the general Government furnished the remainder. The township council pressed the button, and Parliament did the rest.

The drill-sheds were great oblong buildings made of pine, covered by a wide-spreading shingled roof. The floor was the original soil of Canada, which the building was constructed to defend. Under the ample roof, a regiment might have gone through its evolutions. Few of these drill-sheds now remain standing, although none, so far as I can learn, were destroyed by the valiant Fenians, the most terrible warriors with their mouths who ever struck panic into a peaceful people. The expanding roof (of the drill-sheds, not of the Fenians' mouths) offered too tempting a mark for the amateur cyclone roaming over the land, and thus there came a stormy day when the component parts of the building were distributed with impartiality among the taxpayers of that and the adjoining county, furnishing superb kindling wood for all the farmers to the leeward of the original site. So scatters military glory.

I helped to build several of these historic structures, and one fine day

fell from the apex of the one in Iona, Elgin County, my fall being happily broken and soothed by a pile of brick on which I came down, with the debris of a scaffold on top of me. When, to-day, people who know me confidently predict that I shall end on the scaffold, they little realise how near their prophecy came to being forestalled. Would it be believed that, up to date, Iona has put up no stone on the spot, with the inscription; "Here fell Barr in the defence of his country?" I mention this incident, not in hope of recognition or even with an eye towards a pension, but because it was through that fall that I am now the humble historian of McKerricher, for after coming out of the doctor's hands I came to the conclusion that carpentering was too exciting a business for a nervous person like myself, so I took to the literary life, and here I am.

It must not be supposed that we in Western Canada were not a military people even before the drill-sheds spread over the land either through my building or with the aid of the cyclones. We were always a bloodthirsty gang, and our military system has since been plagiarised by Germany and France. Service in the ranks was compulsory, and one whole day in the year was devoted to drill, the consumption of stimulants, and the making of effete Europe tremble. This memorable annual festival was the 24th of May, the birthday of the Queen. Unless a day in the middle of harvest had been chosen, no more inopportune time could have been selected than the 24th of May, so far as the farmers were concerned. The leaves were just out on the trees, the roads were becoming passable again through the drying of the mud, and spring work was at its height. It was therefore extremely inconvenient for farmers to turn their plowshares into muzzle-loaders and go from three to thirteen miles to the village and revel in gore, yet the law made attendance compulsory.

For years the rigour of military discipline had been mitigated by a well-known device. Some neighbour, at the reading of the roll, would shout "Here" when an absentee's name was called, and so the reports that went into the Government always showed the most marvellously constant attendance on duty that has ever gone on record. No wonder the Queen sat securely on her throne and was unafraid.

Thus the Empire ran serenely on until Angus McKerricher was made captain of the militia. I don't know why he was appointed, but I think it was because he was the only man in the district who owned a sword, which had descended to him from his Highland ancestry, doubtless escaping confiscation by the English soldiery, and was thus preserved to become the chief support to the British throne—certainly a change from its use in younger days. I was a small boy when Angus first took command, but I well remember the dismay his action spread over the district. Angus knew personally every man in the county, which, to parody Gilbert, was

> A fact they hadn't counted upon
> When they first put their uniform on.

The Captain's uniform consisted of his ordinary clothes rendered warlike by a scarlet sash looped over the left shoulder and tied in a sanguinary knot under the right arm, or "oxter," as Angus termed that portion of his body. But what added perturbation to the feelings of the crowd assembled on the parade ground was the long claymore held perpendicularly up the rigid right arm, the hilt almost down at the knee, the point extending above the head, as Angus stood erect with heels together and chin held high. Even the dullest of us could perceive that the slovenliness of our former captains, in happy-go-lucky style of deportment, was a thing of the past. We were now face to face with the real terrors of war, in the person of Captain Angus McKerricher.

The stout yeomanry were all drawn up in line, and beside the statue-like figure of the captain stood the town clerk, or whatever the official was who kept the roll of able-bodied citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who were liable to military service. The day began with the calling of the names.

"Peter McAlpine."

"Here."

"John Finleyson."

"Here."

"Dugald McMillan."

"Here."

"Sandy McCallum."

"Here."

"Baldy McVannel."

"Present."

At this juncture the suddenly uplifted sword of the captain stopped the reading of the roll.

"Baldy McVannell, step forward from the ranks!" was the sharp command of the armed officer. There was a moment's apprehensive silence, but no one stepped from the ranks, which was not to be wondered at, for Baldy was at that moment peacefully plowing his fields seven good miles away, and "Present" had been answered by his friend and relative, McCallum, who had varied the word from his own answer, "Here," the better to escape notice, a plan which had always been successful before. Deep was the scowl on the Captain's face.

"Put him down fur a fine," he said to the clerk.

"He's over the aadge," cried McCallum, who felt that he had to stand by his absent friend.

"He's neither over nor under the aadge, Sandy," cried the Captain with decision; "he's between thirty and forty, and he should be here this day, as he very well knows. Put him down fur a fine—a dollar."

An ignored law suddenly enforced carries consternation into any community. The infliction of these fines made a greater financial panic in our district than the failure of the Upper Canada Bank. More than two-thirds of the effective warriors of the township proved to be absent, and the commercial stringency caused by this unexpected clapping on of fines penetrated to the farthest bounds of the municipality. A dollar was indeed a dollar in those days, and not to be lightly parted with. However, such was the law, and there was no help for it; but the inflicting of the penalty did nothing towards increasing the popularity of the Captain, although it did increase the attendance on parade for many a year after.

Vengeance came swiftly. It had been anticipated that it would take the form of a fight between McKerricher and one of the indignant friends of an absentee, as soon as parade was over and the friend had taken on board sufficient whiskey to make him quarrelsome, which was not as large a quantity as some of our temperance friends might imagine. There was Celtic blood in the locality and it flowed freely from punched noses on less momentous occasions than the day of the grand muster. After the dismissal of the troops, the Captain kept his good sword in his hand, and it was still too early in the afternoon for any to have courage enough to attack him with bare fists. That was expected later, for it takes time to reach the proper pitch even with potent Canadian malt. However, revenge presented itself to the Captain in strictly legal guise. A villager, learned in the law, engineered the matter, and the constable arrested McKerricher on the charge of carrying a knife with a blade longer than the statutes allowed. About that time there had become prevalent a villainous-looking dirk with a long sharply-pointed blade, which shut up like an ordinary jack-knife, but which had at the back of the handle a catch which held the blade rigid, once opened. This weapon had in more than one row, which would in ordinary circumstance have been innocent enough, proved disastrous, and a law

had been passed to suppress it. No man was allowed to carry, concealed or in sight, any knife with a blade more than six inches long, and there must be no device that held the blade rigid. It was alleged that McKerricher's sword violated this ordinance, and that he had paraded the town with this illegal instrument in plain sight, to the terror and dismay of Her Majesty's faithful subjects, be the same more or less, in the case made and provided, &c., &c., in fact, I do not remember the exact legal phraseology of the indictment, but anyhow it was in words to that effect. In vain the Captain pleaded that the sword was a necessary implement of his new trade as militia officer, and that the peace and comfort of the realm had not been visibly interfered with through his carrying of it, but it was easily proved that he had retained his sword while not on duty, and that said instrument was a knife within the meaning of the Act, its blade being more than six inches in length, firmly affixed to the handle aforesaid. The magistrate fined him five dollars, and administered a solemn warning from the bench.

"Cot pless her," exclaimed an indignant Northerner when the verdict was made known, "if she waants ta lah, let her have *awl* ta lah!"

In other words, if the law against absentees was to be enforced, let us also set the law regarding jack-knives in motion.

But it was the Fenian scare that brought out the superb Napoleonic qualities of Captain McKerricher, as great crises always develop the latent genius of notable men. "To arms!" was the cry, and everything that would shoot, except the blacksmith's anvil with which he used to celebrate the Queen's birthday, was brought into requisition. Shot guns, muskets and rifles were brought down from their wooden pegs along the hewn walls of the log houses. We youngsters were set at moulding bullets, and it was great fun. Every house possessed bullet moulds, iron arrangements like a pair of pinchers with metal cups at the business end, where a small hole at the junction of the closed cups enabled you to pour in the melted lead. There was also a couple of sharp blades forming part of the handles, which, working on the principle of nut-crackers, enabled you to clip off the lead protuberance and leave a perfectly moulded bullet which would kill a man as effectively as if it had been cast by the Government. Mounted men had rushed galloping up the main roads from the lake and along the concession lines, shouting as they passed, "The Fenians are coming!" pausing for no comment, but hurrying forward with the news. It needed no other warning to cause every man who could shoulder a gun to make his way as quickly as possible, with whatever weapon he had, to the village which he knew would be the rendezvous. It seems funny to look back on this commotion, for there was no more chance of the Fenians coming to our part of the country than there was of the Russians, nevertheless we did not stop to think about that until later; and if invaders had come, I am willing to risk an even dollar that they would have wished themselves safe once more in Buffalo saloons, in spite of the justly celebrated reputation of our own brands of liquor, for they would have come into a peaceful community that would rather fight than eat. Few of us knew anything about the merits of the Irish question at that day; our attention being absorbed in politics that pertained to the talismanic names of "John A." or "George Brown." Still if invasion came, we were all willing to fight first and inquire into the case afterwards, which was only natural.

The northern shore of Lake Erie, at least that part with which I am acquainted, is a coast perfect as a defence. High perpendicular clay walls, quite unscalable, form a barrier

which no enemy of sense would care to encounter. It must not be supposed that I am accusing the Fenians of having been men of sense, for I have no such intention, but even they would hesitate to attempt the clay walls of Western Ontario. However, the eagle eye of the commander at once viewed the weak point in our defence with an unerring instinct worthy of Von Moltke. This was the pier. A creek flowed into the lake, and a road to the shore ran along the banks of this creek. At the terminus of the road had been built a pier jutting out into the lake some hundreds of feet in length. Here, in peaceful times, schooners from Cleveland, Erie, or Buffalo, had loaded themselves with oaken staves or prime wheat. Captain McKerricher saw that once the pier was captured, the Empire fell. He therefore massed his force on either bank of the ravine, so that a withering cross fire would discommode the enemy as he came up the valley; not at all a bad formation either. Thus the embattled farmers stood prepared to fire a shot which, if not heard round the world, would at least echo to the village two miles away. As evening drew on, preparations were made for camping out all night on these heights and guards were set on the pier, Finley McGillis at the post of danger, the end nearest to the Fenians, while McCallum and McVannel held down the shore end, all three prepared to wade in blood should any miscreant attempt to kidnap the pier, except the limited liability company which rightfully owned it. Sentries were placed round the camp inland, and outposts farther off. Never was there more firm discipline exacted from any body of soldiers. The rigour of the British army was as nothing compared with the martinet character of the regulations of this camp. Captain McKerricher in person visited every sentinel and informed him that this was no 24th of May parade, but real war, and that any sentinel caught asleep would be forthwith shot instead of being fined a dollar, and that if a man lit his pipe he would spend the rest of his life in Kingston Penitentiary.

But the invincibility of a camp is unknown until it is tested. The Captain resolved to put the firmness of his sentinels to the proof. He took no one into his confidence, and here again his likeness to Napoleon is evidenced; he never let any of his subordinate officers know what the next move on the board was to be. There was a small skiff in the creek, and, the evening darkening early because of a coming storm, the Captain pushed out the boat unobserved and rowed some distance to the west, then turned south and out into the lake, finally coming north again toward the end of the pier. The night was black, relieved by an occasional glimmer of lightning on the surface of the lake, and the wind was rising. McKerricher's quest was getting to be an unpleasant one, for he was essentially a landsman, and the increasing motion of the boat was disagreeable, but what will a man not do and dare for his country's sake? It is probable that he descried the form of Finley McGillis against the dark sky before the sentinel caught any indication of the boat on the murky water. Finley said afterwards that he was just wondering whether he dare risk a smoke in his isolated position and trust to putting his pipe out if he heard a step coming up the pier, when he was startled by a voice from the lake—

"Surrender! Drop your gun and save your life. Surrender in the name of the Fenian Brotherhood!"

McGillis made no reply, and the Captain began to think he had caught his chief sentry asleep, but as the wabbling boat became dimly visible to the man on the end of the pier, Finley said slowly, "I can see ye now. If ye move hand or fut I'll blow ye out of the watter."

"That's all right," said the Captain hastily; "I'm glad to note that

you are on the alert. I'm Captain McKerricher."

"A likely story," replied McGillis contemptuously. "The Keptin's no a mahn to risk himself in a bit shallop like that, an' a storm comin' up. Yer ma preesoner, an' ye'll be a deed mahn in another meenit if ye pit hand to oar."

"You fool," cried the angered voyager, "how could I know about McKerricher if I were a Fenian?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to hear aboot McKerricher, and it's verra weel ken't in the Auld Country an' in the States that he's oor Keptin. Yer a wolf in sheep's clothing, that's what ye are, and jist listen ta me. There's a ball nearly an inch thick in this musket, an' that'll be through you before ye can say 'click' if you don't do whut I tell ye. Then in this shotgun at ma feet there's a load of slugs, that'ull rive yer boat to bits if ye attempt ta mak' aff. Is there a rope in that boat?"

"Yes."

"Then throw it ta me if it's lang enough."

This was done, and Finley tied the end of it to one of the upright piles. Hand you up they oars. That's right. Now yer ta the windward o' the pier, an' nice an' comfortable fur the nicht."

"You are surely not going to keep me here all night, and the rain coming?"

"The rain's no warse fur you than fur me. A buddy munna be ower parteecular in time of war. If it should be that yer the Keptin, I'll make my apologies in the mornin'; if yer the Fenian ye said ye were, then Aang'as 'll hang ye fur yer impidence in takin' his name."

"Fire one gun in the air, and call the officers. You have two, so there's no risk. Disobey your Captain at your peril, and I'll have you court-martialled in the morning."

"I'll fire aff naething avaw. I'm not gaun to waste a shot an' poother sa dear. If I fire, it will be at you, and besides if I *did* fire, the whole camp would be shootin' at once from the heights in this direction, an' while I'm compelled ta risk being shot by the Fenians, it's no in the bargain that I should stand fire from ma own friens, an' a bullit fra the north kills as readily as yen fra the sooth."

The wind rose, the boat rocked and the rain came on.

"Give me the oars, at least," implored the captive, "that rope will break and then I'll be adrift and helpless."

"The win't doon the lake, so if it breaks, ye'll jist come ashore aboot Long Point."

But the rope did not break, and very soon the Captain was past the point where conversation is a pleasure, for however brave he might be on land, he had never been intended for the navy.

"Yer no used ta a boat," commented the sentinel, who had been a fisherman in the Highlands. "It's unca hard at the time, they tell me, but ye'll be a' the better fur it in the mornin'."

When day broke Finley McGillis expressed the utmost consternation and surprise to find that his prisoner was really his captain. "Man! Wha wud ha' beleeved that!" he cried in amazement.

The suborinate officers who helped their haggard captain out of the boat, advised him strongly to say nothing about the incident. This, so far as I know, was the only naval encounter that occurred at the time of the Fenian Raid, and it goes to show, as I said in the beginning, that those who devote themselves to the cause of their country, suffer unrecorded hardships for which, alas, medals are not given. Even this section of history is futile, for, as what I have set down is strictly true, I could not give real names, because I have had no opportunity of consulting with either captain or sentinel, and do not know but one or other might object to the revelation of their identity.

ROYSTERERS RETURNING TO THE CAMP

From the Painting by Lawren Harris

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TANNIS OF THE FLATS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

WHEN Jerome Carey was sent to take charge of the telegraph station at the Flats he cursed his fate in the picturesque language permissible in the far Northwest.

Not that Carey was a profane man, even as men go in the West. He was an English gentleman, and he kept both his life and his vocabulary pretty clean. But the Flats!

The Flats was a forlorn little trading-station fifteen miles up the river from Prince Albert, with a scanty population of half-breeds and three white men. Outside of the ragged cluster of log shacks which comprised the settlement there was always a shifting fringe of teepees where the Indians who drifted down from the Reservation camped with their dogs, and squaws, and papooses. There are standpoints from which Indians are interesting, but they cannot be said to offer congenial social attractions. For three weeks after Carey went to the Flats he was lonelier than he had ever imagined it possible to be, even in the Great Lone Land. If it had not been for teaching Paul Dumont the code, Carey believed that he would have been driven to suicide in self-defence.

The telegraphic importance of the Flats consisted in the fact that it was the starting point of three telegraph lines to remote posts up North. Not many messages came therefrom, but the few that did come generally amounted to something worth while. Days and even weeks would pass without a single one being clicked to the Flats. Carey was debarred from talking over the wires to the Prince Albert man, for the reason that they were officially on bad terms. He blamed the latter for his transfer to the Flats.

Carey slept in a loft over the office and got his meals at Joe Esquint's, across the "street." Joe Esquint's wife was a good cook, as cooks go among the breeds, and Carey soon became a great pet of hers. Carey had a habit of becoming a pet with women. He had the "way" that has to be born in a man and can never be acquired. Besides, he was as handsome as clean-cut features, deep-set, dark-blue eyes, fair curls, and six feet of muscle could make him. Mrs. Joe Esquint thought that his moustache was the most wonderfully beautiful thing in its line that she had ever seen.

Fortunately, Mrs. Joe was so old and fat and ugly that even the malicious and inveterate gossip of skulking breeds and Indians squatting over teepee fires could not hint at anything questionable in the relations between her and Carey. But it was a different matter with Tannis Dumont.

Tannis came home from the academy at Prince Albert early in July, when Carey had been at the Flats a month and had exhausted all the few novelties of his position. Paul Dumont had already become so expert at the code that his mistakes no longer afforded Carey any fun, and the

latter was getting desperate. He had serious intentions of throwing up the business altogether and betaking himself to an Alberta ranch where at least one would have the excitement of roping horses. When he saw Tannis Dumont he thought he would hang on a while longer anyway.

Tannis was the daughter of old Auguste Dumont, who kept the one small store at the Flats, lived in the one frame house that the place boasted, and was reputed to be worth an amount of money which, in half-breed eyes, was a colossal fortune. Old Auguste was black and ugly, and notoriously bad-tempered. But Tannis was a beauty.

Tannis's great-grandmother had been a Cree squaw who married a French trapper. The son of this union became in due time the father of Auguste Dumont. Auguste married a woman whose mother was a French half-breed, and whose father was a pure-bred Highland Scotsman. The result of this atrocious mixture was its justification—Tannis of the Flats —who looked as if all the blood of all the Howards might be running in her veins.

But, after all, the dominant current in those same veins was from the race of plain and prairie. The practiced eye detected it in the slender stateliness of carriage, in the graceful, yet voluptuous curves of the lithe body, in the smallness and delicacy of hand and foot, in the purple sheen on straight-falling masses of blue-black hair, and, more than all else, in the long, dark eye, full and soft, yet alight with a slumbering fire. France, too, was responsible for somewhat in Tannis. It gave her a light step for the stealthy half-breed shuffle, it arched her red upper lip into a more tremulous bow, it lent a note of laughter to her voice and a sprightlier wit to her tongue. As for her red-headed Scotch grandfather, he had bequeathed her a somewhat whiter skin and ruddier bloom than is usually found in the breeds.

Old Auguste was mightily proud of Tannis. He sent her to school for four years in Prince Albert, bound that his girl should have the best. A High School course and considerable mingling in the social life of the town—for old Auguste was a man to be conciliated by astute politicians; he controlled some two or three hundred half-breed votes—sent Tannis home to the Flats with a very thin, but very deceptive, veneer of culture and civilization over-lying the primitive passions and ideas of her nature. Carey saw only the beauty and the veneer. He made the mistake of thinking that Tannis was what she seemed to be—a fairly well-educated, up-to-date, young woman with whom a friendly flirtation was just what it was with white womankind—the pleasant amusement of an hour or season. It was a mistake—a very big mistake. Tannis understood something of piano playing, something less of grammar and Latin, and something less still of social prevarications. But she understood absolutely nothing of flirtation. You can never get an Indian to see the sense of platonics.

Carey found the Flats quite tolerable after the homecoming of Tannis. He soon fell into the habit of dropping into the Dumont house to spend the evening, talking with Tannis in the parlour—which apartment was amazingly well done for a place like the Flats (Tannis had not studied Prince Albert parlours four years for nothing), or playing violin and piano duets with her. When music and conversation palled they went for long gallops over the prairies together. Tannis rode to perfection, and managed her bad-tempered brute of a pony with a skill and grace that made Carey applaud her. She was glorious on horseback.

Sometimes he grew tired of the prairies, and then he and Tannis paddled themselves over the river in Nitchie Joe's dug-out, and landed on the old trail that struck straight in-

to the wooded belt of the Saskatchewan valley, leading north to trading-posts on the frontier of civilization. There they rambled under huge pines hoary with the age of centuries, and Carey talked to Tannis about England, and quoted poetry to her. Tannis liked poetry; she had studied it at school and understood it fairly well. But once she told Carey that she thought it a long, roundabout way of saying what you could say just as well in half a dozen plain words. Carey laughed. He liked to evoke those little speeches of hers. They sounded very clever, dropping from such arched, ripely-tinted lips.

If you had told Carey that he was playing with fire he would have laughed at you. In the first place, he was not in the slightest degree in love with Tannis—he merely admired and liked her. In the second place, it never occurred to him that Tannis might be in love with him. Why, he had never attempted any love-making with her! And, above all, he was obsessed with that aforesaid fatal idea that Tannis was like the women he had associated with all his life, in reality as well as in appearance. He did not know enough of the racial characteristics to understand.

But if Carey thought that his relationship with Tannis was that of friendship merely he was the only one at the Flats who did think so. All the half-breeds, and quarter-breeds, and any-fractional breeds there believed that he meant to marry Tannis. There would have been nothing surprising to them in that. They did not know that Carey's second cousin was a baronet, and they would not have understood that it need make any difference if they had. They thought that rich old Auguste's heiress, who had been to school for four years in Prince Albert, was a catch for anybody.

Old Auguste himself shrugged his shoulders over it and was well-pleased enough. An Englishman was a prize by way of a husband for a half-breed girl, even if he were only a telegraph operator. Young Paul Dumont worshipped Carey and the half-Scotch mother, who might have understood, was dead. In all the Flats there were but two people who disapproved of the match they thought an assured thing. One of these was the little priest, Father Gabriel. He liked Tannis, and he liked Carey, but he shook his head dubiously when he heard the gossip of the shacks and tepees. Religions might mingle, but the different bloods—ah, it was not the right thing! Tannis was a good girl and a beautiful one, but she was no fit mate for the fair, thoroughbred Englishman. Father Gabriel wished fervently that Jerome Carey might soon be transferred elsewhere. He even went to Prince Albert and did a little wire-pulling on his own account, but nothing came of it. He was on the wrong side of politics.

The other malcontent was Lazarre Merimee, a lazy, besotted French half-breed, who was, after his fashion, in love with Tannis. He could never have got her and he knew it—old Auguste and young Paul would have incontinently riddled him with bullets had he ventured near the house as a suitor—but he hated Carey none the less and watched for a chance to do him an ill-turn. There is no worse enemy in all the world than a half-breed. Your true Indian is bad enough, but his diluted descendant is ten times worse.

As for Tannis, she loved Carey with all her heart, and that was all there was about it.

If Elinor Blair had never come to Prince Albert there is no knowing what might have happened after all. Carey, so powerful in propinquity, might even have ended up by learning to love Tannis and marrying her, to his own worldly undoing. But Elinor Blair did come to Prince Albert, and her coming ended all things for Tannis of the Flats.

Carey met her one evening in September, when she had ridden into

town to attend a dance, leaving Paul Dumont in charge of the telegraph office. Elinor was a Prince Edward Island girl who had come up to visit a married brother. She was more than commonly pretty, and Carey fell in love with her at the first moment of their meeting.

During the next three weeks he went to town nine times and called at Dumont's only once. There were no more rides and walks with Tannis. This was not intentional neglect on his part. He had simply forgotten all about her. The breeds surmised a lover's quarrel, but Tannis understood. There was another woman back there in town.

It would be quite impossible to put on paper any adequate idea of her emotions at this stage. One night she followed Carey when he went to Prince Albert, riding out of earshot behind him on her plains pony, but keeping him in sight. She trailed him to the Blair house on the bluffs above the town and saw him tie his horse at the gate and enter. Tannis, too, tied her pony to a poplar lower down and then crept stealthily through the willows at the side of the house until she was close to the windows. Through one of them she could see Carey and Elinor Blair. The half-breed girl crouched down in the shadow and glared at her rival. She saw the pretty, fair-tinted face, the fluffy coronal of golden hair, the blue, laughing eyes of the woman whom Jerome Carey loved, and she realized very plainly that there was nothing left to hope for. She, Tannis of the Flats, could never compete with that other. It was well to know so much, at least.

After a time she crept softly away, loosed her pony, and lashed him mercilessly with her whip through the streets of the town and out the long, dusty, river trail. A man turned and looked after her as she tore past a brightly-lighted store on Water Street.

"That was Tannis of the Flats," he said to a companion. "She was in town last winter, going to school—a beauty and a bit of a devil, like all those breed girls. What in thunder is she riding like that for?"

One day a fortnight later Carey went over the river alone for a ramble up the northern trail and an undisturbed dream of Elinor. When he came back Tannis was standing at the canoe landing, under a pine tree, in a rain of finely-sifted sunlight. She was waiting for him and she said, without any preface:

"Mr. Carey, why do you never come to see me now?"

Carey flushed like any girl. Her tone and look made him feel very uncomfortable. He remembered self-reproachfully that he must have seemed very neglectful, and he stammered something about having been busy.

"Not very busy," said Tannis, with her terrible directness. "It is not that. It is because you are going to Prince Albert to see a white woman!"

Even in his embarrassment Carey noted that this was the first time he had ever heard Tannis use the expression, "a white woman," or any other that would indicate her sense of a difference between herself and the dominant race. He understood, at the same moment, that this girl was not to be trifled with—that she would have the truth out of him first or last. But he felt indescribably foolish.

"I suppose so," he answered lamely.

"And what about me?" asked Tannis.

When you come to think of it, this was an embarrassing question, especially for Carey, who had believed that Tannis understood the game and played it for its own sake as he did.

"I don't understand you, Tannis," he said hurriedly.

"You have made me love you," said Tannis.

The words sound flat enough on

paper. They sounded anything but flat to Carey, hurled at him as they were by a woman trembling with all the passions of her savage ancestry. Tannis had justified her criticism of poetry. She had said her half-dozen words, instinct with all the despair and pain and wild appeal that all the poetry in the world had ever expressed.

They made Carey feel like a scoundrel. All at once he realized how impossible it would be to explain matters to Tannis and that he would make a still bigger fool of himself if he tried.

"I am very sorry," he stammered, like a whipped schoolboy.

"It is no matter," interrupted Tannis violently. "What difference does it make about me—a half-breed girl? We breed girls are only born to amuse the white men. That is so, is it not? Then, when they are tired of us, they push us aside and go back to their own kind. Oh, it is very well. But I will not forget—my father and brother will not forget. They will make you sorry to some purpose."

She turned and stalked away to her canoe. He waited under the pines until she had crossed the river. Then he, too, went miserably home. What a mess he had contrived to make of things! Poor Tannis! How handsome she had looked in her fury—and how much like a squaw! The racial marks came out plainly under the stress of her emotion.

Her threat did not disturb him. If young Paul and old Auguste made things unpleasant for him he thought himself more than a match for them. It was the thought of the suffering he had brought upon Tannis that worried him. He had not, to be sure, been a villain; but he had been a fool, and that is almost as bad under some circumstances.

The Dumonts, however, did not trouble him. After all, Tannis's four years in Prince Albert had not been altogether wasted. She knew that white girls did not mix their male relatives up in a vendetta when a man ceased calling on them—and she had nothing else to complain of that could be put in words. After some reflection she concluded to hold her tongue. She even laughed when old Auguste asked her what was up between her and her fellow, and said she had grown tired of him. Old Auguste shrugged his shoulders resignedly. It was just as well maybe. Those English sons-in-law sometimes gave themselves too many airs.

So Carey rode often to town, and Tannis bided her time and plotted futile schemes of revenge, and Lazarre Merimee scowled and got drunk and life went on at the Flats as usual until the last week in October, when a big wind and rainstorm swept over the northland.

It was a bad night. The wires were down between the Flats and Prince Albert, and all communication with the outside world was cut off. Over at Joe Esquint's the breeds were having a carouse in honour of Joe's birthday. Paul Dumont had gone over, and Carey was alone in the office, smoking lazily and dreaming of Elinor.

Suddenly above the splash of rain and whistle of wind he heard outcries in the street. Running to the door he was met by Mrs. Joe Esquint, who grasped him breathlessly.

"Meestair Carey—come quick! Lazarre, he kill Paul—they fight!"

Carey, with a smothered oath, rushed across the street. He had been afraid of something of the sort and had advised Paul not to go, for those half-breed carouses almost always ended up in a free fight. He burst into the kitchen at Joe Esquint's, to find a circle of mute spectators ranged around the room, and Paul and Lazarre in a clinch in the centre. Carey was relieved to find it was only an affair of fists. He promptly hurled himself at the combatants and dragged Paul away, while Mrs. Joe

Esquint—Joe himself being dead drunk in a corner—flung her fat arms about Lazarre and held him back.

"Stop this," said Carey sternly.

"Let me get at him," foamed Paul. "He insulted my sister. He said that you—let me get at him!"

He could not writhe free from Carey's iron grip. Lazarre, with a snarl like a wolf, sent Mrs. Joe spinning, and rushed at Paul. Carey struck out as best he could and Lazarre went reeling back against the table. It went over with a crash and the light went out!

Mrs. Joe's shrieks might have brought the roof down. In the hurly that ensued two pistol shots rang out sharply. There was a cry, a groan, a fall—then a rush for the door. When Mrs. Joe Esquint's sister-in-law, Marie, dashed in with another lamp Mrs. Joe was still shrieking, Paul Dumont was leaning sickly against the wall with a dangling arm, and Carey lay face downward on the floor with blood trickling from under him.

Marie Esquint was a woman of nerve. She told Mrs. Joe to shut up and she turned Carey over. He was conscious, but seemed dazed and could not help himself. Marie put a coat under his head, told Paul to lie down on the bench, ordered Mrs. Joe to get a bed ready, and went for the doctor. It happened that there was a doctor at the Flats that night—a Prince Albert man, who had been up at the Reservation, fixing up some sick Indians, and had been stormstaid at old Auguste's on his way back.

Marie soon returned with the doctor, old Auguste, and Tannis. Carey was carried in and laid on Mrs. Esquint's bed. The doctor made a brief examination, while Mrs. Joe sat on the floor and howled at the top of her lungs. Then he shook his head.

"Shot in the back," he said briefly.

"How long?" asked Carey, understanding.

"Perhaps till morning," answered the doctor. Mrs. Joe gave a louder howl than ever at this, and Tannis came and stood by the bed. The doctor, knowing that he could do just nothing at all for Carey, hurried into the kitchen to attend to Paul, who had a badly shattered arm, and Marie went with him.

Carey looked stupidly at Tannis.

"Send for her," he said.

Tannis smiled cruelly.

"There is no way. The wires are down and there is no man at the Flats who will go to town to-night," she answered.

"My God, I must see her before I die," burst out Carey pleadingly. "Where is Father Gabriel? He will go."

"The priest went to town last night and has not come back," said Tannis.

Carey groaned and shut his eyes. If Father Gabriel was away, there was indeed no one to go. Old Auguste and the doctor could not leave Paul, and he knew well that no breed of them all at the Flats would turn out on such a night, even if they were not, one and all, mortally scared of being mixed up in the law and justice that would be sure to follow on the affair. He must die without seeing Elinor.

Tannis looked inscrutably down on the pale face on Mrs. Joe Esquint's dirty pillows. Her immobile features gave no sign of the conflict raging within her. After a short space she turned and went out, shutting the door softly on the wounded man and Mrs. Joe, whose howls had now simmered down to whines. In the next room Paul was crying out with pain as the doctor worked with his arm, but Tannis did not go to him. Instead, she slipped out and hurried down the stormy street to old Auguste's stable. Five minutes later she was galloping down the black, wind-lashed river trail, on her way to town, to bring Elinor Blair to her lover's deathbed.

I hold that no woman ever did anything more unselfish than this deed of Tannis's. For the sake of love she put under her feet the jealousy and hatred that had clamoured at her heart. She held, not only revenge, but the dearer joy of watching by Carey to the last, in the hollow of her hand, and she cast both away that the man she loved might draw his dying breath somewhat easier. In a white woman the deed would have been merely commendable. In Tannis of the Flats, with her ancestry and tradition, it was lofty self-sacrifice.

It was eight o'clock when Tannis left the Flats; it was ten when she drew bridle before the house on the bluff. Elinor Blair was chatting with her brother and his wife in the parlour when the maid came to the door.

"Pleas'm, there's a breed girl out on the verandah and she's asking for Miss Blair."

Elinor went out wonderingly, followed by Tom Blair. Tannis, whip in hand, stood by the open door, with the stormy night behind her, and the warm, ruby light of the hall lamp showering over her white face, and the long rope of drenched hair that fell from her bare head. She looked wild enough.

"Jerome Carey was shot in a quarrel at Joe Esquint's to-night," she said. "He is dying—he wants you —I have come for you."

Elinor gave a little cry and steadied herself on her brother's shoulder.

"Good God!" said Tom Blair. He had never approved of Carey's attentions to Elinor, but such news was enough to shock anybody. "This is horrible. But it is nonsense to talk of my sister going to the Flats on a night like this. It is impossible."

"I came through it," said Tannis contemptuously. "Cannot she do as much for him as I can?"

"Yes," said Elinor firmly. "No. Tom, don't object—I must go. Get my horse—and your own."

Ten minutes later three riders galloped down the bluff road and took the river trail. Fortunately the wind was in their backs and the worst of the storm was over. Still, it was a wild, black ride enough. Tom Blair rode, cursing softly under his breath. He did not like the whole thing—Carey done to death in some low half-breed shack, this handsome, sullen girl coming as his messenger, this nightmare ride through wind and rain. It all savoured too much of melodrama, even for the northland, where people still did things in a primitive way.

It was past twelve when they reached the Flats. Tannis told Blair where to take the horses and then led Elinor to the room where Carey was dying. The doctor was sitting by the bedside and Mrs. Joe was curled up in a corner, sniffling to herself. Tannis took her by the shoulder and turned her, none too gently, out of the room. The doctor, understanding, left at once. As Tannis shut the door she saw Elinor Blair sink on her knees by the bed and Carey's trembling hand go out to her head.

Tannis sat down on the floor outside of the door and wrapped herself up in a shawl Marie Esquint had dropped. In that attitude she looked exactly like a squaw, and all comers and goers, even old Auguste, who was hunting for her, thought she was one and left her undisturbed. She watched there until dawn came whitely up over the prairies and Jerome Carey died. She knew when it happened by Elinor Blair's cry.

Tannis sprang up and rushed in. She was too late for even a parting look.

The girl took Carey's hand in her's and turned to the weeping Elinor with a cold dignity.

"Now go," she said. "You had him in life to the very last. He is mine now."

"There must be some arrangements made," faltered Elinor.

"My father and brother will make all the arrangements, as you call

them," said Tannis steadily. "He had no near relatives in the world—none at all in Canada—he told me so. . . .

"You may send out a Protestant minister from town if you like, but he will be buried here at the Flats and his grave will be mine—all mine. Go!"

And Elinor, reluctant, sorrowful, yet swayed by a will and an emotion stronger than her own, went slowly out, leaving Tannis of the Flats alone with her dead.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

By ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

YONDER through the darkness surging
Gather to the drums of Fate,
All the dreams of life converging,
Joy and sorrow, love and hate.
Thou canst hear the voices calling
Faintly from Eternity,
Rising in the void and falling
Deo confitemini.

Rolling doors are opening slowly
In the ghostly house of Time,
With a murmur mild and holy,
To the cloudly portal climb:
Trains of fates and memories bearing
On a vast and shadowy bier,
To the dim gray silence faring,
One more dead and crownless year.

And they lay the old year grimly
In a great and lidless tomb,
Under vaulted depths that dimly
Only mists and stars illume:
There no word is ever spoken,
And no sound the silence stirs:
There the ages sleep unbroken
Over endless sepulchres.

But afar beneath the arches
Of the midnight, outward bound,
Moves the host of Fate, and marches
With a faint and spectral sound;
All the realms of Time invading—
Only holiest eyes shall see—
Farther yet and farther, fading:
Deo confitemini.

FROM CRAZY HORSE MOUNTAIN

BY PASCHAL H. COGGINS

DAVE McCARTER stood on a big granite bowlder and watched the three men make their way down the side of Crazy Horse mountain. It was the middle of October, and Britt & Bullard's logging camp had shut down for the season. Two days ago the live stock had been led down the same gully path by which the last of the saw gang were descending to the Kitson Grade and ultimate civilization; McCarter, the foreman, was staying behind to make a general inspection of the outfit, store the tools, and leave everything tight against the winter's storms.

Just where the trail twisted out of sight behind a spur of rocks to be lost for the rest of the way among the dense chapparal, the men turned and looked up. Shaw and Pickens, being without imagination, merely waved their hats and shouted good-bye; but Golfried, clasping his fingers about his red, sinewy neck, kicked one foot in the air and distorted his ugly features with a grimace so diabolical as to bring an oath to the lips of the man on the rock. Yet the next instant McCarter lifted his axe at arm's length above his head in an answering salute, and the morning sun, striking its broad, bright surface, formed it for the moment into a gleaming torch.

The men passed on down the mountain and McCarter, slowly lowering his axe, gazed musingly off to the east. But for the profile of Frenchman's Hill, he would have caught distant sight of the town of Ventrola where, on that day, at the hour of noon, one William Gates was to be publicly hanged for the crime of murder. The three men had started early that they might miss nothing of the spectacle.

"One hanging's as good as another to that Dutch lamb butcher," McCarter soliloquized, with Golfried's writhing features still in his mind's eye, "but if I'd been on that jury, I'd 've kicked like Pixley's mule against the testimony of that Greaser from over to Volcano. He swore too blasted strong. But great skunks! What's the sense of a man up a mountain shaking his fist at a judge, jury, and sheriff five miles down th' valley."

Turning about he tossed the axe—and with it, it seemed, all concern for the fate of William Gates—sixty feet away to the door of the tool-house. Then he set to work, and for the next two hours was busy enough. Everything gnawable—mattresses, blankets, overalls, gloves, and even rawhide boots—had to be wire-strung from the rafters out of reach of chipmunks and mice. The cutting tools and long double-ended saws must be coated with hog fat and stowed in their racks for six months of uselessness. Twenty-four hours before there had been a savage storm of wind and rain. Down in the valley it had unroofed barns, uprooted trees, and bowled over fences and telegraph poles, but at the camp on Crazy Horse it had done no more than rip the boards from the weather end of the tool-

house. McCarter had to make good the damage.

It was while he was doing this, his ears filled with the blow and echo of his hammer, that some one spoke to him, almost at his elbow. He turned to find a horseman within a dozen paces. The appearance of man and beast went far toward telling the story of their journey. The heaving flanks of the tall bay mare showed that she had been cruelly over-ridden, and the man was gripping the pommel of his saddle to steady his seat. He had been lost back along "the ridge," and the lumberman knew from experience what that meant.

"Am I on the road to—to Ventrola?"

"On the road to Ventrola? Yes, same as you're on the road to 'Frisco or the North Pole. You're on top of Crazy Horse Mountain. Ventrola's five mile for the crow, and six or six and a half for a man on a live horse by the Grade."

"But I must get there soon—this morning. Where will I strike the Grade?"

Still bracing himself against the horn of his saddle, he gathered his reins. McCarter's face hardened.

"I reckon you're one more of the pack that's running, ears down, to be in at the death of that poor devil, Gates. You might as well stop sweating and save your breath. You can't get that mare down to the Grade inside of an hour. When you do, Ventrola'll be every inch of five miles away. The hanging's to be at twelve to the minute, and now it's—"

He passed the hammer from his right to his left hand and drew out his watch.

"Now it's nine minutes to eleven."

"Eleven!"

The man echoed the word in a shriek. He swayed in the saddle and, springing to the stirrup McCarter tried to help him dismount. But the other resisted his efforts and feebly dug his spurs into the mare's flanks.

"My God! I thought it was somewhere about—about nine. My watch's run down. I forgot I had a watch. I rode from Sacramento—rode all night. My name's Tom Yost. Back there in the hills, in the dark this morning, I had to ask the way, and a black-hearted scoundrel put me on the wrong road. Since then, I tell you, stranger, I've ridden through hell. But I *must* get there. I *must!* They'll hang him, I tell you, and I—I've got his pardon. Let go the bridle. *Let go!*"

Again his voice rose to a scream, but even while he fought to force his spent beast to action, all pretence of strength gave way and his eyes filled with tears. The young lumberman drew him from the saddle, and he sank helplessly to the ground in the shade of a big pine. McCarter brought him water, and loosened the saddle on the mare.

"Let me see your paper!"

Yost drew the long envelope from the inner pocket of his coat and, after a moment of hesitation, handed it over. It was addressed to the sheriff of the county. Tearing it open, McCarter read its words of brief command—words which threw the sovereignty of a great commonwealth, as an impenetrable shield, between the convicted man and those who would take his life. At the bottom was the autograph of the Governor and the seal of the State stamped on gold. At the sight of the signature, something in the young fellow's blood seemed to leap into flame.

"And the wires are down, and nobody in Ventrola knows of this?" he demanded.

"That's is. The wires are down and nobody knows. My God!" The Governor's messenger covered his eyes with his hands. Dave McCarter gazed down at him an instant in silence and then turned away. Erect, straight-lipped, and suddenly gone pale with the realization of his responsibility, he stood looking off at the pine-clad hills, facing the prob-

lem of the fleeting seconds and the inexorable miles. In a sense, the task was not new to him. For years he had been used, when something was to be done, to provide—or, if necessary, to invent—the means for its doing. Yost watched his face with a gradual hope dawning in his own. Presently McCarter thrust the envelope into the bosom of his gray flannel shirt, wheeled abruptly upon the prostrate man and, stooping, grasped him almost savagely by the arm.

"Get up!"

It was the voice of the gang boss, as void of sympathy as the blow of an axe, but vibrant with action.

"Water the mare at that trough. Three or four swallows. Then choke her off and cinch up the saddle. Make it tight."

The final words came back as he lifted the latch of the tool-house door. For an instant the messenger stood dazed and staring, but the knowledge that something was to be done vitalized him into action. McCarter returned with a coil of rope.

"There's a chance left," he explained, while he straightened the rope. "It's crazier than a blind bob cat, but it's being here at all comes so damn close to a miracle that it puts it up to us good and hard. I reckon," he added slowly, "the Governor has a right to count on me, anyway—in any sort of a ruction. Lend a hand here. Help me empty the water from this trough."

"Tuesdays and Fridays," he continued, "one of Wells Fargo's mail carriers rides down the Kitson Grade from Markleeville and Silver Mountain. This is Friday. The Grade runs close along the farther bank of the creek in the bed of the canon, right along by the side of our dam. I'm going t' fire the old trough down at him with the paper on board. If he's within a hundred yards of the place when she makes the trip, he'll take notice."

At McCarter's comand, Yost fastened one end of the rope around the horn and cantle of his saddle, while the foreman was double looping and hitching the other about the big log—for the trough was the rough-hewn trunk of a Douglas spruce, dug out to serve its purpose. With a sounding slap on her haunches and many shouts of encouragement, McCarter drove the mare across the clearing to the mouth of the long chute down which the company's logs were sent to the dam in Taggart's Creek, nearly seven hundred feet below. When they had dragged the trough well out over the "hump," from which a ten-pound push would set it on its flight, McCarter unhitched the mare and again slackened the surcingle. Then, once more, he looked at his watch.

"He's due to pass at anywhere from five to fifteen minutes, and he'll ride fast. He'll show when he first swings around that quarter-cut in the bottom of that hill over across the canon. We must wait. A log hits the water from here in less than fifteen seconds by the watch. But—he's the last human creature that'll make Ventrola before noon. Keep your eye on that notch in the edge of the hill."

And Yost, spent with weariness, hunger, and the terrible dread of failure, fixed his gaze—and with it, it seemed, his life—on the point where the Kitson Grade first struck down into the Taggart Creek Canon. For the moment McCarter's attention was held by the details of the man's appearance; the evidences of that blind ride out along the ridge. Slight of stature and with delicate skin, it was easily clear that he was new to his present service. Probably he was an attaché of the Governor's office chosen for this special mission by reason of the personal confidence of his chief. His hands were scratched and bleeding, his clothing was rent and torn in a score of places, and there was an ugly blue welt across his left cheek where the limb of a tree had lashed him in the darkness. His tongue, every now and then, was

moistening his parched and cracking lips, and his forehead was gleaming with perspiration. For an instant Dave McCarter woke to the fact that the man was suffering.

"There's stuff to eat and drink over in the barracks—the last of the three shacks. The door's unlocked."

Yost did not look up and may not have heard. McCarter leaned forward to test the poise of the trough. It was as it should be. A child could have set it in motion. Then his vision ran idly down the long runway of polished pine. For a hundred and fifty feet its pitch was rather a fall than a slope. Below that it swept forward in one long graceful curve and reached the bank of the dam almost on the level. But the impetus of that first appalling plunge! He had seen great pine boles rush down that fearful path, hissing and spitting fire as they fled. Sometimes he had seen them dash, headlong and furious, across the surface of the dam to "kill" themselves against a long outreaching granite rock which was forever luring them to combat. "Dead Man's Rock" the loggers called it.

His thoughts leaped back to the Governor's pardon and to the man who signed it. Few things, in his present mood, could so have stirred his imagination as the sight of that signature. The man who wrote it had won his office by a splendid fight in the open against the great corporation which for years had dominated the political fortunes of the commonwealth. Early in the contest the situation had touched some unexpected spring of sentiment in Dave McCarter's nature and roused him to action. With the zeal of a born fighter he threw himself, brain and body, into the contest. Regardless of campaign committees or their programmes, he canvassed pretty much every mining camp and logging outfit in his county, and the rough vigour of his thought and speech told in the returns. Tucked away somewhere in his trunk was a two-page letter of thanks bearing the same bold autograph as that which now forbade the execution of William Gates.

But out of that memorable campaign, now nearly six months gone by, the young mountaineer had brought one bitter regret; a regret which, puerile as it was in its origin, had proved itself strangely persistent. Largely through his own efforts, during the closing week of that strenuous contest a grand rally in the interests of his candidate was planned and held at the town of Ventrola. McCarter was a member of the Reception Committee and so would have come into close personal contact with the man who had appealed so powerfully to his own nature. It was an experience entirely aside from any that had yet come his way. It would have been a red-letter day in his life.

But at the last moment he was robbed of his triumph. He was stricken down with a fever, and while his honoured leader was addressing the throng which filled the courthouse plaza to overflowing, McCarter was requiring the united efforts of doctor and nurse to keep him safe in bed. The coming event had so possessed his thoughts that in delirium, he lived it through over and over again. During his convalescence there were periods when it was not easy to make him realize that the big meeting had been held without him. Later still, when the whip of a falling pine tree had put him again into the hands of the doctor, he relapsed into the same fevered mutterings, and raved about the rally. Indeed, Pickens swore that the boss still talked of it in his sleep.

Suddenly now his reverie was shattered by an inarticulate cry from Yost. The rider had come. McCarter, turning sharply, caught but a vanishing sight of man and horse as they disappeared behind the long wall of rocks and trees which lined

the farther bank of Taggart's Creek. Presently—in eight or ten minutes, at most—they would pass in full view down there beyond the dam. For a moment, Dave McCarter's fingers fumbled with the buttons of his shirt and then his hand fell to his side and he spoke with a strange mixture of assurance and incoherence.

"When you get back to th' valley," he said, "tell him—the Governor—that it was Dave McCarter that you gave your paper to up on Crazy Horse. He'll stare for a minute, but at last he'll dig me out of his mem'ry. I was due to shake hands with him and warm things up for the start at the big Ventrola meeting, but I went off my head and couldn't make it. Tell him that. This time I won't go back on him. It'll square me with him for the other fluke. Every man in the gang says it can't be done, and old Britt says a doctor told him it would pull all the breath out of your body and smash your lungs in, same as you'd squeeze an egg. Maybe it will, but I'm going t' do it. The other thing's all up in the air. The chump might take it for a joke and swing on down the Grade without pulling up. He'll be hurrying to see the hanging. I'm going to make good to-day, or go out of business."

Toward the last he spoke hastily, as if fearing interruption, and Yost's scattered faculties were slow in grasping his meaning. Suddenly, it was clear enough. Stepping into the trough, McCarter began to tip it forward for the fearful race. There was no time for speech, but, with a cry of horror, Yost made a haphazard lunge and grasped the shoulder of his loose flannel shirt. The next instant, a backward swing of the foreman's powerful right arm had laid him dazed and groaning upon the ground.

Yet his very terror must have kept Yost from fainting, for it was but a matter of moments before he was again upon his feet peering down at the dark broken mirror of the dam. For a time he could make nothing out, but presently he caught sight of two floating logs which further inspection resolved into the fragments of the old trough. She had accepted the challenge of Dead Man's Rock and been riven from end to end. A moment later and a portion of the big rock separated from the mass and took on the form of a man. Dave McCarter had survived his fearful plunge down the mountain side, and an involuntary cry of victory arose to the lips of the watcher. Lifted from the depths of despair, all the memories of hardships endured were swept away as by the passing of a mountain breeze. He caught the sound of his own laughter.

Yet, even with the laughter on his lips, the look of elation was fading from his eyes and there came the premonition of a new disaster. What demon of delay now possessed McCarter? Seating himself by the bank of the dam the man upon whose fearless zeal hung the fate of William Gates seemed to be surveying his surroundings with a strange surprise. Again and again Yost saw him lift his hand to his head, but not once did his attention fall upon the fragments of the trough nor his gaze climb that fearful pathway by which, as it were, he had just descended from the clouds. By that strange intuition which sometimes surpasses the process of thought, Yost knew that he, himself, had vanished utterly from McCarter's consciousness.

Seconds came and went and the man remained seated leisurely by the dam. Finally he stirred, but to Yost's horror, it was but to stretch himself at full length upon the ground and cover his eyes with his hands. And at any moment the rider—the last human being who could reach Ventrola before the hour of noon—might dash by, unseen, unheard, and unchallenged. A panic of consternation fell upon Tom Yost. Summoning the last power of his

lungs he shouted pitifully, his voice seeming to die within the reach of his own hands. He snatched a handful of gravel and hurled it frantically toward the distant figure, stamping his feet and choking with sobs as it rattled along the chute as futile as a baby's toy. But there are limits to all human efforts, and Yost had drawn too long and too deep on his overwrought physical powers. The hand which had been gripping a rock-rooted sapling for support slowly relaxed its grasp, and all things began to waver in his vision and turn black.

Strange things happened that day along the Kitson Grade and in the little town of Ventrola. As the messenger who rode down from Markleeville and Silver Mountain was passing the logging dam in Taggart's Creek, a man, hatless, wild-eyed and dripping water from every limb, springing as it seemed from the very bowels of the earth, rushed frantically out upon him. He was shouting as he came, his right arm lifted high, apparently in a frenzy of glee; but the rider caught nothing of his meaning. With a single bound his horse shied into the midst of the roadside thicket where, snorting and trembling in terror, he stood watching his strange assailant. The rider, taken wholly unawares, was thrown heavily from the saddle and lay limp and motionless in the middle of the highway. When later his wits came back he remembered vaguely that the maniac had stood over him, still shouting and waving his hand. But now neither man nor horse was anywhere to be seen.

Down in Ventrola, the clock in the sheriff's office had marked the last quarter to twelve. Into the midst of the throng which had gathered in the courthouse plaza came Dave McCarter, but not the Dave McCarter of the early morning. This man was a creature of blazing eyes, and incoherent words, bareheaded and dirty. The town, that day, was full of rough-looking men, and one a trifle more grotesque than his fellows caused no great commotion. For the most part the crowd was orderely—for the hanging was to be according to law—but there had been some drinking, and every now and again some voice rose more strident and persistent than the rest.

McCarter stared in silence, but suddenly he clapped his hand upon the shoulder of the man in front.

"Say, partner, I can't stand this. Let's put some ginger into the proceedings. This is a devilish cold reception for a winning candidate. I tell you he's going to sweep the State from Del Norte to Santa Barbara. I've been out in the mining camps and I know what I'm saying. The people are awake—all except this crowd of mutes. What's th' matter with 'em?"

His own voice rose with his swelling indignation. The man he was talking to stepped beyond the reach of his arm, stared a moment, and turned away. Some one else told him to "shut up," and he retorted by advising the speaker to crawl away before it came time to kick him. Then he demanded to know why somebody didn't call the meeting to order. Dave McCarter was living through his part of chairman of the Reception Committee of the rally.

Very slowly it seemed to dawn upon him that everybody was waiting, and nobody listening. The big platform of rough unplaned lumber had as yet no occupants, but presently a murmur of subdued excitement came through the crowd, and he craned his neck for a better view. A little procession of men was moving slowly from the rear of the courthouse to the speaker's stand. The psychological moment had arrived, and yet no man in that whole big crowd seemed to know what to do, or to have the nerve to speak above his breath. McCarter stood it as long as he could, but when the procession had arrived at the foot of the steps leading up to the stand and no man had so much

as lifted his hat, his patience gave out. Springing upon an unturned barrel and waving a billet of wood in lieu of a hat, he called aloud for "three cheers for our next Governor!"

To his wrathful amazement, not one voice followed his own, but all around him were mutterings of anger and derision. Some one tilted the barrel upon which he was standing and compelled him to leap hastily to the ground. If he could have identified the culprit there would have been blows and a fight. As it was, his anger hardened into a sullen determination to bend the stupid crowd to his own will. Once or twice before during the campaign he had struck just such a lot of frozen jays —only there had never been so many of them—and every time, before the meeting was over, he'd had them throwing their hats in the air and yelling like a bunch of Piutes.

"I'll have you yet, damn you," he muttered. "You've been reading a pack of lies, and you think he's going to lose. You're afraid you'll be left on the short side. You coyotes, you! I tell you he'll carry the State as sure as God made little fishes."

His voice had risen again and half a dozen of those about him turned to look, and listened to his tirade. When he stopped they forgot him, and turned back to the group upon the platform. But somewhere in the thick of the gathering three men had caught sight of the man on the barrel and been filled with sudden astonishment. When they had exchanged speech with each other they shouldered their way to his side. Drunk or sober, the boss must be looked after. One of them pulled at his elbow.

"Mack, how in blue blazes did you git off th' mountain? Do you sprout wings whenever you git full?"

It was the face and voice of Dan Pickens. McCarter recognized him, but the recognition brought only confusion. Pickens had always scoffed at politics as being but a stupid variation of the "shell and thimble game," and had ridiculed McCarter's hero as a "kid-glove saint." What had waked him up? But things had been happening over yonder on the platform, and now a fellow was just finishing reading some sort of a proclamation. Involuntarily Dave began to clap his hands, but stopped suddenly. He intended to carry the crowd off its feet yet, but he must get a chance at them from the front where they'd have to hear him.

"See here, Dan, what do yo' think of 'em? All stuffed with tan bark? Great skunks! Who's th' guy in black?"

"The guy in black," escorted by two others, one at either elbow, was slowly advancing to the front of the platform.

Above the head of the man in black a stout oak beam was supported at either end by two massive posts. Wound closely about the beam—presently to serve as an instrument of death—was a rope. McCarter did not see the rope, but as he gazed, the lines of perplexity across his forehead and about his eyes were sinking deep, and there was a gleam of perspiration upon his dirt-stained temples. Then his gaze came back from the platform and was caught and held by the faces around him.

Presently McCarter found himself looking into the eyes of the German, Golfried, who was keeping near at hand in case of trouble. He had noticed the bewilderment in the face of the boss. They would take him definitely in hand five minutes later. But in the meantime it was a sin that he should be allowed to miss the show which, by some miracle of speed, he had brought himself five long miles to see. The couple were several yards apart and speech was impracticable, but speech was not necessary. With McCarter's gaze still upon him, old Fritz stealthily clasped his stiffened fingers about his thick red throat, and again distorted his features with

that ugly grimace of strangulation.

For a moment, with parted lips and staring eyes, McCarter stood as motionless as a figure of stone. Then a long indrawing of the breath seemed to rack his body with a quiver of pain. Something in the recesses of his beclouded brain was stirring to action. That gesture, those writhing lips and that terrible out-pushing of the eyes from their sockets — together their picture had lighted the fuse of memory. Would it burn on, or but flare for the instant and go out forever?

The preacher, withdrawn from the scaffold, was kneeling upon the bare ground there to continue in silence his supplications for the soul of the dying man. The black cap and the rope were in place, and there fell upon that assemblage of rugged, white-faced men that awful moment of silence which seems like the halting of time upon the visible brink of death. The sheriff raised his hand to grasp an iron lever beside one of the massive posts, and some eyes were closed and some faces turned away.

Then, as if born of the touch of the fingers upon the cold metal, a cry rang out from the midst of that breathless throng—a cry which no man who heard it ever forgot. It was the voice of one frenzied by the sudden spectre of death—of death which must lie on his own soul as murder, unless—unless his brain, in its agony of terror, could grasp a wavering, fleeting shadow of memory. There was a moment of chaos, out of which one man, freeing himself by force from his fellows, staggered forward toward the scaffold. His gray shirt was ripped open from collar to belt and, at arm's length above his bare head, he was waving a handful of crushed and dirty paper. Without a word, he thrust it into the sheriff's outstretched hand.

Standing uncertain by the scaffold steps, Dave McCarter heard the sheriff read the pardon aloud, and saw the prisoner withdrawn in haste from above the fatal trap. And yet, beyond the knowledge that somehow he had done the thing which, had it been left undone, meant death, his mind still groped in thickening dusk. His knees began to tremble, and all the faces before him—they were not ghastly faces now—were flowing together in one wavering, heaving mass. But for somebody's arm about his wrist he would have dropped where he stood. For a single instant his eyes closed and then, with a mighty rally of brain and muscle, he jerked himself free, climbed half-way up the scaffold steps and turned upon the crowd.

"Now, then, men, wake up, and let yourselves go. I tell you he's coming through by daylight, and nothing can stop him. The people have caught on. Now, then, everybody! Three cheers for the bravest Governor that ever—ever—"

He was done. His eyelids fell and his body sank a shapeless mass upon the scaffold stairs. But those about him saw him smile, for the roar of a thousand answering voices was filling his ears and he went out to ten long days of fevered oblivion waving the bright flag of victory. He'd made them do it—the chumps—he'd made them cheer, and now the red blood was flowing in their veins again, and everything was right.

THE COUNTESS OF WALDEGRAVE

From the Painting by John Hoppner. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE "CANAYEN" OF CULTURE

BY BEN DEACON

JUSTINIEN LYCURGUE CHODAT held an immense turnip aloft in his right hand, assuming an impassive posture amid his boxes of vegetables, his left hand resting upon the tail-piece of his wagon and one foot atop a basket of onions. He gazed rapturously at the turnip for a moment while the portly lady, who was standing just beyond the outer intrenchment of vegetables, muttered something. Then he spoke:

"Ah, but madam, for soch a turneep, eet is not moch," he protested in a soft, musical voice. "Dees turneep, eet is one of mos' exceptional merit, madam. Eet have been grow wit' mos' arteesteek care. Me, Justinien Lycurgue Chodat—wit' the soul of an arteest—I have myself plant eet, I have water eet, I have watch eet wit' moch patience, wit' moch care, an', madam, the result! Eet is a t'ing of moch beauty; eet is a ver' arteesteek t'ing—eet is represen' the art of Le Bon Dieu, an' also of Justinien Lycurgue Chodat.

The old lady shuffled along, still muttering unintelligibly.

The turnip was placed carefully in the back of the wagon. "Decidedly art no longer appreciated," Justinien Lycurgue Chodat remarked to himself in French that carried back to the Paris boulevards. "Canaille! They are without souls! Whether the medium be a turnip or the Holy Virgin executed in oils, it is the same —they have no appreciation; they think only of their few dirty sous."

Readers of fiction nowadays demand the "Human Interest Touch," and for this reason I have placed the turnip first. I would have preferred to begin by explaining Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, but an explanation is a very dry thing to start with. The turnip appears to me to be the Human Interest feature, and therefore it has to have precedence.

The explanation, however, is necessary. Therefore let us put it in right here and get it over with. It was like this:

The scene of the little tragedy of the turnip, which I have attempted to present in the opening paragraphs, is laid in the Bonsecours market at Montreal. I had been held up by a barricade of apple barrels which had been unloaded right across the sidewalk. Therefore I heard the enthusiastic description of the turnip, and watched the sad sequel. A "habitant" with æsthetic features and a fine, courtly bearing, who looks upon the growing of a turnip as a work of art, is worth cultivating. Therefore I decided to make an effort to find out something more about Justinien Lycurgue Chodat.

We talked of the turnip; we talked of other vegetables, and of the fine art of growing them. From that we shifted to art in general, and to many other things. In half an hour we were on quite intimate terms.

A few days later I arrived at the market just as he was placing his empty boxes in his wagon.

"Ah, eet is the m'sieur who enjoys to talk of the art!" he exclaimed. "Eet is for me a pleasure again to meet you, m'sieur. Voyez! I have to-day sol' everyt'ings. I am soon to deepart, but firs' I would take me some small refreeshment. P'raps, maybe, m'sieur would honour me."

We passed through the water-front saloon to the back room where were little marble-topped tables.

"Ah, m'sieur, eet is the hour of absinthe!"

"Bien! Eef m'sieur inseests, mon brave Charles, for me eet will be an absinthe frappé, eef you would oblige, Charles."

He was not calling me "mon brave Charles." No. He was addressing the waiter by the way of answering a little interrogation which I had put to him.

Charles obliged.

"Ah, the hour of absinthe—in Par-ee," Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, repeated rapturously. "Me, I can see eet now! The small table, they are seet out upon the walk-side; the crowd is pass along—everyone is hap-pee; everyone is fill wit' joy. The air eet is of springtam; the sun is shine down mos' bright. Ah! eet is a scene of moch joy!"

He sipped his absinthe and was silent. His thoughts were evidently very, very far away.

"Par-ee!" he murmured at length. "M'sieur has p'raps sometime weet-ness that opera of Louise? No? Yes? Me I have cry moch when I have see t'at. For me, I can onderstan'. T'at pauvre p'tite fille! T'at hero-eene she have love her fa'der—yes, ver' moch. But, ah! She have love also Par'ee! An' she mus' go; Me I am maybe habitant—jus' farmer, but sometime I have feel I can remain no more in theese contree. Eet is my home; eet is also the home of my good wife. Eet is ver' beeutiful also, but eet is not moch like Par-ee. No!"

Presumably he once again recollected that it was the absinthe hour, for a moment later he was gazing gloomily into his empty glass.

Charles obliged.

"Ah, m'sieur is mos' kind—as we say in our own tongue—*Vous êtes très aimable.*"

"M'sieur is maybe a leetle interes' in me? Is eet not so? Ah, yes? For m'sieur has stan' among my turneep an' we have talk of the art of Monet, we have deescuss the futuristes. Es eet not? Eet mus' appear to you mos' strange. For me, I am not'ings but contreemans; I sell the tur-neep. Ah, oui! Eet is so; I am habitant, me; but also I am arteest. I am what is call here one 'Canayen'; but me I am 'Canayen' of Culture.

"M'sieur mus' know, I have not for all my life been Canadien; for part of my life I have been Parisien—ah, cet Par-ee! Eet is for t'at, m'sieur has p'raps maybe remark, I spik not the Angleesh as do my confrères of the marché Bonsecours. I have the French accent, eet is true; but eet is the accent of Par-ee. P'raps maybe m'sieur has notice t'at?

"Certainement, eet is strang t'ing! I am of Par-ee me, an' also I am of le Province de Quebec; I spik the French of Par-ee, an' also I am what you call 'Canuck.' I am jus' simple cultivateur of tur-neep, of onion, of car-rot; an' also I am arteest! Mos' certainement to you eet mus' be ver' strange! I would explain eef p'raps maybe m'sieur would have the time to attend.

"Eet is true my good father he was bon Canadien, for he have twelve childrens, besides also me. We have leeve on leetle farm at St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. M'sieur, p'raps, is acquaint wit' St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. No? Eet is no matter!

"When I am jus' leetle small garcon—what you call jus' leetle keed—I have work on t'at farm. I have learn for to grow the tur-neep, the onion, the car-rot. But I have not moch enjoy t'at contree works; I

have desire always the beeg cit-tee. Ah, how I have desire to leave behin' me t'at farm an' t'ose tur-neep! I have know moch of the cit-tee, me; for my father he has take the news journal from Mon'real avry day, an' always I have read about the cit-tee. Also I am only leetle garcon, but I have already the soul of an arteest.

"One day, m'sieur, my father he is come ver' early for to wake me op, but he is not fin' me. No, I am not t'ere, me; for I have gone. I am resolve to go to Mon'real an' in the night I have dee-part. I have been aware t'at my father he would objec', so I have stole myself away while all the oders—my father, my mother, my brother, my seester—they are all in sleep. Ah, eet is ver' sad p'raps for my poor father, but, m'sieur, I am jus' leetle garcon. I t'ink not of the others. I have long for the cit-tee; I go.

"M'sieur I would make of long histoire not moch. I have walk all t'at way to Mon'treal, an' here I have obtain me some work. I have work on many place in t'is cit-tee; I have do many t'ings. Also I have stu-dee. I have read many book.

"One place I have obtain to work for be what you call shee-per. Eet is me t'at have the charge to place upon the box the name of t'ose to whom the box is to deleever. I have for t'at small brush an' eenk of some mos' splendeed colour. Ah, t'at sheeper employment! Eet is for me what you call the turn-post wit'in my life. Eet have arouse wit'in me t'at arteesteek soul.

"I have sometimes no box to sheep, an' at t'ose time I have often employ myself in effect some peectures upon the wall of t'at sheep-ing room. I ver' soon deescover, m'sieur, I have the talent. I am in truth of a nature mos' artisteek.

"My boss he is maybe t'ink somethings differen'. He's come one day when I am painting from memory alone a magnifique copy of a small work of Paul Hellu t'at I have obtain from the *Revue* of Par-ee. Eet is the head of a mos' attractive Parisienne, an' the copy upon the wall eet is mos' bee-utifully execute. But my employer he is not please wit' t'at. In fac', m'sieur, he is moch unplease! He have say to me mos' unpleasan' t'ings. Also he have deescharge me from t'at sheeper job.

"But I am not decourager, m'sieur. Ah, no! I have resolve to be great arteest. I have deescover t'at I have the talent I will dee-velope eet!

"I ver' queek have obtain for me another employment, an' at once right off I am commence to stu-dee. I have enroll myself wit'in the school at night of the Council of Art. I have there teachers of some magnifique know-leedge, an' I make moch progress. Eet is true t'at at the Council of the Art I am compel to draw at firs' only leetle block of wood when I am moch more prefer to paint from the life. Decidedly eet is ver' tiresome, but eet is mos' necessary for t'ose who would apprehend the art.

"Someones have say at one time—I myself am know not who eet is—t'at the art eet is long. Ah, m'sieur, eet is true; also the art eet is mos' ungrateful. I myself know t'at, m'sieur, for I, who am of the arteesteek soul, I mus' be compel to sell the tur-neep on Bonsecours.

"Eet is while I am yet at the school of night t'at I have become mos' anxious to go myself to Par-ee. T'ere is some young man from Par-ee also at t'at Council of the Art, an' many time t'ey have tol' me of t'at Par-ee—of the grand arteest in t'at cit-tee, of the cafés, of the studio, of the women. Ah, the women of Par-ee! I am entrance, m'sieur. I t'ink of Par-ee all the day; I also dream of Par-ee all the night.

"Also I am learning to spik the French of Par-ee. The French of the Canadien eet is disgus' me; I am ennui of Mon'real. Eet is true I am

myself Canadien, but I am forgotten of t'at—. The Canadiens, for me t'ey are bêtes. I have arteesteek soul me, an' for me Par-ee is the only place. Bien! I am resolve to go to t'at Par-ee.

"Eet is not ver' facile t'ing for to do, m'sieur. Moch mon-ee eet is necessaire for to cross over on t'at ocean. To go to Par-ee eet is not like that one should go for leetle treep at T'ronto. But I have save up all the mon-ee t'at I am able, an' eet is two year from the time I am make t'at resolve t'at I have wit'in my purse plaintee mon-ee for take me to Par-ee.

"Ah, m'sieur, Paree eet is grand! I am entrance! Eet is true t'at I am ver' moch seek upon t'at boat, bot when I am arrive I am well satisfy me. An' I t'ink, m'sieur, t'at Canada eet is bête, oh ver' moch. I am ver' rejoice t'at I am deepart from eet.

"Ensuite, m'sieur, I have take for myself small studio in the Quartier Latin, an' I have begin to paint the real peecture. Ah, m'sieur, in t'ose days I have paint wit' soul! I have execute some grand work! Eet is great meesfortune to me, m'sieur, t'at I have after been compel to make some fire of t'ose peecture. Ah, t'at was ver' hard! Bot me, what can I do? One cannot freeze!

"Ah, I was mos' hap-pee, me, at t'at time. Eet have rejoice mos' full my arteest soul, but also eet have starve my stom-ake. I have paint moch, but I have eat but ver' leetle. I have mon-ee, ah yes! Bot not moch, an' I am compel to have some care how eet is expend. Eet is for t'at I am not ver' often eat the beeg dinner. I decide I will eat wit' moch splendour at the cafés of mos' excelence when I have sol' some peecture. But alas, m'sieur, the peoples of the pub-leek, they are not appreciate. I have try wit' moch energy to secure some costomaire. I have meet often wit' the touristes an' I have exhibeet to them my works, bot, even though I ask bot leetle price, they will not buy. Me I don't know why. Maybe p'raps Le Bon Dieu have decide for me my life eet is not to be alone of artisteek; maybe I have what you call the luck of hardness. I don' know! Bot even t'ose reech Americaines they have not buy from me my peecture.

"M'sieur would p'raps t'ink my peectures they were not well execute? Ah, non! Eet is not t'at. The work of Justinien Lycurgue Chodat could nevairre be of inferior merit. Eet is jus'—well me I don' know, but Ciel! I could get no mon-ee.

"P'raps m'sieur could believe I am become moch decourager. Ah, yes! I am begin to feel sometime ver' bad. Also I am sometime ver' hungry.

"An' then I am meet wit' Mad'line! Ah, m'sieur, she is at t'at time jus' leetle fair-ee. She have the face of moch bee-uty, the figure charmante, the soul divine! An' right off at once I am fall moch into love. Ah, how I am love her, t'at Mad'line.

"M'sieur in Par-ee there are many t'ings of charm. Bot for me eet is the women of Par-ee t'at have charm me the mos'. They are not the same like the women of this contree. They are of moch more grace, they have moch more intellec'. They are chic; they have somet'ings t'at is not of this contree. At the leas' t'at is what I have t'ink when I am in Par-ee. An' Mad'line she is more charmante than all the others I have meet.

"She is modiste; she is make the dress. True eet is mos' humble to be occupy in, but Mad'line she is in intellec' moch superior to t'ose dress. Eet is maybe strange a leetle that me, an arteest of moch credit have fall in love wit' jus' modiste. Bot me I don't care—I love her; t'at is enough!

"An' for two mont' we are mos' hap-pee, Mad'line an' me. I have

meet wit' her avry evenings at the shop where she is employ an' together we go to the cafés, to the theatres, to the exhibition of the art. Eet is gran' time, bot my mon-nee eet is go ver' fas'. I have not say moch about my mon-nee to Mad'line at the firs'. She have t'ink maybe I sell many peecture. She have admire them moch; she t'ink others have admire them also.

"I have try ver' hard to hide away from my Mad'line t'at I am not of a truth Parisien. She is herself of Par-ee, I have make no doubt, she is so chic, so charmante. An' I t'ink maybe p'raps if she know t'at I am Canadien me she will be disgus'; she will not longer love me. An' eet is for t'at I have been mos' careful. I have make from my imagination some parents for myself in Monmartre; an' I have say t'at I have leeve for all my life in Par-ee. Also I have paint splendeed peecture of ol' man of mos' noble face, an' I have tell to her t'at eet is portrait of my good father in Monmartre.

"An' Mad'line she have believe all t'at I am tell to her. I feel sometimes ashame me, to tell to her all t'ose lie when I have also love her so moch. At firs' I have to lie jus' a leetle, bot af'er she have start to ask from me some question I am oblige to lie mos' all the time. Eet maybe is ver' fooleesh, you would say! Ah, oui! Bot me, I am yong at t'at time, an' I would be Parisien. Also I am afraid to lose Mad'line. After we are mar'ee, I t'ink, I would maybe tell her—what you call con'fess—bot before, ah non! If she know I am Canadien, I would maybe lose her. I am afraid to take the chance.

"One night I have arrive at my studio, an' I am astonish to fin' I have bot only seexteen francs of all my mon-ee lef'. Quelle nuit! I have stay up all t'at night for try to t'ink. Eet is no use, I am not able at all to do so. I decide maybe eet is better for keel myself. Eet is common t'ing for yong mans to do in Par-ee, more parteecular in the Quartier Latin, where are many of artisteek soul. Yes, I feel t'at maybe if I am goin' for lose my Mad'line the suicide eet is all t'at I have lef'. Bot after I have t'ink some more I have decide for some leetle time to postpone this final pleasure of art. Maybe somethings eet will de-velope.

"I have t'ink I will not tell Mad'line jus' at firs', bot t'at night she have see right off at once t'at somet'ings eet is not quite correc'. She have ask from me for why eet is I am so sad, si bête.

"Ah, Mad'line, ma cherie', I have say. 'Eet is t'at I have only some few francs lef' of all my mon-ee. Now we can no longer go toget'er to the café—wit' no mon-ee how can we be mar-ee?'

" Bot of what use is eet to worry my frien'? Mad'line have reply to me. 'True, you have no mon-ee now; bot we can love wit'out mon-ee. You are great arteest; you will before long sell many peecture. Then we will have mon-ee an' we will go again to the cafés, to the theatres. As for jus' now, qu' importe? —we will not go, t'at is all!'

"I am astonish, m'sieur. I have t'ink t'at Mad'line, who is Parisienne, will be ver' angry when she can no longer go at the cafés, at the theatres. I have t'ink she will then be all fineesh wit' me. Also I am delight!

" 'P'tite Ange!' I have exclaim, an' I have take her wit'in my arms.

"An' t'at night Mad'line have say to me, oh, so many time: 'You are gran' arteest, Justinien; you will sell many peectures.'

"M'sieur, eet is mos' strange t'ing T'ose womans can make us to believe mos' anyt'ings. I have been mos' certain eet is not possible for me to sell my peecture, for I have try ver' hard; bot t'at night I have return back to my studio wit' feelings so hap-pee I was oblige to seeng. An' because I seeng so loud the concierge he is t'ink I must have mon-ee, and

he have ask me for some rent. An' t'at is make me laugh, I am so happee. Yes, I feel sure t'at night I will sell some peecture, an' I soon will mar-ee wit' Mad'line.

"Ah, Mad'line at t'at time was mos' charmante! For two weeks we have been wit' each other avry day. We have walk; we have seet upon t'ose bench by the side the reever; we have con-verse on many t'ings. An' we have never enter in the café, bot Mad'line she was ver' content.

"Bot at night, when I have return all alone wit'in my studio, I am ver' decourager. I cannot sell my peecture, an' my few francs they are almos' all gone. Eet is ver' cold also, an' at las' I am compel to make fire of my peecture. Ah, bot eet is hard! M'sieur, I have cry comme petit bébé—jus' like leetle enfant.

"Also I have feel ver' bad when I t'ink of t'ose lie I have tol' to my Mad'line. She have t'ink I am Parisien, an' for t'at she have mos' likely t'ink t'at at the en' I am mos' certain to be grand success. At las' I can no longer stan' eet; I am resolve to confess.

"'I have somethings I mus' tell to you, my Mad'line,' I have say when I have meet her t'at night, bot she have stop me. Her face eet is mos' full of deelight. I am see t'at there is somet'ings t'at have please her ver' moch.

"'After, you can tell eet to me, my Justinien,' she have dee-claire. 'Bot firs' I would tell somet'ings to you. We will seet upon the bench, my frien'. I have some news for tell to you.'

"When we have seet down she have commence, 'Justinien, my good frien', you are grand arteest, eet is true. Bot you are not appreciate; you can wit' difficulty sell the peecture. Is eet not true? Ah, yes! Bot do not be decourager. I have now moch mon-ee; I have plaintee for the both. For me, I have been lef' beeg for-tune. I have now some lan'; I am proprietaire. My good uncle he is dead, an' he have lef' me hees lan' in the contree.

"'Bot you are Parisenne?' I have exclaim.

"'I am of Par-ee jus' now for sure,' she have answer to me, 'bot eet is not always so. My contree eet is far away. Ah, my frien', you would moch admire t'at contree. In the sommer eet is warm an' bright, jus' the same like la Belle France. Near by the place of my poor uncle there is leetle fores' where is many leetle bird t'at fill op the air wit' song, an' there is also small riviere which is run from out t'at fores' an' is pass jus' by the house of my oncle. Ah, eet is bee-utiful; eet is where you would enjoy to leeve, my Justinien. Eet is the paradeese for one of the artisteek soul!'

"M'sieur, in Angleesh eet is not possible for me to tell to you how Mad'line have deescribe to me t'at contree. Ah, she is of mos' poetic soul! She have make me desire to go right off at once to t'at place of which she is tell me. I no longer care about Par-ee—not at t'at time. I want only to depart for t'at contree of my Mad'line.

"'You have deescribe to me the place for which my artisteek soul have desire,' I have exclaim. 'Where then is this mos' magnifique contree?'

"'The home of my good oncle who is dead, the place where I have been born, this es-tate of which I am now proprietaire is situate at St. Adolphe de l'Ouest in the Province de Quebec of le Canada,' she have reply.

The hour of absinthe must have been waning fast. Justinien Lycurgue gazed long and earnestly into his empty glass.

"Ah, Par-ee!" he murmured at length. "A small indulgence in the absinthe is all t'at I now have lef' to remind me of t'ose day."

Charles, the waiter, obliged us once more.

"A t'ousan' t'anks," said my

friend Justinien Lycurgue Chodat, raising his glass. "To the good healt' of m'sieur."

"M'sieur has p'raps been a leetle interes' in my small histoire? The feenish? Ah, bot m'sieur, t'is the feenish—the tur-neep, the onion, the Marché Bonsecours!

"Eet is jus' one of t'ose strange t'ing t'at le Bon Dieu has effec'. St Adolphe de l'Ouest eet is only bot a few arpents from St. Adolphe de Petite Plaine. My Mad'line she have been born right close op beside the place where also I have been born. I go to Par-ee because I would be Parisien; I fall into love wit' Mad'line because I t'ink she is Parieienne! Eet is not so. Mad'line she is 'Canuck' just like me I am myself; bot she is the same Mad'line.

"M'sieur, for avry mans le Bon Dieu have make some woman's for his femme. An' eet is of no use for to go to Par-ee if he has made for you one Canadienne.

"Also, m'sieur, eet is of no use to try to be somet'ings of which you are not. Me I have make ver' hard endeavour for to be Parisien, bot myself I am vrai Canayen—eet is true, for I have now already sept enfants, seex fine boy, m'sieur, an' one leetle girl, jus' like her good mother."

OBTAINERS OF MERCY

BY RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

SOMEWHERE north of Montreal, Stubby Neal lost the trail. The man, whom he had once called friend, and the woman, whom for those two blissful, painful, uncertain years he had called wife, had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Moreover, at the time he lost all trace of the fugitive pair, his own slender funds, like the trail he had followed doggedly, had melted into nothingness.

Therefore, he reluctantly turned from the chase, made his way back across the border as best he could, and finally staggered, half starved and badly frost-bitten, into McIntire's logging camp on the Upper Otter River, where big Jim McIntire, who knew the sordid story, as did everyone else within the hundred-mile radius of Corson, gave him a job with his swampers.

Stubby pulled from his hip pocket the heavy forty-four he had carried during all those heart-breaking days of the pursuit, and laid it, still loaded, beneath the pillow of his bunk.

"Some day!" he muttered to himself, his homely face working strangely. "Some day."

There was grim determination in the words and a great, relentless, terrible patience. Then, crippled as he was by fatigue and the frostbites, he took up an axe and stolidly joined the gang of swampers.

It is said that the big, clean, mysterious woods work strange miracles in the heart of man; that they smother the fires of his insignificant passions, and by the sheer immensity of their gloomy stretches they make him afraid, ashamed and sane. But in Stubby Neal's case their spell was impotent. Grimly, silently, looked at askance and shunned by the other men of the camp, he worked away while the winter days grew colder and the mantle of snow that cloaked the forest grew deeper.

Each night after supper, when the camp was given over to uncouth revels, he sat apart on the deacon seat, smoking stolidly, the while his mind was a prey to disturbing visions—the face of a man and the face of a woman; the grim chase, which had proved unavailing; the bitter journey back from north of Montreal; the loaded revolver in his bunk; and always that insistent voice that sounded in his tired brain with its unvaried chant, "Some day! Some day!"

It was a cruel winter in the woods that year. Storm succeeded storm until the snow piled high against the eaves of the camp; and when it was not snowing the mercury of the thermometer went down and down until it seemed trying its best to crawl out of the bottom of the bulb. The mail came but infrequently, and often for weeks at a time they missed it altogether. It became necessary to pick carefully the times for going to Corson and hauling out the needed supplies to the camp.

It was the latter part of January, something over a month after Stub-

by's arrival at McIntire's, that the belated mail was brought out from Corson one gray, gusty evening, by a man who had been struggling all day through the great drifts.

Raucous bursts of joy greeted his arrival, as the papers and the letters were distributed. Among the latter was one for Stubby Neal. He took it to a far corner, where a smoky lamp burned feebly, and with trembling fingers opened it. It was only a few lines, written in a sprawling hand and unsigned; yet it was sufficient to set his heart pounding madly, and to tighten his throat with a sudden sense of suffocation.

"You will find them in Corson"—it read—"third house from the store on the left-hand side of the street as you go north."

Three times he read the brief missive, his breath coming fast, his face twisted as if with physical pain. Then he sank down on the deacon seat, his hands clasped tight together, his eyes staring straight ahead, oblivious to the noise and the rough horseplay going on all about him.

Hours later, when the camp was sunk in sleep, he still sat there in the same position. The smoky lamp, burning above his head, was the only spot of light in the cold darkness; the deep, even breathing of sleeping men and the sighing of the wind about the eaves were the only sounds to break the oppressive stillness.

The loud ticking clock at one end of the rough room pointed to a few minutes before midnight. The roaring fire of slabs in the great stove had died to gray ashes. The icy wind crept in through the crevices of the wall and set the man on the deacon seat shivering.

At last he arose, stuffing the letter into his pocket. Noiselessly he tiptoed to his bunk, drew out the revolver, broke it open to assure himself that each of the five chambers was loaded, and then thrust it into his hip pocket. He pulled on a mackinaw coat of gay colours, and selecting a heavy cap, he bound the lapels about his ears with a woollen scarf.

Outside the bunk, where slept the man who had brought in the mail, was a pair of snowshoes. With no compunction whatever, Stubby took them beneath his arm, and slid silently through the door into the bitter night without.

To the left, looming dimly in the frosty starlight, was the cook's shack. Thither he made his way and pushed open the door. In a moment he had made up a small pack of cold meat, bacon, coffee, and hard bread. He took a generous handful of matches from the tin pail on the shelf and thrust into his belt a hatchet, which lay by the pile of split wood in one corner.

The wind moaned dolefully through the tops of the great pines. A million icy stars burned in a sky of blue-black velvet. Far away a lynx screamed plaintively once, and then the forest was silent.

He knelt in the snow to slip on the snowshoes and to bind the thongs about his ankles; then, with a last look at the silent camp, he turned his face to the east and went off at a swinging, easy stride down the trail toward Corson.

All that night and all the next day he swung along in tireless fashion, pausing only for a hurried meal or to brew for himself a pail of strong black coffee. The miles slipped away as if by magic. Great drifts and fallen branches along the trail made it the hardest kind of going; but the swish of his snowshoes padded on steadily; nor could the cold nor the snow nor the hardships of the ill-broken trail quench the wild joy that burned within his breast, the joy of revenge.

Behind him at the camp, big Jim McIntire swore over the loss of his best swamper, ruminated deeply for a time, and then grew suddenly worried.

When the gray twilight shut down that night, Stubby made camp in the snow, slept a few hours, and then hit the trail again, plodding on through the darkness with but one thought in his mind—to get to Corson as fast as his seemingly tireless strength could carry him. Day broke over the forest, cold, gray, lowering. Dry flakes of snow began to sift down, but Stubby merely grunted and pushed on the faster. By noon the wind had risen, and the sharp flakes, driven before it, stung his face cruelly; but he shut his teeth and drove his aching muscles to their task.

The snow had ceased and the bleak day was going out in a yet bleaker twilight, when he came to the end of the woods. Below him, across a stretch of rolling white, lay the twinkling lights of Corson. He stumbled on awkwardly, with throbbing temples and stiffened ankles. His cheeks were sunken with the strain of the past two days; his eyes burned like live coals in their sockets.

"Some day! Some day!" sang the imperious voice within him. And to the monotonous chorus was now added: "Third house from the store on the left-hand side of the street as you go north."

Corson is an unimposing place. It is a one-street, straggling, lumber-region town, with a general store, a saloon and a few unpretentious houses.

Stubby Neal came stumbling into the far end of the street just as the winter darkness shrouded it in a pall, mercifully hiding the town's ugly barrenness. Lounging by the stove of the saloon, Ed Greminger, the local deputy sheriff, saw the lurching figure making its way through the snow. Only too well Greminger knew who at that moment were occupying the third house from the store. He put two and two together, and his face darkened. He slipped into the street and hailed the newcomer.

"Halloo, Stubby!"

Stubby also put two and two together. Instantly he was on his guard.

"Halloo, Ed!" he replied cheerfully.

"Say," there was anxiety in the deputy's voice, "say, what you doin' here, Stubby?"

"Me? I been swampin' up to McIntire's camp. Run out of tobaccer, we did, day before yesterday, an' I come down to git some. Come on with me to the store while I git it, an' then we'll have a drink together, sociablelike. Ain't this weather hell?"

Greminger looked at him sharply. Stubby's perfect innocence began to allay his disquieting suspicions.

"What do you say to puttin' up with me to-night, Stubby?" he asked cordially.

"Me?" Stubby laughed like a man who had not a care in the world. "I guess not—not with that bunch waitin' up there for their tobaccer. I'd git my head broke if I didn't git back there as soon as possible. There won't be so much as a crumb left amongst 'em by to-morrer. I got to start right back to-night—see?"

The deputy looked relieved. Plainly Stubby was as yet ignorant regarding the third house from the store. Together they made their way to the store, where Stubby purchased five pounds of tobacco and strapped it in the pack on his back.

"Come on," he said to Greminger, "let's go an' git our drink. Then I'll hit the trail back."

They entered the little saloon next door and pledged each other in raw, fiery spirits.

"Seems to me," the deputy observed, "you'd oughter have a little fun after comin' all this way."

"Can't," Stubby said laconically. "Might git to snowin' again. I got to git back there quick as the Lord'll let me. Here's how, Ed! No, no more. I've had enough. I'm goin' now. With this wind behind me I can make good time till midnight. Oughter git as fur as Injun Crick.

He stepped outside and adjusted his snowshoes. The deputy watched him swing down the street in the direction of the woods.

"Gee! I was some oneasy when I see him comin'," he confessed to a man at his elbow. "Thought prob'ly he knew they was back here."

Stubby held the trail toward the woods until the town was well behind him. Then he turned to the left, skirted the edge of the forest and entered Corson again at the other side. He took off his snowshoes, and discarding his pack, tossed it into a nearby drift. Silently, cautiously, keeping always in the deeper shadows, he once more made his way along the street toward the third house from the store.

He reached it unseen. Lights glimmered in the windows; a curl of smoke poured from the small chimney. Stubby's teeth closed with a click. His eyes were suddenly cold and hard, like some beast of prey as it closes with its quarry. The blood, which had been pounding in his temples, suddenly grew quiet. His nerves were as tense as steel springs. His head all at once became as clear as the icy air he breathed.

Deliberately he pulled the gun from his hip pocket, and advanced up the path toward the front door.

He had just set foot upon the steps, when within the house there arose a sudden commotion. A chair was upset; there was a throaty curse. A voice, choked with fear, began pleading inarticulately. There was a sharp report—a single, high-pitched, piercing scream.

With a madly beating heart, Stubby put his shoulder to the door and burst it open.

The house was ominously quiet. In the front room a light burned dimly on the little table. In the red-hot stove a wood fire roared and crackled. With some vague, undefined fear gripping his heart, Stubby stumbled across the threshold. It was then he saw, as in a dream, a woman crouched by the table. And there by the red-hot stove, a vivid crimson stream making its uneven course from the temple, lay the man Stubby had pictured many, many times as lying in just that sickening, huddled fashion.

The woman did not look up; she did not seem aware of Stubby's presence there. She looked stupidly at the glistening, smoking thing in her hand. It seemed to fascinate her.

"He beat me!" she began repeating childishly. "He beat me! He beat me!" And yet again, "He beat me! He beat me!"

Stubby's breath came in a great choking gasp. He looked at the quivering woman, crouched there by the table. And as he looked, he saw not the twisted, contorted features, the staring eyes, the blue, half-opened lips. Instead he seemed to see a laughing, innocent face—a face that looked into his own with love and trust and gentle prophecy, even as it had looked at him in the days now dead forever.

Outside he caught the murmur of excited voices and the sound of running footsteps. Plainly that shot had roused the loungers in the saloon nearby. He sprang forward and snatched the revolver from the woman's nerveless fingers.

The footsteps sounded nearer—they were coming up the path. Through the open front door he could hear the runners' laboured breathing. He turned on his heel, and still clutching the revolver, he walked calmly into the tiny hall.

There on the steps stood Ed Greminger, his eyes wide and his face twitching queerly. He glanced at the gun in Stubby's hand and tried to speak; but when finally he succeeded, his voice was sharp and broken with emotion.

"God!" was all he could say. And again, breathlessly, "God, Stubby!"

Stubby looked the other straight in the eye. He even smiled.

"Well, I've got him, Ed," he said.

CHARTIN

BY MARGARET M. RAWLINS

"CHARTIN. I want Chartin," insisted the little voice imperiously.

Chris turned restlessly on his pillows. Raising himself on his elbow, he leaned in the direction of a rigid lady who sat on the edge of a chair by the fire.

"Don't you know Chartin?" he demanded, a world of puzzled wonder in his tone. "Why, everybody knows it. Fetch Katy. She knows it."

At the unexpected mention of that name, Aunt Helen—for she was aunt to Chris—this severe piece of womanhood almost jumped in her seat, and very nearly blushed, which was a thing she never did, except for the failings of others.

But the well-starched, "reliable" nurse interposed.

"That's not the way to speak to your aunt, Master Chris. Now keep your arms in the bed, and lie quiet like a good boy."

Chris curled himself into a semicircle and allowed the woman to straighten his rumpled bedclothes.

"But I want it," he persisted, with a little tremble of the lower lip. "And I want Katy, too," he added after a moment's pause. "Yes, Katy, too."

He repeated the words with growing satisfaction in his voice, as if they solved a problem that had long baffled his childish understanding. But Aunt Helen rose hastily. She did not even wait to give him the peck that passed muster for a kiss, but with a sidelong glance at the hot, flushed little face upon the pillow, she escaped from the room.

Having been made feel uncomfortable herself, she determined to seek compensation for it by causing someone else the same sensation. For this she sought her brother, Chris's father, whose household she had managed this six months now—that is to say, ever since the unaccountable split between the latter and his irresponsible young wife.

As Helen entered, Gordon Corbett was lounging with his feet half across the hearth, and his golf clubs beside him, smoking a last cigarette before setting out for an afternoon on the links. He was a fair, wholesome type of English manhood, and Helen in her less acid moments was not unlike him.

"Well?" he remarked tentatively.

"I don't know what you will elect to do, I am sure," she announced, and a subtle exultation in her manner added, "I am going to put you in a difficulty, and I've made up my mind beforehand to disapprove of any line you take."

She proceeded with deliberation, eyeing her victim between half-shut lids the while.

"Dr. Morris has expressly forbidden Christopher's being allowed to fret or excite himself over anything; in his present feverish state it is most dangerous."

"Well, what's the kiddy fretting about, then?"

"Apparently it is some ridiculous thing his mother taught him. He calls it chartin. He will insist that Katy knows it. Really, he ought to be corrected, speaking of his elders in such familiar terms."

An embarrassed look came into Corbett's face at mention of his wife's name. He saw whither Helen's remarks were tending, and began to bluster.

"Can't you women find out what it is he wants since he's so set on it? Or take his attention off on to something else. Good heavens! buy him a shopful of toys, but don't come pestering me on my only free afternoon in the whole blessed week."

He jerked out an elbow irritably and brought the bag of golf-sticks rattling to the floor. Helen watched him grab them up again before annihilating his somewhat trite suggestion.

"Christopher has had two whole cupboardsful of toys on the floor by his bed," she said. "He wants none of them."

"Well, can't you sing to him, or play with him, or something?"

"I have no time; besides, children get on my nerves."

There was such finality in her tones that he forbore any further hints as to her actions, and turned with greater annoyance upon a third party.

"What's the nurse for, then? Can't she amuse him? Doesn't she know what his mother used to play at with him?"

Helen stiffened visibly.

"You forget," she said with freezing dignity, "that when I took over the management of this household I dismissed all the servants engaged by its former mistress. Ford knows nothing of Katherine's way with Christopher."

There was a significant silence.

"Then you want me to send for his mother?"

"Indeed, I never suggested such a thing. I merely tell you what the doctor said in case you wish to take any initiative about it. It rests entirely with you."

So saying she left the room, satisfied that she was clear of responsibility, for Helen Corbett, though a narrow, censorious woman, was not without a conscience of a sort. Though she did not care for or understand children, she did not wish any harm to come to her nephew, but she was far from wishing the re-call of her much-disapproved-of sister-in-law.

Left to himself, Gordon Corbett reflected awhile. He strolled meditatively towards the window, his hands in his pockets, and looked out at the crisp, wintry sunshine brightening the London square. Suddenly his brow cleared.

"Hang it all!" he exclaimed. "Nell always was a false alarmist. A kiddy of four with measles is sure to be peevish; besides—"

But what was included in that "besides" he preferred not to think of, and hurried off to the golf-links all the more quickly that his conscience was not quite at rest.

When he returned late in the afternoon the door flew open before he could feel for a latchkey. It was Helen who admitted him thus eagerly.

"Gordon, what did you do?" she asked with unusual absence of preamble.

"I'd no idea it was so urgent," he stammered lamely. "I left it to think about. Is he worse?"

"There was a change about teatime, so I fetched Dr. Morris. He thinks you better send for Katy."

She did not say that the worthy physician had spoken his opinion in no measured terms, had in fact ordered her to send at once for the child's mother, but her brother saw that she was thoroughly frightened, and her alarm communicated itself to him. "Ring up her aunt's. Have you?"

"I've done it. They're expected home to-morrow middle day."

He made sure that a wire would be handed his wife immediately on her arrival and despatched the message. It would be Sunday afternoon before he would be able to reach the house in Kensington. Then he returned to his study and sat down to think.

Both young, and neither very forbearing, she and he had been taken with each other, and had entered gaily into matrimony some five years ago. It hadn't been quite a success, he reflected, but it hadn't been all a failure, neither had he been altogether so ill-used as he had at first thought. Six months of Helen had opened his eyes to several good points in Katy's character, and if the latter's demands had occasionally been irrational, her light-hearted company had been a joy.

Perhaps if he hadn't been so very sure that he was right in everything, well, no doubt things would have gone better. But he grew accustomed to Katy's outbursts of rebellion, and always, though he didn't know it, relied on the child to hold her firm. Till one day that anchor proved insufficient. Katy calmly told him that her aunt was going a tour in Italy, and she intended accompanying her "for her health." He remembered how mischievously her eyes had sparkled as she added demurely, "for my health." He wondered whether if he had got angry, and pleaded, and stormed, and expostulated, he would have kept her, but hurt pride forbade. He would not bend to ask her reasons for going, nor offer to justify himself in her sight. He simply let her go.

So she had left him without proceedings or scandals for an indefinite period, and he had no notion when, if ever, it would please her to come back. He would not acknowledge to himself the possibility of "never," nor would he admit even that he missed her, but under all his stubbornness he could not help hoping to find her each evening as he came home.

And now she was coming; she would answer his summons. If only it would restore her to him he could be almost willing to lose Chris, and he never realized how much he treasured Chris till he lost Katy.

So he thought on and on, surrendering himself to reflections, for he was of those proud, strong-willed natures who refuse to let their minds dwell upon the unsatisfactory periods of their life, but the image of Katy once admitted was not to be worsted. Bonny, chestnut-haired Katy! If he had refused to think of her, she had her revenge now. He recalled her happy, he recalled her tearful, quaintly serious, tantalizingly gay, in a passion of anger, sweetly penitent, or a vision of motherhood, hugging the child. She took possession of his heart and set its chords vibrating as many a day she had set the nursery echoing when she romped and played with Chris.

He thought of her so much from this moment till the time she arrived on the bleak Sunday afternoon following that he felt almost self-conscious as he went to meet her in the hall. He felt as though she must see "I've been thinking of you" written large all over his face.

She was rather earlier than they expected, and as the door opened he had a momentary fear that he might find her altered. Wives who separate from their husbands don't improve in the process as a rule, but he saw at once she was not coarsened. Just the same dainty vision as ever, but with a wistful, added softness in the expression of the sweet blue eyes and rosy mouth. In spite of the shadow of death hovering over them, his heart bounded with gladness and relief.

She paused a moment on the doormat as if uncertain of her reception. She looked from her husband to Helen standing expectantly by the staircase, with one foot on the first

step, evidently waiting to ascend.

"You got my wire?" asked Corbet anxiously.

That seemed to reassure her. She nodded, stretched out a hand to him with an impulsive gesture; her eyes smiled. Then, without a word spoken, she followed Helen up the stairs.

Corbett waited to give a few instructions to the servants, then he, too, followed in their wake. On the landing he picked up a handkerchief and put it in his pocket.

"Katy always dropped things," he reflected with a smile.

Softly he mounted the second flight to the nurseries. In the first one he found his wife's outdoor wraps thrown loosely on the table—sumptuous furs, big black beaver, the exquisitely cut coat and tiny gloves. He lingered by them just for the joy of touching them. How he had missed her! He felt it now as we realize how great a pain has been in the reaction of relief. His fingers encountered the fluffy surface of the beaver. How her hair had glowed and nestled under its sweeping brim!

But the sound of Chris's voice drew him no further, and he crept to the night nursery door. Katy's back was to him as she knelt beside the bed, but Chris was in his mother's arms and she was smothering him with kisses. It seemed the child would fall asleep so, but the baby voice, weary but triumphant, broke the silence. "Katy, say 'Chartin.'"

Corbett glanced from his wife to his sister eagerly. Katy hesitated a moment.

"Oh, yes, I remember. Put your hands together, darling."

Chris pressed his little hot palms together amidst Katy's frills and laces, and as he tip-toed over to the fireplace Corbett noticed that she clasped her own hands together behind the child's back. Then her voice rose clear and tender, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

"Chartin Heaven," the childish tones chimed in.

When the prayer was ended Chris raised one sleepy eye over his mother's shoulder and looked at Helen standing by the fire.

"That's Chartin," he murmured drowsily, and put his head down again and fell asleep.

Though she had only just come off a long and tedious journey, Katy would not relinquish her place by Chris. Such tea as she had was set on a tray beside her, and she reached for it with one hand.

Her thoughts not unnaturally ran back over the past six months, but a deep contentment, plus a little bewilderment, took possession of her as she realized she was once more at home. How could she ever have left it was what she asked herself? What a wicked wife and mother she had been! Gordon had been cold, and hard, and self-righteous with her, but she permitted herself no such excuses now. Instead, she went to the other extreme, and did not allow for her aunt's malign influence in the matter—her aunt, who had disapproved of her marriage from the first. If her petulant anger against her husband had not found a ready and willing listener, subtly widening the breach and suggesting retaliating moves, it was more than probable that Katy would have kissed and forgiven that last time, as she had done a dozen times before.

But now she remembered none of these details. She only knew that she had been miserable during the whole six months' supposed pleasuring. The love of husband and child, outraged by her desertion, had risen up and rent her heart with longing. She had arrayed pride and a whirl of excitement to fight against it, but what she had most dreaded was her husband's cold, calm face. For a long time one thought had had power to steel her backward-looking heart. "He let me go without a word like a servant giving notice," she would murmur, "he doesn't care."

So she watched out her happy vigil,

the nurse moving noiselessly in and out at times. After a long absence the woman stole in and touched her on the shoulder.

"The master says you're to go down for some supper, mum. I'll stay up here."

Katy glanced at Chris sleeping peacefully on his pillows. She was more than half reluctant to go down. A formal meal with her husband and sister-in-law, each one of the three of them watching the other two, she had no mind for, and she must not betray herself before the time.

She was relieved to find Helen absent when she reached the dining-room, and the supper table looked inviting after her scanty tea. Corbett made some confused apologies for Helen's having retired to bed early; he dismissed the maid who came to wait on them, and the two sat down alone.

With an access of colour Katy became aware that she had taken the end of the table as in former days, but as a whole it was a very silent meal. Luckily she found herself really hungry, which dispensed with the need of immediate conversation beyond "May I pass you so and so," "Let me give you another slice of this," etc.

She kept her attention severely to the eatables, though she felt that her husband made only a pretence of eating and was watching her all the time.

At last she could avoid his gaze no longer. She pushed her plate away.

"Oh, there," she said, with a shy half-laugh, "I always was a huge eater. You see, I haven't improved a scrap."

"No, you have not changed, Katy," he said slowly.

Something made his voice queer and deep. He had left his place at the table; she, too, was standing.

"And you?" she said breathlessly.

"I have not changed either."

"Ah!" She drew a long, sobbing breath.

He had taken up his position on the hearth-rug, and little more than his side face was to her now. He saw that she had mistaken his meaning, but just for a second he would not undeceive her. He turned round and looked at her, so lovely in her silent distress.

"I always loved you," he said at last, each word coming very slowly. He held out his arms to her. "I haven't altered. You won't leave us again, Chris and me?"

He would have kissed her, but her eyes stayed him. This was no child-wife, but a woman with a heart, awake.

"Gordon, are you sure you want me?"

"It hurts when you ask that, Katy. But yes, my darling, yes."

She clung to him now, lifting up her face for his kisses.

"It needn't do," she whispered very softly. "Put your head down and I'll tell you a secret. I never got any wire about anything, but when we got back to England I just came straight home."

BOY CLEANING PANS

From the Painting by John Russell. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. W. FORYSTH GRANT

SKETCH I—COLLEGE STREET AND ITS TRANSFORMATION

IN looking at and passing through the great busy thoroughfare of College Street, one can scarcely realize the changes which have taken place in one's own recollection. My father (John Beverley Robinson) lived, after his marriage to Miss Hagerman, in what was then known as St. George's Square, in one of several tall gray houses with French windows on the ground floor, basement kitchens, and small gardens; green shutters, of course. Why it was called "Square" I never knew. The houses were in Beverley Street on the corner of Grange Road, and in consequence looked out on the then lovely gardens, lawns, and trees of The Grange, wherein resided Mr. and Mrs. William Boulton, son of the Honourable D'Arcy Boulton, who married my grandfather's sister, Miss Robinson; William Boulton being a first cousin of my father's. After the birth of my elder brother (the present Sir John Beverley Robinson, of New York) my father decided to get a little home in "the country," and settled on a most lovely site for a cottage in "College Avenue." The ravine, which is still partly to be seen near the University, ran down through the site, behind Caer Howell, to Adelaide Street, near the Upper Canada College. It was crossed by a white wooden bridge, between what is now McCaul Street and the gate of my father's place. Beneath this bridge flowed a stream, crystal clear, rising in blue land on Wells's Hill, and when it reached our fence ran into a large pond made with deep, shelving banks, forming a tiny island, which was a great playground for us children. Brickwork was arranged as a waterfall, over which the creek, as we called it, ran in foaming glee, and through the deep ravine, with three lovely little rustic bridges, covered with wild grapevine. My father had a regular bed made in the creek, of cobblestones and bright-coloured pebbles.

The house was a perfect bungalow, with a deep verandah, draped with wild grapevine, the perfume of which was delicious, and honey-suckle; it was on the wide plateau on the north side of the ravine, with a broad gravel sweep in front, and a splendid spruce tree, tapering, in the middle, surrounded by a grass ring.

At the south was a lawn sloping to the ravine, with superb elm, birch, and pine trees. On the east side of the house was an orchard of apple, plum, and pear trees; on the side of the hill in front of the verandah was a huge bed of bright flowers and hops, underneath which, hollowed out of the hill, was a "root-house," and also in which were kept some hogsheads of wine. At the far end of the curving lawn was a big summerhouse, and, looking up, it seemed like a very large place. The elm trees on either side of the stream, over the

dear little fountain in the centre of the "hollow," on a rockery, made perfect Gothic arches, and the hill on the southwest side had also big pines and beeches. The fence, mostly hidden by a shrubbery of evergreens, was the boundary-line of the Toronto Cricket Club's field. We all had favourite holes in the fence through which to view the absorbingly interesting games. We knew cricket well, as my father was a famous cricketer, and all children in those days were taught the game.

On the other side of the south fence on the hill was a charming wood of thickly-planted forest trees, and we had a small locked gate, by which we got out when going down to see our great-uncle, Mr. William Robinson, who lived in the white brick house occupied for many years now by Mr. Justice Maclennan. Between his house and the little gate were two houses, one the residence of Mr. George Jarvis, who afterwards moved to Ottawa; the other a school kept by a Mr. Abrehall, a name doubtless familiar to many of the older men of this day. I can remember nothing of the school or schoolmaster beyond the fact that my two brothers went there; and nothing of Mr. Jarvis's except a "rocking boat" of dark green wood and leather, in which we children were allowed to play on the verandah. These houses were on what is Murray Street now. On the north side of our home, which was known far and near as "Sleepy Hollow," was a long yard reaching east as far as the large houses close to the Conservatory of Music, of L-shape, in which were coal and wood sheds, stables for cows and horses, coach house and harness-room, with chicken houses, and small shed for a Shetland pony, and large room in which lived the coachman and his wife. There was, of course, a laundry, too.

The house itself was a large bungalow, with a long hall, opening half way into a larger space, where stood the great hall stove for the logs, with a huge copper barrel on top for hot water (I have it now). The drawing-room had French windows opening on the verandah (four of them), and was cold in winter, even with the two fireplaces, but charming at other seasons. The rooms must have been all of good size from the bulky furniture used then, and which would be of no service whatever in these days of small rooms and passages.

The cellars were merely stamped earth with loose board floors, and large wooden beams, which were found perfectly sound after so many years' service, when the old house was pulled down to make way for the present Technical School. A large field with trees was on the east side, too, reaching to Queen Street Avenue, and I can remember Sir Edmund Osler having a pretty cottage where, I imagine, the Conservatory of Music stands now. Mrs. Osler had a pony carriage which we children admired greatly. "Sleepy Hollow" was a typical gentleman's home of that day, but too far away from the city!

In the Queen's Park was a lunatic asylum on the east side, about where the road runs in from Grovesnor Street, a gray stone building with barred windows, and often we used to stand and gaze with awe to catch a glimpse of the inmates. Now and then one would escape and wander into the cool, green grounds of "Sleepy Hollow." I can remember being much frightened at one old man, who walked into the drawing-room from the verandah, holding an enormous branch of a tree, full of leaves, and, waving it about, began to disclaim, while I watched him, fascinated, from the piano stool. I finally edged to the door and found someone, who put the old fellow out. Only one building besides the University itself was to be seen, the old Medical College, whence issued gruesome tales of the dissecting-room.

A broad board walk led diagonally across the park from the University, and this was bright with the students

From an old photograph

ENTRANCE TO YONGE STREET (OR COLLEGE) AVENUE, TORONTO

At the time of which Mrs. Grant writes, the thoroughfare now known as College Street was, as shown in the photograph, a parklike driveway—"in the country." Now it is an important business artery in the heart of the city. The photograph shows College Avenue, looking from Yonge Street. The property was held by the University of Toronto, and it was used for light traffic in the day time. The gates, similar to the ones described by Mrs. Grant, were closed at night. The lodge was also similar to those generally mentioned in the article. Yonge Street, as may be seen, was not paved, and cars ran on the single track every half hour.

in flowing gowns and caps, and stalking along with dignity was Dr. McCaul, the President, always in black, snowy white front, and stock plentifully be-sprinkled with snuff, which was a popular form of tobacco, and always hanging from his coat-tail pocket, a silk bandana handkerchief. He was a great friend and admirer of my mother's, and very musical; he composed some sacred songs dedicated to her, and would often sit down to the piano and sing most sweetly Moore's immortal melodies, and liked to accompany my mother when she sang at concerts given in aid of city charities.

The roads all about were unspeakable, and we used to watch often great wagons being dug out of the mud, which was hub-deep in the road outside our gates. These same gates were of heavy boards, with a board across to fasten the middle ones; with one—deep set—at the side for pedestrians. They were brought by my father from the old Government House, after Sir Edmund Head had left it. The cricket field was of large size, with a stand, and some trees at the far side for shade, and just above our pond, where McCaul Street now begins, was a queer old cottage with a garden on the side of the hill, all covered with creepers. Here lived Noakes, the caretaker of the grounds—a rather surly old customer. In later days there were three lodges to the avenues, one at the Queen Street entrance, another at Yonge Street, and a third in College Street, opposite to the entrance of Mr. William Beardmore's house, formerly built and occupied by the late Colonel Cumberland.

These lodges were picturesque little cottages, and all had gates, which were locked at night, and to which my father was allowed keys. These were huge iron ones, and if by chance they were forgotten there was nothing for it but to tramp wearily home. After a long day's excursion on Lake Simcoe, we drove up late at night to the Queen Street gate, only to find it locked, and after vainly trying to get the lodge-keeper, a Mrs. Fitzpatrick, widow of a coachman in my Grandfather Hagerman's family (and who, when alterations were to be arranged for in the building, absolutely refused to be put out, and was allowed to remain on for a long time) to open for us, we all had to walk the other way. There was only one policeman in the Avenue and Park, Hornibrook by name, who lived in the western College Avenue lodge; his girth was enormous, and I remember gazing at his black belt and wondering how long it was. The Park was a resort for loafers of every description, and Hornibrook was very good to us children, never chiding us if we walked and ran on the grass, strictly against orders, and we, of course, presumed on his good nature.

Hornibrook was a well-known character, and summer and winter his burly form, clad in the long, old-fashioned uniform coat, with the peaked cap, was a feature of that part of Toronto. The avenue was quite a country road in those days, with beautiful shade trees, and many strangers used to stroll about, and stand to look and look again at the deep, cool green of "Sleepy Hollow," reminding them, as I heard a group of Old Country people say, with wistful sadness, "Of our dear Kilarney."

Our only near neighbours were the Cumberlands, where we had many children's parties, and the late Mr. Barlow Cumberland used to fascinate us with marvellous conjuring tricks, taking things out of hats, pulling streams of fire out of his mouth, doing wonderful things with handkerchiefs. Mr. Perkins lived in the large house, now the site of the Public Library, which had beautiful rooms, the drawing-room, all one side, sixty feet long, and the dining-room large enough to seat fifty. The hall was very long, with the staircase going up under an archway. They were such kind, hos-

pitable people, with guests galore invited to stay for the simple early dinner, and "high tea," then a feature of Toronto life.

the simple early dinner, and "high tea," then a feature of Toronto life.

Miss Clara Perkins was one of the belles here, and she had the most wonderful long hair, which was worn in coils of lovely plaits. Fred Perkins, the eldest son, was a magnificent skater, and, remembering his feats of skill, as I watched the performance of the Montreal professional skater last winter, I saw little to choose between them. The family were stricken with consumption, and isolation or disinfection being known little or thought of in those days, the son, then the daughter, then the mother, then two other sons were stricken down, leaving the father, who died some few years ago, and one son, who still lives.

These delightful reminiscences will be continued in the February Number.

A FUNERAL AT NIGHT

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

LAST night I stood on Forest Hill,
Half-way above the sleeping town,
And watched go by in bent restraint
Old folk and young, and pale and brown.

And some scarce raised their head at all,
And some were weeping as they went,
And others walked apart somewhat,
Wondering at Death's strange sacrament.

The priest clasped hands about the Cross,
Holding it high for God's sweet grace;
Moon glintings fell on Cross and hands
And glorified the praying face.

I heard the wind stir in the wood;
I saw the stars; and music hushed
Came from the brook—low music, fit
To play when sundered hearts are crushed.

It seemed so strange that all of it
Could be a part of Life; and yet
The whole of Death's hard mystery:
My head was bowed, my eyes were wet.

They passed me, people, priest, and dead,
And climbed beneath the stars, the hill,
A solemn, reverent, silent band,
With their strange duty to fulfil.

THE WIZARD OF DOMINION POLITICS

BY GRATTON O'LEARY

A SKETCH OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT ROGERS, MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS FOR CANADA

DOWN at Ottawa these days the question oftenest asked is, Have you seen Rogers? It used to be, Have you seen Sir Wilfrid? No matter what you as an individual, or as a deputation, may wish the Government to do, it is advisable always to see the strong man of the Cabinet. It was Sir Wilfrid in his day. To-day it is "Bob" Rogers—the wizard of Dominion politics. Then who is this man Rogers, this wizard whose magic hand is felt in every big undertaking of the Government anywhere from Halifax to Dawson? He is a well-groomed, medium-sized man, just entering his fiftieth year. His hair is steel gray, likewise his moustache. He has keen, penetrating eyes that look at you sharply from beneath heavy black eyebrows. Mildness and affability of manner are two of his chief characteristics, and he has the faculty of making you think that in yourself in particular he has a sincere personal interest. And in nine cases out of ten that sincere personal interest is just what he does have. For no matter what his enemies may say of him, Bob Rogers is unswervingly loyal to his friends. But back of all his mildness and courteous manner there is a power and dogged determination that must prevail. For he is the same Bob Rogers who at the age of twenty-two went out against the Honourable Thomas Greenway for the Mountain seat in the Manitoba Legislature, and was defeated. He is the same Bob Rogers who, six years later, tried his hand as a candidate for the same Legislature, and was defeated. He is the same Bob Rogers who, in 1896, came out under the banner of Sir Charles Tupper on the ill-fated Remedial Bill, and was defeated. Three times and out, most men would say. But not so with Bob Rogers. And here we prove the mettle of the man. Again, in 1899, he stood for election to the Manitoba Legislature—the fourth time as a candidate for Parliament. And he stood well. He triumphed. His election marks the beginning of a career of tremendous political power, not only in the limited field of Manitoba, where he remained for thirteen years, but in the great Federal sphere, where, ever since his call to the Borden Cabinet, following the upheaval of 1911, his strength has been acknowledged alike by friend and foe.

The Honourable Robert Rogers came into the Borden Cabinet naturally as Minister of the Interior. But although he was a Westerner, with the Western tradition as likely to hold him to that portfolio, he soon succeeded the Honourable Mr. Monk in the still more important position of Minister of Public Works.

It is a far cry from the head of the Government's great public undertakings to the four walls of a general store at Clearwater, Manitoba, where as a young man Mr. Rogers began his mercantile career. And it is a far greater cry back to the barefoot boy who used to kick the dust in the little village of Lakefield, in the county of Argenteuil, Quebec. It was in Argenteuil that Robert Rogers was born, a son of the late George Rogers, who was Sir John Abbot's right-hand man in his political campaigns in the constituency that now sends the Honourable George H. Perley to Parliament.

The older villagers of Lakeview do not seem to remember anything particularly striking about young Rogers. Yet Sir John Abbot seems to have thought a lot of him. He thought so much of him that he advised him to go west when he was but seventeen years old. The young man took the advice, and, in 1881, "hit the trail" for the nine million acres of land known as Manitoba. He hit the trail indeed, for it was four years before Donald A. Smith (Now Lord Strathcona) drove the last spike in the Canadian Pacific Railway. The West at that time gloried in all its picturesque semi-barbarity, chafing at the persistent yoke of approaching civilization, careless of the fact that the buffalo was being slaughtered by the Indians and unscrupulous whites at the rate of 160,000 a year.

When Mr. Rogers was called to the Federal arena by Mr. Borden and put in control of the important Department of the Interior, there were many within and without the party who expressed grave doubts as to his fitness for the position. A few months later those within the party were swearing by him, while those without were swearing at him, both sure signs that he had "made good." When the Honourable F. D. Monk resigned the portfolio of Public Works, Mr. Rogers was chosen as his successor, and thus after one year in Federal politics, he found himself holding what is perhaps the most responsible position in the Government.

Mr. Rogers is not only referred to as the "wizard of Canadian politics," he is just as often designated the "mystery of the Government." Time and again is the question asked, "Where does 'Bob' Rogers get his power?" Various answers have been given, but none has ever fully explained the secret of his marvellous success. As a type in the House of Commons he stands alone. He is as different in temperament from Premier Borden as it is possible for two human beings to be, and he is utterly unlike any other member of the Cabinet or front-bencher on the Opposition side.

In Canadian Parliamentary history all the great leaders were well up in oratory. Macdonald, Tupper, Mackenzie, Blake, Brown, Thompson, Cartier, were all formidable in debate, while in the present Parliament Laurier, Borden, Foster, and Meighen —perhaps the four most successful men on the floor of the House—are orators of a high order. With these men in debate Mr. Rogers would not attempt to compete. For he makes no claim to oratory, and apparently he has no profound knowledge of British constitutional history. In this respect he is not unlike the late Charles Stewart Parnell, who, although spending the greater part of his remarkable career in the cause of Irish self-government, knew absolutely nothing of the early history of Ireland, and, according to the testimony of T. P. O'Connor, he never knew or wanted to know of the treasures of English literature. Mr. Rogers is not a lawyer, and he makes no profession of knowing the subtleties of law. But last session, when the intricate closure bill was introduced, it was at once credited to the Minister of Public Works, and bitterly was it termed the "Rogers gag." What is it, then, it may well be asked, that gives the man his power? Wherein does

his peculiar ability lie? The keenest observers are unable to produce the correct answer. Whatever the secret of his success, and whatever depths of character he may possess that men are unable to fathom, he has at least three traits that are outstanding and unmistakable to those who know him —a knowledge of men, fearlessness, and loyalty. It is this knowledge of men and human nature that makes him the greatest political organizer in the country and the popular idol of his party in the House of Commons. He is conceded to be the most astute political observer in Parliament, with the exception of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and this unerring political instinct in itself makes him a power in the councils of his party. Outwardly calm in the heart of battle as the proverbial mill-pond, he is fearlessness personified. With the whole wrath of the Opposition directed at his head, he remains in his seat absolutely unperturbed, accepting hard knocks as part of the game of politics. His most bitter enemies concede him the virtue of being a good fighter.

Loyalty is, perhaps, his predominant characteristic. He is loyal to Manitoba, he is loyal to the West, he is loyal to Canada and the Empire, he is loyal to the Conservative party in ill report or good, and, best of all, he is unwaveringly loyal to his friends. In his prosperity, his influence and his power, he has never forgotten the friends of his humble youth. Minister of the Crown, adviser to His Majesty, and strong man of the Borden Cabinet, he remains "one of the boys"—the same "Bob" Rogers of the old days when he had to work hard in the struggle for a livelihood.

To read some press reports, one would almost get the impression that the Minister of Public Works is a dark-visaged, low-brow who haunts the corridors of the Parliament Buildings, with a knife concealed in his boot, ready to assassinate unsuspecting Liberals. In reality Mr. Rogers is a very mild-mannered man; and, unlike most real fighters, is minus the square lower jaw of Robert W. Chambers heroes. He is personally very popular with many of the Liberals. If he has any great faults, they are faults common to the times in which he lives. Over his claim to statesmanship men may disagree. But there is no room to argue that he is an able administrator and not deserving of his title—"The Wizard of Dominion Politics."

THE WIZARD OF DOMINION POLITICS

The Honourable Robert Rogers, Minister of Public Works in the Borden Cabinet

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

CANADA'S NEW PARCEL-POST

BY GEORGE W. AUSTEN

EVERY class of the community has a direct interest in a cheap parcel-post, just as everyone has an interest in cheap postage for letters. Business men may stand to derive larger benefits from cheap parcel transportation—cheaper by far in short distances than express carriage—than the workingman or the farmer, but the mass of city householders and the rural population have a stake in the parcel-post quite independent of their relation to the merchants. The parcel-post should, if its purpose carries true, be the most direct cut possible at the high cost of living. By helping to eliminate the middlemen, and their rake-off, and by promoting direct dealing between the producer and consumer of foodstuffs, the parcel-post should be an effective regulator of prices.

The United States parcel-post, which has been the model for the Canadian system, was started on New Year's Day, 1913. Its success was instantaneous. In January the number of parcels mailed was 38,000,000. In April it was 60,000,000. In September it was near 80,000,000. The people awoke to the extraordinary value of the new utility, and the service went from one success to another. The profit of the system for the first year is approximately $30,000,000, showing that the rates and service may be made much more favourable without impairing the financial status of the enterprise.

There is certainly no reason for thinking that the Canadian system will be less successful, proportionately, than the United States system. The rates will be similar. Express rates in the two countries are about equal. The buying habits and trading opportunities of the two peoples are almost identical. Even apart from the enormous saving in transportation costs effected by a cheap parcel-post, and the extension of service it affords, the splendid gain to the people is shown by the fact that the postal system reaches the humblest hamlet and trading-post in the country. There are nearly 14,000 post-offices in Canada to which the parcel-post service will extend, while the number of express-served communities is about 4,000. The rural route mail delivery will carry a cheap parcel system to the gate-post of scores of thousands of farm-houses. The city department store will have new access to the country trade, and the farmers a cheap and direct system of selling small lots of produce to city consumers without going to market or paying prohibitive tolls to express companies.

Is not this an alluring picture? It may be asked, Why has such a public utility been so long in coming? In Britain, in Germany, in France, in Belgium, even in China, there is cheap carriage for parcels. Why are Canada and the United States so behindhand? Answering for the United States, when he was Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker told an English visitor that there were four reasons—the American Express Com-

pany, the Adams Express Company, the Wells-Fargo Express Company, and the National Express Company. This reply has become historic. In Canada we have three purely Canadian express companies, the Dominion, the Canadian, and the Canadian Northern, all owned by the three leading railways, and it is not certain that Canadian delay is in nowise connected with them. But perhaps the most probable explanation is that until a few years ago the Canadian postal service ended each year in a deficit, and it was feared a parcel-post would enlarge it, rather than prove an extraordinary source of revenue.

Perhaps it was a desire to increase the postal income that led the Postal Department to charge, for so many years, sixteen cents a pound, or a cent an ounce, for fourth-class matter, consisting of general merchandise. At first thought, this appears to be almost a prohibitory rate for any but the smallest parcels. A pound was the average weight. But for the year ended March 31st, 1912, there were, according to postal estimates, 8,385,000 parcels carried through the Canadian mails. As far as it went, the parcel traffic was an immense money-maker for the Government. The present United States rates are said to be far higher than the cost of the service. The piling up of a $30,000,000 surplus seems ample proof of this. If we apply the present United States rates to the Canadian traffic, for purposes of comparison with the cent-an-ounce rate, we shall get a good idea of what a saving over the old rates will be made by the new parcel-post. The following table shows the difference:

New Parcel-post.

From Toronto to—	1-lb.	3 lbs.	5 lbs.
Hamilton	.05	.07	.09
Montreal	.07	.17	.27
Winnipeg	.10	.28	.46
Vancouver	.12	.36	.60

Old Rates.

Hamilton	.16	.48	.80
Montreal	.16	.48	.80
Winnipeg	.16	.48	.80
Vancouver	.16	.48	.80

The injustice of the old schedule is shown by the fact that whereas under it, a pound parcel going ten miles bears a charge of sixteen cents, a pound parcel can be sent to Great Britain, New Zealand, or Newfoundland for twelve cents. It is no wonder that the old rates have been considered prohibitory, and the sending of more than eight million parcels in a year, in spite of it, proof positive of the dire need of reform.

The weight limit for fourth-class matter in Canada has been five pounds. The weight limit under the new parcel-post will, at first, be eleven pounds. The United States started with the eleven-pound limit over the whole system, but after six months, the Postmaster-General decided that the Department could undertake a twenty-pound limit within the first two delivery zones—that is to say, within 150 miles from the point of posting. Inasmuch as three-fourths of the traffic is within the 150-mile limit, this was regarded as a big concession. In time the parcel-post will carry 100-pound parcels. When the weight limits in force in European countries are considered, it is found that both the United States and Canada have been making quite modest starts. Belgium carries 132 pounds. Germany carries 110 pounds. China has a twenty-two-pound limit. But it is well to get the organization working thoroughly before taking on the delivery and handling of great parcels. At present, the difference of charge on the parcels exceeding twenty pounds would probably be in favour of the express companies. Even on a ten-pound parcel, the express rate for a long distance is only slightly higher than the new postal rates. The savings in transportation cost come chiefly on the small parcels going short distances. Here again, using the United States rates, the following table illustrates about what the difference in cost of carriage will be:

From Toronto to—	1 lb.	5 lbs.	10 lbs.
Express Rates.			
Hamilton	.25	.25	.30
Montreal	.25	.40	.45
Winnipeg	.30	.75	1.00
Vancouver	.30	.80	1.35
Parcel-post.			
Hamilton	.05	.09	.14
Montreal	.07	.27	.52
Winnipeg	.10	.46	.91
Vancouver	.12	.60	1.20

Taking into account the tremendous saving of the new rates over both the old parcel rates and the express rates, is it not logical to conclude that the Canadian people will rouse themselves to thorough appreciation of the new system? In the United States retail merchants are getting rid of a large part of their delivery outfits. They deliver by parcel-post, and, using the collect-on-delivery service now attached to it, they collect by the same system. A C.O.D. system will not, however, be attached to the Canadian service until it is well under way.

There are some rather marked differences between the Canadian parcel-post and the American. Here the Provincial boundaries are so well proportioned that a zone can be made of each Province, the Maritime Provinces, which are much smaller than the Westerly Provinces, being considered as one. The Canadian zones will therefore be the Maritime Provinces as one, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. The United States Department found it necessary to block off nearly 5,000 units, each comprising 1,200 square miles, and then group these into zones of 50, 150, 300, 600, 900, 1,200, 1,800, and over 1,800 miles, with special rates for each zone. This has resulted in a rather complicated system, but as it was found necessary to base the rates upon a mileage standard, it had to be done. Over countries of vast area like the United States and Canada, the short-haul parcel cannot be unduly burdened by loss on the carriage of the long-haul parcel. Each must bear a somewhat proportionate part of the cost of transportation. The rates for the Canadian Provincial zones will, of course, be graduated as between one Province and another in such a way that broadly the average mileage can be taken into account. This will result, of course, in a far higher charge, for each mile, between near-by points in two adjoining Provinces than from two points in the same Provinces much farther away. The flat rate principle here must obtain to that extent. But it is impossible to graduate charges on any undiscriminating mathematical basis. The Provincial boundary delimitation for zones is much the easiest and most satisfactory division of the Dominion.

Speaking in the House of Commons at the last session of Parliament, Honourable Mr. Pelletier, the Postmaster-General, stated that he thought the Canadian service ought to provide for a special rate for local delivery, fixed at about a twenty-mile radius. This would, he thought, serve to protect the country retailers from undue competition from mail-order houses and department stores. Inasmuch as within a Province, there will be standard rates, a special local rate would seem to be necessary. It would not seem equitable to charge as much for local delivery in Toronto as to send the same parcel to Fort William. As three-fourths of the parcel-post business will be within 150-mile distances, a specially low rate would have great advantages. It ought to encourage, particularly what the parcel-post aims at, the farmer to send by post into the city eggs, dressed fowl, dairy products, and many other commodities of food. When the weight limit is raised from eleven pounds to twenty pounds, the twenty-mile limit arrangement, if carried through, will be doubled in value. And the farmer should profit as much by getting parcels quite as handily from his market town.

In the rural districts, the particu-

lar gainers from a parcel-post will be the farmers on the rural mail delivery routes. There are now about 63,000 boxes in use. About 27,185 miles of route are travelled daily; 2,525 miles tri-weekly; 410 miles semi-weekly, and 200 miles four times a week. The extension of the rural service has been going ahead very fast, and with a cheap parcel-post, an added impetus to the movement will be felt. In the United States, where there are about 75,000 post-offices, over two million miles of rural routes are travelled every day. One of the chief gainers from postal improvements in all cases has been the farmer getting his daily mail at his door. It will be no different in Canada.

It may be asked, "What effect will the new parcel-post have on the Canadian express companies?" The United States companies found their small parcel business dropped twenty-five per cent. Much of the vastly increased parcel-post mail was newly created business. But even if the Canadian express companies lose some business, they are financially well able to stand it. The Dominion Express Company (Canadian Pacific Railway), the Canadian Express Company (Grand Trunk Railway), and the Canadian Northern Express Company (Canadian Northern Railway), made average net earnings, for the year ending June 30th, 1912, of twenty-three per cent. on their capitalization. The following comparison shows their position:

	Capitalization.	Net revenue.	Per cent. of net.
Dominion Express	$2,000,000	$645,288	31.4
Canadian Express	1,705,200	283,281	16.6
Canadian Northern Express	1,000,000	192,496	19.2

Out of a total of $10,994,418, gross receipts from operation, the railways got $4,892,242 for express privileges. On top of that, the express companies paid out in operating expenses, such as wages, equipment, buildings, taxes, $4,880.120. The net for the year, even after the railways had taken about forty-six per cent. of the gross receipts, and all other expenses were written off, was $1,163,007, or practically twenty-five per cent.

The American and Canadian express and freight rates are, broadly speaking, about the same, so that a comparison between the relative difference of express and freight charges in the United States and in foreign countries will be interesting.

	Ratio of express charge per ton, to freight charge.
United States	16. to 1
Argentine	3.2 to 1
Austria	5 to 1
Belgium	9 to 1
Denmark	6.3 to 1
France	7.2 to 1
Germany	3.8 to 1
Hungary	3.9 to 1
Netherlands	3.6 to 1
Prussia	5 to 1

It is, therefore, not much wonder that the United States parcel-post could cut rates away below the express charges, and still make a handsome profit. It has been shown that on the small parcels, after the first pound and its arbitrary rate have been disposed of, the rate charged is from six to eight times the cost of the service, up to a distance of 200 miles. A large reduction may therefore be looked for in the Canadian rates, after the parcel-post shall have become firmly established, and the profit on the operation has been clearly ascertained. There does not seem to be room for doubt about the value of the benefits to be conferred on Canadian people by the new postal venture.

ALL IN THE GAME

BY OWEN KILDARE

AS long as his wife was alive Dave Pearsall wasn't much different from anybody else. He worked steadily at his trade of stone-cutting and in the evenings couldn't get home soon enough to sit by his fireside—which was an oil-stove in this case—with his wife and baby.

After the wife died, though, Dave got his sister to keep house for him and little Wilbur, his son. Then things became different. The truth is the sister was a little too fanciful for Dave, and used to make what-nots and other things out of empty soap-boxes. Too many cosy-corners are liable to drive a man from home, and so Dave got going round the ward.

It wasn't more than a couple of years when Dave gave up cutting stone and began tending bar for Mike Flanagan, who then had the say in the ward for his party. In a few more years Flanagan went to the bad, got defeated several times and was dropped from the executive committee. So when Dave saw how things stood with Flanagan, he began pulling a few wires, feeling himself able to be a leader. Of course, it took months and years to do all this, and all that time the son, little Wilbur, was growing up.

Well, Dave got to be leader of the ward, and the minute that he was sure of being the Big Noise in the district he cut loose from all saloon connections and essayed the gentlemanly rôle.

Well, sir, by the time the son got to be about twenty, the old man'd been leader so long that he wouldn't have swapped with the Czar of Russia so far as the steadiness of the job was concerned. And then Dave got to breaking Wilbur to regular work.

The Kid hadn't been much to school round the ward. Dave sent him up to boarding-schools and academies, and when he came back home for good all the people in the district turned out to feast their eyes.

And it was worth it!

In those days down our way when a young fellow was dressed up, he had on a pair of skin-tights that kept him standing up all the time for fear something'd happen should he try to sit down. Then, a pea-jacket, a fried-egg sky-piece, and a celluloid collar, with a purple necktie, and none o' the Sadies could resist him. But when Wilbur Pearsall showed up it was all up in the air with Fourth Ward fashions, and the fellows went to hock their war-paint for whatever the uncles would give.

Wilbur was kept round the ward, was enrolled a member of the organization, introduced to everybody, and used to trot along with the old man. He did this up till election, when he dropped his first vote, after which he disappeared again. Two years later he came home, transformed by a Prince Albert. Sometimes he even wore a silk hat.

In the meantime, the old man had moved into a stoop-house from the old tenement shack, which he had bought long ago, and one day there

was a little shingle stuck in the parlour window, with "Wilbur Pearsall, Attorney-at-law," on it. And then we got wise to the proposition.

Almost before he had his shingle out, he was made a member of the law committee of the organization, and the tip went round that if you were in for something small, robbery, second-storey work, or manslaughter, you had to have Wilbur Pearsall in court for you or else go up. After a while his practice got so big he'd only take first-class murder cases and defend the street-car company from the unjust claims of an indiscriminating and unreasonable public.

Old Dave certainly was ambitious for the boy. He thought there was nothing like him in the world. And the boy was no fool.

He had the education and the glad rags, and the first thing we knew he was right in among the swell voters. The way the Kid was framing up the game those swells never thought it possible that his ancestor had ever dished out big scoops o' Dutch disturbance and pig's-knuckle free lunch at Mike Flanagan's. And no wonder, for the first thing he did was to change his name from "Wilbur Pearsall" to "W. Westmeath Pearsall."

Everything looked lovely, and old Dave was seeing pictures of the Kid being the real thing in spectacular politics, with Bourke Cockran pining away on the last bench in the rear o' the hall. And, no use o' talking, the Kid certainly was all to the mustard at the talkfests. He could sling language to beat the band, and had learned so many tongues he could lie in more than one. But in the long run he got faded by the silk-stockings and began neglecting his chances, which is the prerogative of any practical politician. It got to be a case of all going and nothing coming in, which is poor politics. Almost every day he was to the front with some scheme to do something for the common people; either he wanted fire-escapes or an ordinance for better tenements; and that, from the standpoint of practical politics, was almost criminal. They warned him, but when he didn't stop and went after the Crow's Nest, a row of tenements belonging to Abe Goldman, who was 'way up among the mighty, then we could all hear something drop.

Old Dave wrote, "Son Wilbur, come and see me," and Son Wilbur beat it as quick down-town as his benzine buggy would let him.

I was mighty close to Dave at that time, being a sort of private secretary without the writing, and I was up in the club when the Kid waltzed in to meet the father.

"What's the matter with you?" asks Dave. "Has that up-town air made you daffy? There ain't a day I don't hear about some new foolishness o' your'n. What's eating you?"

The Kid goes off on a long speech about the rights of his constituents and the pledges he made.

The old man stopped him with: "Now, listen to me, I been in politics long enough to know what's good for us. I put you where you are and I can put you down, too. You got to learn that we ain't in this business for our health. I'm too old to cut stone, and, I think, without me, you'd be a mighty bum lawyer. I gave you the chance of your lifetime, and if you do what you're told to do you're liable to go to the United States Senate, and, maybe, to the White House. But if you don't get rid o' them daffy notions the Party'll look after you, and they never let up."

"But I can't go back on my promises and pledges," said the Kid.

"Don't be childish," said Dave. "If there's a fool that believes in pledges he ought to get stuck. You got nothing to do with that. When you're in politics you got to do what you're told to do by your masters and nothing else. To them that don't obey accidents is liable to happen. If you fail me in this you not only ruin me, but also yourself, for I won't

have a fool for a son. You got two months until election. That's enough to make good in, and if you don't—well, you know the consequences."

The Kid didn't go back half as fast as he'd come down. The son of a politician, he seemed to get his liking for the game by inheritance. But his education made him wish for gentlemanly politics—as if such a thing could be. Gentlemanly and ward politics is the same stuff with different labels—that's all. From what I learned after, I'm sure if the Kid's mother had been alive then he'd never gone wrong. But there he was, aching to ask somebody's advice and too suspicious to trust anybody in politics, thinking all were crooks, in which, of course, he was dead wrong—yes. So he started in to do his duty as the old man saw it.

As I was saying, his constituents were mostly a dead swell bunch that lived according to the fashion, and just then it was the fashion for them to make their sisters and aunts believe they were the real things in politics. They had nothing but mass-meetings that were like regular tea-parties, with the Gwendolines and Gladyses splitting their dainty gloves every time Archibald went to the bat to tell them how bad they were in general and how the country ought to be run. And they all stood pat for W. Westmeath Pearsall, son of the Honourable David Pearsall, late of Flanagan's gin-mill.

When it came election day they were always absent, as they couldn't make any money in their business on that day and went out of town the night before to hit those little balls over fields and ditches, or to jump over a couple o' fences and shout "lalla-lee-lee" or some such nonsense. But they all registered faithfully, even if they thought it more important to be at the Country Club on election day instead of voting.

The Kid was next to this habit, and used it, but there were a few hitches.

For instance: Mr. Hamilton De Rensallaer, a Wall Street banker, residing on Fifth Avenue, was challenged by an opposite watcher, who thought Ham looked a little phony for a capitalist. When they took him to the station-house, the capitalist was hitting everybody for a chew o' tobacco and asking them to inform Barney Flynn, of the Bowery, that his friend, Spike, was in trouble.

The thing worked all right otherwise, and the Kid carried the district.

In a day or two, those swells heard how they'd been voting in sweaters and overalls, and most o' them laughed—but a few o' them got dead sore. Before the Kid could get ahead o' them and stall them, they were down to the district attorney and raising a fine row. The Kid was arrested and put under ten thousand bond. The bail was put up and we thought that'd close the game. But it was made an issue; they tried him before an unfriendly judge and the Kid was sentenced to one year and a fine of one thousand dollars.

There was some talk of an appeal, but the evidence was too clear. So, in the morning, the Kid went over to the Island.

That night I saw Dave at the club.

"I was looking for you," he says. "I got a tough job before me, and I want you to help me."

What d'you think he was going to do? He had sold everything and was going to pay back all he had gotten by—oh, by the way of practical politics. He had written his resignation from the organization.

"And now I'm through," he said, and grabbed my hand. "And you promise me not to let anybody know my whereabouts."

I was completely taken off my feet before I could say anything.

"But how about the Kid?" I finally gasped, and it was as if I had hit him. He tumbled into a chair and cried as I never saw a man—or a woman—cry before.

"My boy," he mumbled to himself. "My boy—what a father I've been to him! Not satisfied with giving him a crook for a father, I had to make him one, too."

"But you're not all through with politics?"

"Politics?" he shouted. "I pray I'd never had anything to do with that devilish game. I only hope that I ain't too old to be honest. And if I'm spared until my son comes home, I'll spend all the rest o' my life to atone and to win his forgiveness. Good-night."

I never heard from him until ten months later, just when the Kid's time was up. Then Dave wrote to me to meet him.

I didn't waste a minute, but chased down to the Twenty-sixth Street dock, where the boat from the Island comes in. Dave was there, and he looked like a different man. All the swell togs were gone. He looked strong and as healthy as a young fellow, and when I looked at his hands I began to smell a rat.

"How's stone-cutting nowadays?" I asked.

"How d'you find out?" he said and laughed.

Then he started in about the Kid, whether he would forgive him and whether he would speak to him, until the boat landed.

Ahead of almost everybody, the Kid was coming down the plank. He didn't hurry much, but came up slow and put out his hand to me.

"I'm glad you came down to meet me, it makes it less lonely," he said.

I waited for him to say something to his father, he couldn't see him.

"Wil—Wilbur, ain't you got a word for your father," the old man kind o' groaned.

"Yes. I have a word for you, but I hoped you would spare me from uttering it," he answered, his face going white. Then, becoming cooler, "Ain't you satisfied yet with what you've done?" he said. "You are nothing to me. Our ways part here. I'm going in search of my lost integrity; you can go back to your politics and crookedness."

The old man just looked at him, with a face that was almost grayish green. Then he hurried away.

Well, I had to talk like a Dutch uncle before I made an impression on the Kid. When I told him how his father had gone back to stone-cutting the Kid softened considerably. And when I threw out that the old man was all broken up and not responsible, and, perhaps, liable to do anything, the boy said: "Come, we must go to him."

We were at the tenement in less than no time. The door was locked, but I heard him inside and heard something else besides, so I put my shoulder to it. He was standing in front of a bit of looking-glass and tried to hide something as we fell into the room. We didn't have to see it to know what it was.

The Kid went up to him.

"Dad, dear old dad, can you forgive me?" he said, and put his arms around the old man.

That was my cue to take a sneak, and I was tip-toeing to the door, when the Kid said again: "We're going to stick together now, ain't we? Not as politicians, but just as honest, square men."

The father couldn't answer — and you know the reason why not.

On my way down those four flights o' stairs I came to the conclusion that it takes a lot of practical politics and crookedness to kill the love between father and son.

THE UNRULY LEAVES

BY PETER McARTHUR

ONLY a slight leverage is needed to turn a new leaf. The whole trouble lies in keeping it turned. This is so true it is hardly worth saying, but as it is the obvious moral of our story it may as well be said at once so that we will be rid of it.

Harold George was one of those comfortable young men who take themselves seriously and for that reason instinctively consider all girls frivolous. But Alma Page's frivolity was of the kind that pleased him because it set off his solid qualities so well, and he called on her so often that observant people began to talk of a match. Of course, he poohpoohed such a possibility, but continued to enjoy himself by having a polly time with her whenever the opportunity offered. As for Alma, she liked his society, and to the best of her knowledge was wholly heart free.

This state of affairs had existed for many months and would perhaps have continued indefinitely had it not been for a chat they had one evening during the Christmas holidays.

"Oh, by the way," exclaimed Alma, "have you made any good resolutions for the new year?"

"Well, no, I can't say I have," replied Harold pompously.

"What a paragon you must be if you don't need to reform in any way! But perhaps you feel that you wouldn't have the power to keep a good resolution if you made it"

Now, Harold prided himself on his strength of will, and he hastened to explain.

"As far as that is concerned you are mistaken. I know I have faults, as all men have, but as they have never caused me any trouble so far I don't feel the necessity of bothering myself about them. However, if you suggest anything in which I need a reform I will show I can do it."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Alma banteringly. "I wouldn't for the world do anything to disturb your poise! You are so perfectly balanced that the removal of even one of your faults would spoil your symmetry."

Harold was not quick of perception, but he realized that he was being laughed at, and in self defence he asked:

"But what have you decided to give up?"

"I can't make up my mind. I have so many faults I don't know where to begin."

At this commonplace statement Harold laughed uproariously, as is the habit of men who have no sense of humour. Her air as she made the statement was so demure, however, that it added to her charm, and as he stopped laughing he looked at her with a patronizing sense of satisfaction that was new to him.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Alma, with a slight pout that was also bewitching. "I am sure there are lots of things that I should turn over a new leaf about."

Harold went off into another roar of laughter. The idea of this fluffy bundle of innocence having great faults was very absurd to him. When he finally stopped, she exclaimed:

"I'll tell you what let's do. Let us each think it over carefully and then decide to turn over a new leaf about something. We really should, you know, and besides it is the fashion at this time of year."

"All right; it is a bargain," he said..

While smoking his cigar on his way home, Harold thought of his proposed reform and laughed to himself at the absurdity of it all. It was foolish of him to allow himself to be led into such nonsense by a girl, but what a girl she was! He was thinking vaguely of giving up smoking as his reform, but he gradually forgot about it thinking about Alma. He had never thought much about her before, but on this night she had interested him. It is true she was frivolous, but so is every woman who is attractive. That she was young and fresh and beautiful was beyond question, and all she needed was a man of strong character, like himself, of course, to direct her and bring out the serious side of her nature. At this point a thought struck him so forcibly that he stopped abruptly with the cigar poised in his hand.

What if Alma was taking his attentions seriously?

It was a disturbing thought, and he walked slowly as he turned it over in his mind. He had always considered it part of his destiny to marry, but he was waiting for the right woman and merely amusing himself in the meantime. But if Alma had learned to love him, and it was quite possible, he might be the cause of a cruel disappointment to her. Women feel such things so deeply, you know. As he thought it all over and recalled many trifling incidents the possibility became a probability, and he was not a little disgusted. It troubled him until he fell asleep and dreamed about her, and in the morning the haunting thought was still in his mind. But he never came to conclusions hastily, and it was not until New Year's Eve that he made up his mind that perhaps Alma, after all, was the woman to make him happy. But before deciding finally he resolved to sound the depths of her character and stop meeting her frivolity with frivolity. Just then it occurred to him that in doing that he would be turning over a new leaf as he had promised to, and he chuckled over his own cleverness.

Alma in the meantime had canvassed her failings carefully and had decided that her besetting sin was flirting. True, she had never flirted much with any one but Harold, and his self satisfaction was so unspeakable that it was a temptation to tease him. But she really did not love him. He was not her Prince Charming by any means, and she would simply have to give up flirting with him. Full of this noble resolution, she awaited his next visit.

On the first evening of the New Year Harold attired himself faultlessly and called at the Page mansion. He had almost decided that Alma was the one woman he had ever met whom he would care to make his wife, and the impression was heightened when she swept into the room to greet him and wish him the compliments of the season. He had brought her a box of bonbons as a New Year's gift and was somewhat surprised by the staid and decorous way in which she received it. His surprise became positive when she said:

"Thank you so much, Mr. George. It is very kind of you to bring me this."

He expected that she would go into raptures as usual, and then the "Mr. George!" They had known each other from childhood, and she had always called him Harold.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked.

"The matter? I don't understand!"

"But—'Mr. George!'"

"Well?"

"But you have always called me" —Then he realized that he was going

to make himself ridiculous, and he stopped in some confusion. It was certainly annoying to have her greet him in this way when he intended to start so differently with her.

"You are not angry at me, are you?" he asked after an uncomfortable silence.

"Certainly not. What put that into your head?"

"But you are treating me so differently from the way you usually do, so—"

"I have always treated you politely, haven't I?"

"Oh, pshaw! I don't mean that. Now I insist on knowing," he began pettishly, but she interrupted him with some asperity.

"Insist, Mr. George! I never knew that you had any right to insist on anything with me."

"I don't mean that," he tried to explain, and in the meantime he was losing his temper rapidly at finding his plans so upset, "but you seem so queer to-night."

"Thanks for the compliment, Mr. George."

The iteration of "Mr. George" exasperated him completely, and he tried to say something, failed, and then started toward the door, intending to leave the house. But at that moment Mrs. Page entered the room and wished him the compliments of the season.

It would not do to let her see that he was angry, so he chatted with her for a few minutes and gradually recovered his self control. In the meantime Alma had time to reflect that she had rather overdone her decorous conduct and was anxious to make up friends. To see him angry was something new, and it gave her a very unpleasant feeling about the heart. She didn't like to think of losing his friendship. Like a true woman, she promptly decided to let the new leaf she had turned over rustle back to its place and begin again with the old one. When her mother left the room, she ran up to Harold and looking up into his eyes with the sweetest penitence pleaded:

"Don't let us quarrel, Harold. I admit I didn't treat you nicely. Won't you let me sing you the new song I have learned?"

Going to the piano, she played her own accompaniment and sang the latest popular song, one that gave her an opportunity to look at him roguishly and flash her beautiful eyes to advantage. He was partly mollified and more in love than ever before she reached the last verse. Her sudden changes from dignity to frivolity bewildered him, but still she was beautiful in all her moods.

"Come!" she said, extending her hand to him. "We are friends again, aren't we? But you must confess you were not exactly the same as usual to me to-night. You were so woefully serious."

She did not withdraw her hand from his lingering clasp, for, like the impulsive creature she was, she overdid her reconciliation as she had her reform.

"Yes, I was more serious than usual," he said, still holding her hand, "but that was because I had made up my mind to turn over a new leaf."

"And it was because I had turned over a new leaf that I was—" Then she stopped and blushed furiously. It would never do to tell him her resolution, and she withdrew her hand, and blushes became her as much as smiles.

"Oh, what was your resolution?" she asked gaily, trying to cover her confusion.

"I had made up my mind to discover—no, I have made up my mind—I love you, Alma! Will you be my wife?"

"I didn't expect this!" she whispered in reply.

"But say you will be my wife!"

"Oh, you must give me time to think!"

"Then you do not love me!" he said blankly.

"I don't know. I always liked you and want to be friends. And to stop flirting with you was my good resolution."

"I want you to stop flirting with me," he said eagerly. I want you to be in earnest."

"Oh, it is all so sudden!" she protested. "Let us not turn over new leaves, but just go back with the old ones just as we were, you know, for awhile."

"No," he said doggedly. "I have turned over a new leaf and over it stays. I want you to be my wife and not simply a jolly friend."

This speech was in every way characteristic of him, and as she looked at him she felt very weak and foolish in the presence of his firmness and strength. She wanted very much to cry and knew that was foolish, too. but every second she felt herself yielding to his dominant will, and when he suddenly clasped her in his arms she made no resistance.

After that what a trouble they had with their new leaves! Now that he claimed a proprietary interest in her, Harold simply couldn't help meeting Alma's frivolity with frivolity and unbending cumbrously in response to her gaiety. And she found it more delightful than ever to flirt with him, now that their little quarrel had made them realize how dear they were to each other. But before the next season of good resolutions had come around they made up their minds that it was altogether too much trouble to turn over two new leaves and keep them turned. So they decided to confine themselves to one leaf and turn it over together.

THE WINTER HILLS

By J. C. M. DUNCAN

ALOOF in undisturbed repose,
In austere white, each high hill rests,
Day prints no stain upon their snows,
Night leans her brow upon their crests.

But when those giants rouse from sleep,
They loose from out their iron hands,
The leashes of the storms that sweep
The levels of the lone white lands.

Yet patient of the hours that bring
The power that sets their pulse astir,
They wait the genius of the Spring,
And shall unbare their brows to her.

There her first altars shall arise;
Then shall each hill-top be divine;
The world shall climb with hopeful eyes,
Those hills, and worship at her shrine.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE defeat of Tammany by the Fusionists in the New York elections has led to some plain speaking with regard to those who voted for "Boss" Murphy's nominees. One American journal tritely observes that there is no need at present to celebrate the victory with the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, and psaltery, as jubilation is out of place when the past is taken into account. The citizens of a great city, like New York, scarcely do themselves justice when they congratulate themselves on ending the scandalous rule and incredible corruption of Tammany Hall. Rather should they feel ashamed of their indifference and inaction in the past, and make it impossible in the future for any man to call himself a respectable citizen who consorts at election times with grafters and corruptionists who batten on the vices of the underworld. That staid monthly, *The Forum,* points a moral which applies to Canadians as well as those to whom it is addressed:

"It is a fundamental change in the attitude of the people that we require, and will have, the change from ignorance, indifference, and indecency to the full knowledge of decency and duty. Let us have done once for all with the shallow flippancy that regards seriousness in public affairs as a mere indication of a lack of humour. Let us have done with the provincialism that parades dishonesty in politics as an immutable and desirable condition. Let us have done with the disgusting public standards that enable an apparently upright citizen to announce openly that he will support an admitted gang of 'grafters' and vote for their continued spoliation of the city and the State."

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Huerta, at the moment of writing, is nearing the end of his unconstitutional dictatorship. Villa, the erstwhile bandit and marauder, is closing in on the Capital, and the days of the Huerta regime may be numbered before this meets the eye of the reader. President Wilson has scored a great personal triumph by the sagacity and judgment he has displayed in the handling of a difficult problem, and, above all, by his rigid adherence to the new principles of diplomacy by which the relations between the United States and Mexico have been governed. When the story of these Mexican revolutions comes to be written it will place a new complexion on affairs that now seem strange and inexplainable. On one hand are the masses of the people struggling against an iniquitous land system, and asserting their right to full self-government. On the other hand are the landowners and foreign speculators—the latter mostly Americans and British—who keep a Diaz and a Huerta in power for the rich concessions they are able to obtain in exchange for graft. President Wilson's part in this difficult diplomatic situation will be better understood when the full facts come to light.

It has yet to be proved that the Mexican people are incapable of self-government or unable to vote intelligently at a free election. Dent & Sons have published a volume on the Republics of Central and South America, by Mr. C. Reginald Enock, that gives a fresh impression of Mexico, from the inside, of which the author writes with first-hand knowledge: Mr. Enock has much that is interesting to say about the relations of Europe and the United States with the Republics, but the chapter on Mexico is naturally the one which at the present moment is of special interest. Mr. Enock points out that in spite of her contiguity to and close commercial relations with the United States Mexico still looks towards France as the land of her ideals and to England as the home of morality in commercialism and leadership in social advance. The American, it seems, has not exercised much influence on the strong Spanish personality of the educated Mexican. Mr. Enock considers that the great bulk of the Mexican people are not lawless by nature, the mestigos, who form the body of the nation, asking nothing more than to work and prosper, and the great peon class being docile and without initiative for creating political disturbance.

Dealing with emigration from Europe to the Republics, Mr. Enock draws attention to the curious fact that a great proportion of the emigrants are really human birds of passage, who cross over from Italy or Spain, gather the harvest in Argentine, and the coffee crop in Brazil, and then, with good wages in their pockets, return home for a period of three or four months. Of 1,000,000 emigrants yearly into Argentine, 500,000 become emigrants again. Mr. Enock thinks that Great Britain might consider this movement in the colonization of her Dominions, especially as regards Canada. As to the future of the South American Republics, and the possible disregard of the Monroe Doctrine by some colonizing power, Mr. Enock points out that the results of the struggle, whether the attack comes from Germany or Japan, will depend upon naval armaments. A German colony in South America would not, in his opinion, be likely to remain permanently under the German flag, for the German colonist is undoubtedly happier under a foreign flag. But to that the Pan-German would doubtless reply: "Give us something better than swamps, and our colonists will show no desire to break away from the Fatherland."

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The number of books and pamphlets dealing with national problems is increasing at an alarming rate. We seem to be getting back once more to the age of the pamphleteers. Not a little of this output is due to the changed relations between Governments and Parliaments. This is especially true of the United Kingdom. The party system has not only effaced the private member; it is in danger of effacing Parliament itself. The House of Commons is no longer the place from which political leaders sway the opinion of the country. Ministers no longer rise to address the House, but the wider constituency outside. Whirlwind platform campaigns have superseded Parliamentary oratory. Time was when the electors had to come hat in hand to the bar of the House with their humble petitions. Nowadays statesmen and politicians have to seek the electors in the highways and byways and by direct appeals to their intelligence and their self-interest endeavour to sway their judgment and win their confidence. From thousands of printing presses leaflets, pamphlets, and books issue daily, and each political party has its own Information Bureau for the education of public opinion. Little wonder that there is seething unrest where so much labour is imposed on the digestive organs of the average student of public affairs.

In this ferment of political controversy, however, new ideas take root, and new standards are created by which to test and shatter the hoary dogmas of a bygone age. Those who take a broad and philosophical view of things see in this welter of confusion the travail of a nation, the growing pains that attend all permanent progress, and the survival of the fittest in parties and national policies. Progress is never backwards, and what political leaders to-day condemn as ruinous to the nation and the Empire, to-morrow will be accepted as the sure foundation of future progress. A wonderful unity of purpose is revealed in the slow growth of the British Empire. There is little room for pessimism, despite the heated conflicts of the pamphleteers, if the controversies of to-day are viewed in the light of past history. It is a good thing for the individual as well as for the nation to have its faith in the future grounded on the immutable doctrine of human progress. Men still have a hankering belief in a "Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will." The truth of all this is revealed in the latest book on Golwin Smith. The sage of The Grange saw blue ruin in every movement with which he was out of harmony, and leaders of public opinion—men who the world now knows to have been the conscious or unconscious instruments of a high destiny in the evolution of national life—were in his erratic judgment little better than tricksters and adventurers conspiring to ruin the British nation and to overthrow the British Empire.

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The Irish leader has very little sense of humour. He is dignity personified. No one could imagine John Redmond telling a story to illustrate a point. When, therefore, he drew a picture of the Irish ship—the Home Rule cause—entering the harbour after weathering many storms, and called for "Full speed ahead!" ancient mariners of a superstitious turn of mind shook their stolid heads at such reckless Celtic daring, while political opponents laughed and seized upon the figure of speech to point a moral of their own. Full speed ahead for a ship entering harbour could only end in disaster. What fate was in store for the third Home Rule Bill? Ulster at the moment appeared to be the only serious obstacle to the realization of Irish Nationalist hopes. The Liberal coalition was still impervious to external assaults. Had Fate ceased to dog the footsteps of Irish agitation? In 1886 Mr. Chamberlain wrecked Gladstone's hopes and led the secession from the Liberal ranks that placed the Government in a minority. The Parnell-O'Shea divorce proceedings and the split in the Irish Party dug the grave of Gladstone's second bill. Would Fate be more kind in 1913? With consummate skill that had won the admiration of veteran parliamentarians Mr. Redmond had manœuvered his ship to the harbour mouth and waited for a favouring tide to cast anchor in port. And then the unexpected happened as it always does in Ireland.

Close observers had long marked "Jim" Larkin out as a factor to be reckoned with in an Irish Parliament. Few dreamt that Larkin, and not Carson, would prove to be the chief menace to the passage of the third Home Rule Bill. Sir Edward Carson has been indulging in a hypothetical rebellion, but the advent of Larkin cuts deeper into the body politic. Carsonism is a passing phase of an expiring cause that will have no resurrection under Home Rule. Larkinism is Nationalism in travail giving birth to democratic ideals. Whatever blemishes may be found in Larkinism—and it is condemned in equally strong terms by Roman Catholic bishops and Socialist leaders—it means the awakening of Nationalist Ireland by the fairy godmother. Democracy. Larkinism is at once the

despair both of Redmondism and Carsonism. It gives the lie to the Ulster bogie of religious oppression under Home Rule. It proves what every Irishman knows in his heart that the lines of cleavage in an Irish Parliament will be economic, not religious. It offers hope of the consummation of the dream of the young Irelanders in 1848, of a union of North and South on a platform from which sectarian differences will be banished. For Mr. Redmond it means much anxiety as to the fate of the Home Rule Bill, and at the best the knowledge that in his first Parliament on College Green he will represent the past sufferings, but not the future hopes, of his country. The day for which Michael Davitt longed and prayed has broke in the Green Isle and the first beginnings of his platform of national democracy are being set up in the Irish metropolis. The Irish Nationalist Party has played a stupid game in relation to Larkin. Not a single member, nor a single Irish newspaper has espoused the cause of the strikers in Dublin. This is in strange contrast to the English press, where the cause of the workers has received sympathetic treatment at the hands of all parties. Not so Ireland. Labour and the Irish Nationalist Party have parted in the hour of testing, and no efforts of diplomacy can alter the destiny of the two forces which fate has decreed shall lie wide apart.

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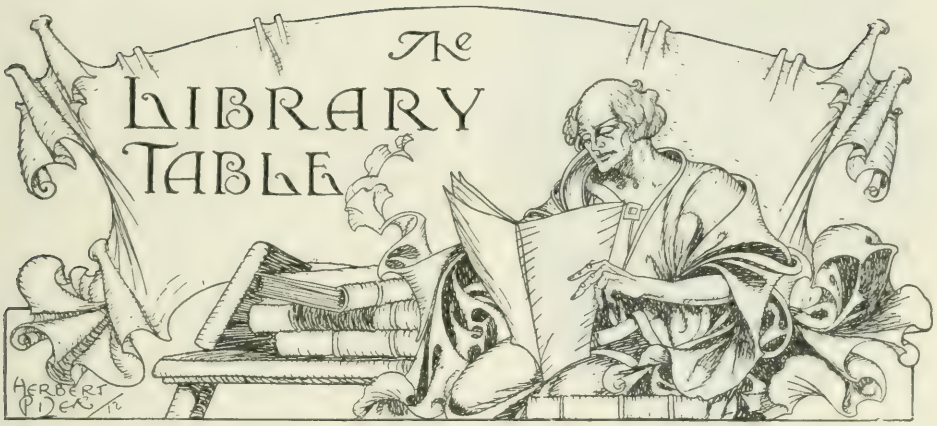
The approaching celebration of the hundred years of peace between English-speaking peoples has let loose the floodgates of discussion as to the future relations between Canada and the Empire on one hand, and between the United States and the Empire on the other. Mr. J. Ellis Barker and Sir Gilbert Parker, among a host of writers on the subject, have written advocating an Anglo-American reunion—a defensive alliance against all the rest of mankind. Community of blood, speech and political institutions form the basis of his claim for closer union between the Empire and the Republic. By some in the United States Mr. Barker's articles are criticized as "the skirmish line of a projected assault, in connection with British Imperial federation, upon the continental independence of the United States." Writing from an American standpoint, Mr. Delos R. Baker asks, "Why were these articles written?" He proceeds to answer his own inquiry by disputing the British premises that between the two peoples there is a community of blood, speech, and political institutions. "If," he says, "Mr. Barker thinks our people are Anglo-Saxons, he should walk down Broadway and read the names on the store-fronts. He should saunter through the Bowery with open eyes and ears and nostrils. Let him read the names in the poll-books of New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and San Francisco, and remember that a large share of the English patronymics belong to varieties such as mulattos, quadroons, octoroons, who bear no affection to their Anglo-Saxon ancestors of the days of slavery, and cherish no pride in their admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood. The farmers and market-gardeners of the United States are more than half German or of German descent." After much more in this strain, Mr. Barker questions the right of Canada to enter a federation of British nations. "If this scheme of British Imperial federation is to be pressed, Canada has come to the parting of the ways. She will have to become American, or else carry her British affiliation to some other and more congenial continent. . . ."

TOWARDS EVENING

From the Painting by Andre Lapine.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE YEAR BOOK OF CANADIAN ART

Compiled by the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE introduction to this volume sets forth concisely its object: "Canadians have been largely advertised as a progressive, successful people, but so far no attempt has been made to review their achievements in those fields in which the fame of other countries has long been established. To supply the deficiency, this volume is published." The arts represented are literature, architecture, music, painting, sculpture, and the book shows what progress was made in these various arts during 1912 and 1913. In every instance the subject treated was assigned to the person regarded as the most capable, with the result that there are in all thirty-seven articles, essays, and sketches, and each one may be considered as the work of an expert. A few of the subjects, for instance, are: "Canadian History and Biography," "French-Canadian Literature," "Poetry," "Fiction," "Choral Music in Ontario," "The Present State of Grand Opera in Canada," "Canadian Art," "Architectural Development in Canada." There are fifty-two illustrations, most of them full-page in size. The book is well printed on good paper, and it is artistically arranged and bound. As all the contributions were gratuitous, it was possible to publish the book at the low price of one dollar.

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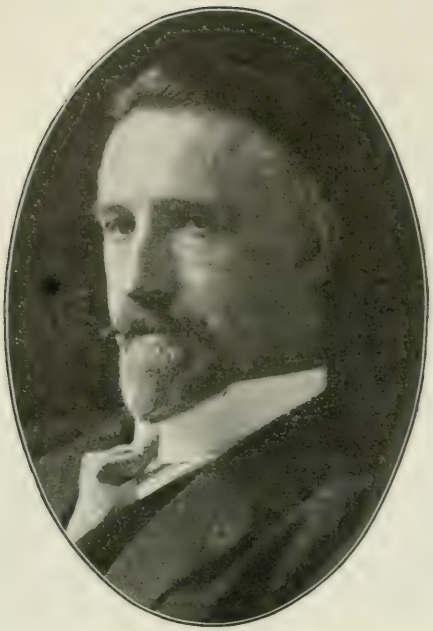
MY LIFE WITH THE ESKIMO

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS large volume, profusely illustrated, with map and comprehensive index, is a result of several years of life with and amongst the Eskimo tribes of the far North, Written without any effort to be romantic or sensational, it nevertheless is undoubtedly the most fascinating account yet published of travel and exploration in Arctic regions. Per-



MR. ALAN SULLIVAN

Author of "The Passing of Oul-I-But and other Tales," which is published by J. M. Dent & Sons.

haps the most interesting chapter, certainly from an anthropological point of view, is the account of the discovery of the "Blond" Eskimo, the small band of about a thousand, who inhabit Victoria Land. The author had paid a visit to the Dolphin and Union Straits Eskimo, a race of hospitable, virtuous, peace-loving people, and from them had received accounts of the village on Victoria Island. Wishing to visit this village, he procured a guide, and upon arrival at his destination he found himself face to face with an important scientific discovery. Here was a race of people, many of whom had blue eyes, light and even almost white eyebrows, curly reddish brown hair, fairer complexions than the average Eskimo, and heads shaped like mixed white and Eskimo. What is the origin of this isolated tribe? That is a problem over which the author makes some conjectures. Mr. Stefansson says that while in the Mackenzie District in September, 1907, there were only a few Christians, although some missionaries had been at work there for more than a decade; but on his return in July of the following year he found to his amazement that every man, woman, and child had been converted. The change he attributes to fashion, it having within the year been thought advisable to adopt the new fashion and become Christians, as had other tribes. In this connection he makes the singular observation that all races of men have some form of religion, and that the lower one goes in the scale of human culture the more religion one finds. The volume contains many absorbing chapters, and one can imagine the difficulties encountered when on one expedition it was found necessary to travel 400 miles to Point Barrow because Sergeant Fitzgerald, of the Northwest Mounted Police, would not give them a supply of matches (an article they had forgotten) unless they would remain near the barracks and under police protection. There are many other trying experiences and hair-breadth escapes, so that altogether the volume is intensely interesting as well as instructive.

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THE PASSING OF OUL-I-BUT

By Alan Sullivan. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THIS volume of short tales by a Canadian writer is noteworthy because it gives another instance of the encouragement the publishers (J. M. Dent and Sons) are lending to writers in this country who seek public support. The tales are mostly of life in the Canadian north country, a country familiar to the author. One of them, "The Training of Chiliqui," appeared originally in *The Canadian Magazine*. With each tale is an appropriate poem by the author. "The Passing of Oul-I-But" is, itself, one of the most powerful tales of the North ever written. (London and Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons).

T. TEMBAROM

By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Toronto: William Briggs.

FROM a waif of the New York streets to a man of title in England is a big jump, but everyone who knows T. Tembarom as the waif will be delighted to see him "come into his own" later on. As a downright likeable character this one is hard to beat. Even at that early age he had an alluring grin—a grin which curled up his mouth and showed his sound, healthy, young teeth—a lot of them. And even at that early age people liked to see them. It was sheer grit that carried this fellow of no education on to a newspaper. It was to that newspaper's advantage that they appreciated his cheerfulness, his gift of slang, and his way of making friends. The shabby third-rate boarding-house to which he betook himself in these days of comparative affluence was a good deal happier for his presence. It was this shabby boarding-house that possessed that treasure beyond price—Little Ann, to whom T. Tembarom, like the sensible fellow he was, lost his heart for good and all. It needed something quite unusual in the way of women to be T. Tembarom's match. And Little Ann, with her English daisy face and the forget-me-not blue eyes, which made her look like a nice baby of a singularly serious and observing mind, *was* that unusual person. Indeed she was, as the young men in the boarding-house used devoutly to observe, "a wonder." She was a useful little person, too, as well as a goddess. "She mended their socks and sewed buttons on for them with a firm frankness which could not be persuaded into meaning anything more sentimental than a fixed habit of repairing anything which needed it, and which, while at first bewildering in its sincerity, ended by reducing the youths to a dust of devotion." When fate brought it about that T. Tembarom, to his by no means unqualified satisfaction, was found to be the possessor of an ancient name and a fabulous income, and an inheritance in England so important that he *had* to live on the spot, England, to put it mildly, had the surprise of her life. Later on England, when she had got over the first shock, delighted in T. Tembarom, but she could never fairly be said to get used to him. His slang was of an exotic type. As things panned out T. Tembarom was restored to the wilds of New York, but not before he had "made good" over there.

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THE FRONTIERS OF THE HEART

Translated by Frederick Lees from the French of Victor Marguerite. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

THIS is a novel based on the Franco-Prussian war. A French girl, Martha Ellangé, visits the town of Marburg and there meets a German doctor named Otto Rudheimer. Notwithstanding their different temperaments, nationalities, religions, habits, Martha and Otto fell desperately in love with each other. Their parents object strenuously to a marriage fraught with so many difficulties, but the young couple are determined. Martha goes as a bride to Marburg, but just before the outbreak of war she returns to her father's roof at Amiens to become a mother. The husband joins the medical corps of the Prussian army, and in time enters France and, naturally, the home of his wife and little child. But the war has engendered a terrible animosity against the Prussians, and Martha and Otto find that their early romantic attachment will not withstand their present clashing sentiments, and accordingly there is now between them no bond of sympathy except the child. Martha returns to Marburg and takes the child with her, although she rebelled greatly against going. The situation, how-

ever, is impossible, so that Martha soon finds herself agreeing to a petition for divorce. She goes back to her native country, taking the child with her. The father's hope is that by having the child with him for a time every year he will grow up with German ambitions and a love for the traditions of his father's people. All of which suggests a sequel. It is a good study in racial animosity.

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THE STORY OF WAITSTILL BAXTER

By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS is a departure from the racy type of story by the author who has become famous as the creator of Rebecca, Polly, the Birds, Penelope, and Timothy, and many readers may not find it racy enough. However, it is a pretty, gentle, placid story. Waitstill Baxter and her sister, Patty, lived with their miserly old father, and, though they did their duty to the old curmudgeon, found life a thankless task. Patty made a runaway marriage, while Waitstill went to the man she knew adored her and offered to become his wife. This man, who was the good and true Ivory Boynton, was an excellent son to a mother who had lost her memory and who eventually died.

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HAGAR

By Mary Johnston. Toronto: William Briggs.

A REVIEWER of this novel asks a very pertinent question. Hagar is a keen advocate of equal suffrage, and when she is on the point of marriage she tells the man that while she is determined to make the adventure with him she has no intention of giving up her work in the cause of "woman's rights." "I wish a child," she says, "when it needs me, and when it needs me I shall be there." The reviewer asks, How about half a dozen? Half a dozen children would not give Hagar much time to pursue her work for women. One child, of course, would not be so bad. A woman could manage one all right; and I suppose some women would feel that in the one they were fulfilling their whole duty to God and man. But there is another phase of Hagar's philosophy. She says, "I wish a child when it needs me." She does not say, "I wish a child when I need it." Most women need not a child, but children; and that is just where Hagar came to the stumbling-block in her desire to serve her own sex and at the same time carry out, to some degree at least, the whole function of womanhood. It is an interesting novel, with a slight love element compared with the buoyant romance by the same writer—"To Have and to Hold."

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THE DARK FLOWER

By John Galsworthy. London: William Heinemann. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

LIKE all Mr. Galsworthy's novels, this is a supreme piece of fiction, the kind, again, that one cannot describe. One has to be a reader of Galsworthy to appreciate the peculiar grace and subtlety of his art. For his work is genuine art, not so much the thing itself as the way it is done, which, of course, is everything. Here we have a youth, a young Oxford youth, walking along Holywell on an afternoon in early June. He is on the way to read to his tutor an essay on Oliver Cromwell. At the tutor's home there is Anne Stormer, the tutor's wife, with her brown hair, her deep-set ice-green eyes under black lashes. This woman is old, although she has but thirty-six years —many years older than the youth whom she grows to love. The boy becomes an easy prey, his very inadequacy of thought and expression

making him all the more touching. The dark flower—passion—was all a-bud within him. But his was a divided allegiance. Because, as luck would have it, there was also by his side a jolly little girl, who climbed trees with him, a little girl who had ripping hair, and whose eyes were of a stunning forget-me-not blue. And when Anna Stormer heard youth call to youth she stood aside. Her tragedy is all the more biting because it is lived under the satirical eyes of her enigmatical husband. Did he care under the distinguished irony of his regard. Once we find him looking at her, and at a supreme moment,too, and it almost seems as if that suave irony was all there was to him. "But one hand on the edge of his coat pocket—out of the picture, as it were—was nervously closing and unclosing." That suggestive hand is all we are ever to know of how he felt. But if it were necessary at this time of day it would be sufficient to prove Mr. Galsworthy the supreme artist.

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THE LADY ELECT

By Norman Hinsdale Pitman. Toronto: Henry Frowde.

THIS is the story of a Chinese girl who rebels against an "arranged" marriage and of the terrible ordeals of her lover, who braves the horrors of Buddhist tyranny in order to save his sweetheart from the fate arranged for her by a wicked priest. The author is a Professor of English in Peking Normal School, and he has many opportunities to study at first hand Chinese conditions. The story deals with a time prior to the recent "awakening" of China, but even in the development of the romance one hears rumblings of an approaching upheaval. The illustrations are Chinese in character, and evidently they are the work of native Chinese artists.

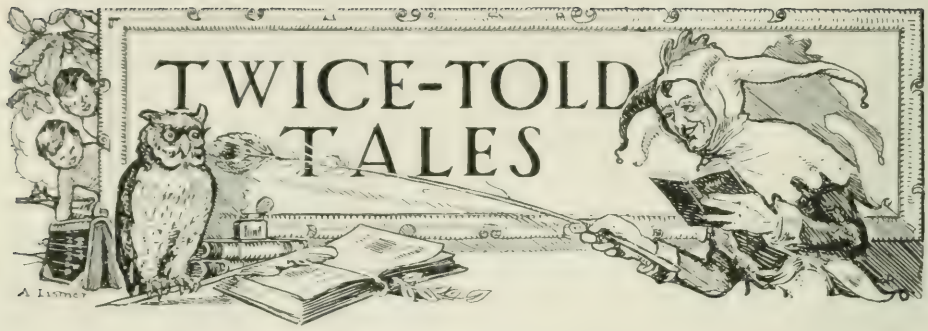
JACK CHANTY

By Hulbert Footner. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS Canadian writer's novels are above all other things full of action and colour. He deals with the North country as if he knows it, and his characterizations are as a rule well done. His sense of the dramatic is not over-refined, because at times his incidents become melodramatic, but one should remember, of course, that he writes about a country and a class of people whose life and character is made up largely of melodrama. In this story he throws a veil of mystery around his hero, for Jack Chanty on a raft floats into the story in the very first chapter and falls in love with Mary Cranston, daughter of the Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort Cheever. Jack formerly worked in a bank in Montreal. Shortly after his departure for the woods another clerk in the bank steals ten thousand dollars, leaving the impression behind that Malcolm Piers (otherwise Jack Chanty) is the thief. When the guilty man and Jack Chanty come face to face, at Fort Cheever, neither knowing the other to be within a thousand miles, the melodrama begins, but it is thrilling and picturesque.

*

—"Book-Plate Specimens" is the title of an interesting booklet dealing with the history, art, and usefulness of the book-plate. While book-plates have been in use almost ever since books themselves have been printed, their popularity and value have increased tremendously within recent years. Now that every school and college possesses a library, the use of the book-plate is invaluable because without it many volumes would be lost. It is a much more dignified mark than that of the commonplace rubber stamp. (London, 49 Gt. Portland Street: Henry A. Ward).



Make Sure of Him

The late Wilbur Sanders, of Montana, once United States Senator from that State, rode into a Montana mining town one afternoon and found the entire population about to lynch a man who had been stealing ore.

Sanders pushed his way into the crowd.

"Stop this!" he thundered. "Stop this! I protest! There has been too much of this sort of thing in Montana. We must break up this habit we have of hanging men without a trial by law. You must not hang him now. Let us give him a fair and impartial trial as prescribed by law, and then hang him!"—*Exchange.*

*

Do You Mean What You Say?

Inquirer—How much are the seats in the parquet for the Nazimova engagement?

Boxoffice Man—Two dollars for the first fifteen rows.

Inquirer—Oh, I don't want nearly so many. How much for just two seats?

Boxoffice Man—But what's the use? You wouldn't print what he said.—*J. U. H.*

Gratitude

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeil Whistler at dinner one evening.

During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward toward the artist.

"Aw y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I pahssed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you, very much."—*London Tit-Bits.*

*

"Old Use and Worn"

General Marion Maus has a keen and delicate taste in literature, and at a recent dinner at Vancouver Barracks, discussing a popular novel of little worth, General Maus said:

"The pathos of the book is really bathos. It reminds me of a private's widow. The good woman was about to sell her household furniture, her rugs, plated ware, and what not. As she was going over these articles her eyes filled with tears, a host of memories rose to her mind, and laying aside a half-dozen knives, she said: 'Oh, dear! I can't let these go! They've been in poor George's mouth too often!' "

Genius and Marriage

"The married life of a genius is usually unhappy—so is that of his wife."

The speaker was Miss Helen Gould, who was discussing marriage in general.

"To be the wife of a genius is bad," she said, "but to be the husband of one is much worse. At a musicale I heard a lady say:

"'Who is that man with the soft-bosomed shirt and Windsor tie?'

"'He is the husband of the wonderful contralto, Vivavoce,' her companion answered.

"'Yes,' said the other, 'but who was he before his marriage?'"

*

Good-Night

The neatness of the New England housekeeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages.

A bit of dialogue reported as follows shows that there may be another side to the matter:

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer, as he made final preparations for the night.

"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along until morning."—*Everybody's.*

*

A Double-Edged Question

The late Bishop Fowler was presiding at a Methodist Conference when he made a ruling that displeased a prominent Methodist editor who was present.

The editor sprang to his feet and paraphrased a verse from the Ninety-first Psalm: "Deliver me from the snare of the fowler!" he shouted.

Before he could go further Bishop Fowler calmly broke in and completed the quotation: "And from the noisome pestilence!" And the editor had nothing more to say.—*The Saturday Post.*

A Close Shave

Lord Crewe, who tells many a good story, relates the following concerning his father, the late Lord Houghton. In a second-hand dealer's shop in Wardour Street one day Lord Houghton saw and admired a portrait of an admiral in full uniform. He offered £5 for it, but the dealer refused to part with it for less than £7 10s. As neither would give way the picture remained where it was. Not long afterwards, while visiting at a country house, Lord Houghton saw the picture hanging in the dining-room. He went towards it with an exclamation of surprise. "Hullo! what have you got here?" "Oh that is a portrait that has just been bequeathed to us," replied his host, a rather vulgar, boasting man. "It is the portrait of one of Nelson's admirals, an ancestor of ours." "Was he, indeed?" commented Lord Houghton. "A month ago he was within two pounds ten of becoming one of mine."—*The Tatler.*

"An' hoo's yer husband this morning, Mrs. Tamson?

"Oh, he's awfu' bad. The doctor said his temperature has gone to one hundred and fifty."

"Nae, nae, you've made a mistake. Sandy's temperature could never be as muckle as one hundred and fifty; at least, no in this world." —*Tatler*

The Muzzled Wolves

"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could feel their muzzles against our legs so that—"

"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Have Snows, Dear

A young Montrealer went to London last winter and was making a call upon a pretty young woman whom he had met there for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered. "At this season it always snows."—*The Montreal Herald.*

Diminutive Convivial One: 'Ow do I look, Fred?
Fred (buoyantly and with conviction): Absholutely one of the (hic) nuts. —*Tatler*

Wanted to Swap

Two Kansas City lawyers, whose names are withheld for obvious reasons, declare that they were present when the following incident occurred:

Uncle Mose was a chronic thief who usually managed to keep within the petty-larceny limit. One time he miscalculated, however, and was sent to trial on a charge of grand larceny.

"Have you a lawyer, Mose?" asked the court.

"No, sah."

"Well, to be perfectly fair, I'll appoint a couple. Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown will act as counsel."

"What's dat?"

"Act as your lawyers—consult with them and prepare to tell me whether you are guilty or not guilty."

"Yas, sah."

Mose talked to his attorneys for a few moments in husky whispers. The judge caught only the word *alibi,* several times repeated. Then Mose arose, scratched his head, and addressed the court:

"Jedge, yoh Honah," he said. "Cou'se Ah's only an ign'ant niggah, an' Ah don' want toh bothah yoh Honah, but Ah would suttinly like toh trade, yoh Honah, one ob dese yeah lawyers foh a witness."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Must Hurry Up

Mr. Charles Leach, M.P., the author of a determined effort to curtail the length of Parliamentary speeches in the British Commons, was at one time a noted Congregationalist minister. One of his stories concerns a "Passive Resister," who, speaking at a crowded meeting about his favourite topic, apologised to the chairman for the length of discourse by saying: "Sir, I am not speaking at present to this magnificent audience, I am speaking to posterity!" "Then hurry up, old chap!" was the chairman's audible retort, "or the young beggars will be here before you've finished!"

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THE GLASS VASE

From the Painting by John Russell.

THE

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LOUISBOURG TO-MORROW

BY BECKLES WILLSON

AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC", "THE ROMANCE OF CANADA" ETC.

[Editor's Note: In the following article Mr. Beckles Willson for the first time presents a concrete scheme for the restoration, or rather the continued preservation, of one of our great national shrines, whose present condition constitutes a national reproach. It need hardly be added that the plan has the approval of many of the leading public men in Canada. The accompanying photographs taken by the author show the present condition of the chief features of Old Louisbourg.]

"OH, no, sir, I think you must be mistaken—General Wolfe dined in this house on the 27th. He sent in provisions to the Governor and took Mme. Drucour in to dinner. He, and not General Amherst, was the first to enter the town—by the Dauphin Gate after the surrender. He came in with Captain Bell. The first of the garrison to salute him was a French sergeant named Aubert, who had been sent by the Commandant to stand by the gates for that purpose."

My interlocutor and guide was a young woman of perhaps two-and-twenty, and we stood on the highest acclivity of what had been the chief street of the vanished city of Louisbourg, the wide pale stretches of foam-flecked beach behind us.

"You see, I was born here and I lived here nearly all my life, and so did my father and his father. I have always tried to know everything about the story of old Louisbourg—bit by bit—just as it happened. My grandfather, who was born in 1809, and lived until the year after I was born, knew Aubert himself and many of the soldiers who destroyed the walls and bastions. When I was a very little girl it was quite real to me. I always think of myself as living in a city." She laughed. "A Boston gentleman gave me Mr. Parkman's book when I was twelve: but already I knew things that were not in that book at all. There are some families of fishermen about here who are descended from the French and English soldiers who were in the last siege. Sometimes—" She paused.

"Yes?" I prompted curiously.

"Sometimes I have had the most wonderful dreams. I dream about

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG, 1758

From the Drawing (now at Woolwich Arsenal) made on the spot by Lieutenant T. Davies

things that are not written in the books. I seem to see all the houses and people just as they were then—as if I had seen them with my own eyes. Can you understand? A gentleman from Sydney wanted to know how I knew all about the uniforms of the regiments—what General Amherst or Admiral Boscawen wore when they came to Madame Drucour's dinner-party. Well, I told him I had dreamt it, and he laughed and said I had somehow dreamt right. I told him about Wolfe. Now, the only full-length picture I had ever seen of Wolfe shows him landing at Louisbourg. In the picture he is drawn about middle-size. I told him that was all wrong—that Wolfe was very tall. 'How do you know that?' he said. 'Because whenever I have seen Wolfe jumping out of the boat at Kennington Cove, he was enormously tall and thin—taller and thinner in his body—not his face—than anyone I had ever seen.' 'That's so,' he said. 'Wolfe—according to the undertaker who laid out his body—was exactly six feet, three inches—taller than Washington and nearly as tall as Lincoln.''

It was in the company of just such an unparalleled cicerone as this that I made a mid-summer perambulation of the site and amongst the vestiges of the costliest and one of the two most notable strongholds of the New World. How is it possible, one perpetually asks oneself, that the ground of Louisbourg, with all its Homeric record of strife and valour, should be overtaken by such utter neglect? Few visitors ever repair hither, and yet it cannot be only its remoteness that prevents it from being a great historic shrine for thousands of Canadians. A populous settlement, three miles nearer civilization, has sprung up on this bleak coast, usurping the name of the old town and fortress. Appalled by the badness of the shore-road, I am told many intending tour-

A HERO OF LOUISBOURG—GENERAL WOLFE

From the Portrait painted justed after the siege of Louisbourg and now in the Art Gallery of Laval University, Quebec. It is attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds

ists content themselves with a glimpse of Louisbourg harbour and return by rail to Sydney.

But if a holiday-maker seek emotion by contemplating object-lessons in history—how amply will he here be repaid! Than these few acres, where once stood proudly a town and fortress, inclosing thousands of souls, there is no more romantic or inspiring monument in all our land.

"Here," wrote Francis Parkman, seated, pencil in hand, on the broken keystone of the Citadel, "here stood Louisbourg: and not all the efforts of its conquerors, nor all the havoc of succeeding time, have availed to efface it. Men in hundreds toiled for months, toiled with lever, spade, and gunpowder, in the work of destruction and for more than a century it has served as a stone quarry; but the remains of its vast defences still tell their tale of human valour and human woe."

In the last quarter of a century,

THE KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG, FROM THE MOAT

barring the natural action of Time and the elements and the activities of local cellar-builders, the demolition has ceased. There have even been rude and misguided attempts to arrest decay. On the other hand, the contrast between old Louisbourg's pristine glory and its present degradation has received emphasis. For the newer fishermen's cottages—some two storeys high—with their gaudily-painted weatherboards, mock at the prostrate fragments of carved granits facades and old tiled roofs. On the site of the Queen's Bastion is today a cattle-shed. Yonder, beside the browsing cattle are the bricks—now coated with a rich *patina* of which the Governor's mansion was built. That dark hole in the ground was his Excellency's wine cellar, from which hundreds of fat black bottles have been withdrawn—one of which in an excellent state of preservation confronts me as I write.

But, come—having entered by the Dauphin Gate, let us stroll up this lane—once the Rue du Roi. Let us traverse these paths (fenced in latterly by barbed wire), let us climb these crumbling walls and enter these cavernous case-mates and figure in our mind's eye precisely what Louisbourg was in its prime.

It was just two centuries ago that the French landed here. After the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 the Ministers of King Louis seem to have made up their minds that if they were to retain their hold on New France they must effectually guard the eastern approaches to the St. Lawrence. The best way to do this, they thought, was to plant themselves upon Isle Royale (Cape Breton) and build there an impregnable fort. To our way of thinking their engineers would have been better advised if they had chosen St. Paul's Bay, Cabot Strait, at the far north of the island, for this fort; but they had their own reasons for wishing to be on the Atlantic seaboard, and the extensive and sheltered harbour they found farther south attracted them. Out of four suggested sites in 1719 they chose this prolonged neck of land on the harbour's southern shore. No one then suspected the ultimate cost: which was so great as to necessitate a curtailment of the original plans. I have myself

STOREHOUSES, KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG

seen these plans in the French Colonial Archives: and can testify to their elaborateness of intention and also to the technical beauty with which they were prepared. The chief engineer, Martin, and his associate engineers and architects, seem to have had their imaginations fired by the idea of a noble fortress arising in the bleak solitudes of those northern coasts. A hundred acres were to be inclosed within this—the most strongly fortified town in the Western Hemisphere. And so in 1718 ships bearing hundreds of workmen set forth and the building began.

The engineers took advantage of three hillocks for their work, the middle, the highest one, being destined for the citadel of King's Bastion, to contain the Governor's house, the church of Our Lady of the Angels, and the barracks The line of works extended from the harbour on one side to the sea on the other. The town's principal gate, the Dauphin, was close to the harbour, and was defended by a spur and demi-bastion, the guns on the former sweeping the harbour. On the sea side was the strong Queen's Bastion, subsequently made even stronger by a demi-lune in 1749, after the first siege. Closer to the low-lying shore was a demi-bastion, La Princesse, from which a wall extended eastward to a couple of other demi-bastions. From the battery north of the Dauphin Gate ran a great wall, which inclosed the harbour side of Louisbourg. The whole of the outer works were constructed on the system of the celebrated Vauban. First came the smooth turf of the glacis, which rose from the surrounding moor to the parapet's edge. Four feet above was a narrow banquette, upon which infantry could stand in shelter and sweep with their musketry the slopes of a glacis beyond. A twenty-foot-wide covered way appeared below the banquette, in which the troops could muster and manœuvre: and farther inward the ditch eighty feet wide. The walls, thirty-five feet high, were crowned by a rampart, enclosing a banquette and open space for the cannon, which were fired through parapet embrasures. As to the ordnance, there were within the walls at least 125 heavy guns, of which sixty-nine were twenty-four-pounders, and twenty-

BOMB-PROOF CELLS, LOUISBOURG, LOOKING TOWARDS THE QUEEN'S BASTION

nine firing forty-two-pound balls. The length of the western wall was about 1,000 yards, and from their interior to the eastern bastions about a quarter of a mile, which was the length of the chief streets of the town.

Outside her own area Louisbourg was well defended: for immediately opposite on the extremity of Point Rochefort was a battery of seventeen guns, while on the island at the entrance to the harbour was a battery of thirty-nine guns. Another, the Royal Battery, faced the entrance to the harbour on the far western shore, where the coaling port of New Louisbourg now stands.

Within these lines a town speedily uprose. The workmen brought their wives or sent for their sweethearts. Fishermen flocked hither. The houses were for the most part of wood and the streets narrow, twenty-four feet wide: but they were very picturesque. In 1740 there were already 2,000 souls, a number which came to be swollen by the garrisons at a critical period to from five to ten thousand. It became the chief station for France's North Atlantic fishing-fleet at a time when the fisheries were worth to France nearly a million pounds sterling. It then filled the place subsequently occupied by St. Pierre. The harbour yonder—now only visited by coaling-craft—was for forty years crowded with vessels. There were men-of-war, too, of a type far superior to any England could then boast. French East Indiamen, which had filled with precious cargoes, put in at Louisbourg on the last stage of their long journey round Cape Horn. There were merchant vessels bound to and from Quebec, and many coasting ships from New England and the West Indies.

"Sailors and fishermen of all countries come hither," wrote an English captain in 1740, "English, Spaniards, Portuguese, Basque Dutch, and Bostonnais. There is one good inn, the Lion d'Or, and three others—all generally crowded. The Governor is very hospitable to the officers and sets a bountiful table, with the best wines."

Soldiers in white uniforms incessantly paraded the streets; there were naval officers in blue and subalterns in scarlet and gold-lace. Many monks

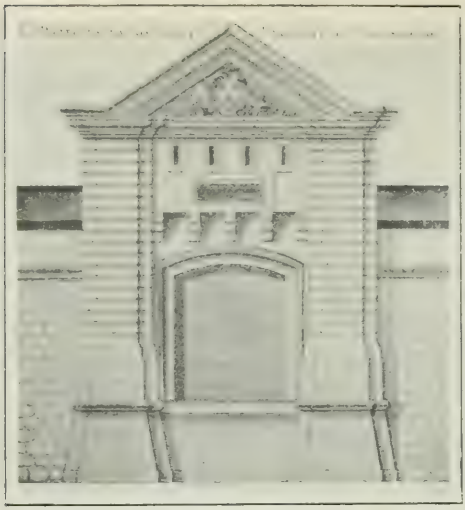
BOMB-PROOF CELLS, KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG, SHOWING WOODEN SUPPORTS

and missionaries came hither from time to time, and there were always a goodly number of Yankee traders and adventurers. There must have been some convivial gatherings at the officers' mess in the King's Bastion at the Governor's house and the Lion d'Or.

"The Golden Lion Inn was in the Rue Richelieu, at the corner of the Rue du Roi," said my fair guide. "It is there—just where that snake-fence begins. The swinging sign was carried away to Plàcentia, and nearly a hundred years afterwards my grandfather saw it in the corner of a loft. He said it was beautifully painted. But, of course, the French carried away very few souvenirs of the town. Some few things went to Arichat and St. Peters, but the windows, doors, and mantel-pieces were taken to Halifax and Boston. There are some Louisbourg relics in Salem."

In 1742 a French officer reported to his Government that Louisbourg was impregnable—it was so strong that it might be held by an army of women, against any assault. Certain English prisoners who had languished within the fortress thought otherwise and reported their opinions to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, soon after the outbreak of war between France and England.

One night in April, 1745, just after a public ball in Louisbourg, a captain, attired in his night-clothes, came rushing into the chamber of the Governor, M. Duchambon, to report that a strange fleet had been sighted entering Gabarus Bay, five miles distant. Soon the cannon were booming loudly from the walls and a peal of bells rang through the town. The enemy, a Colonial force, led by William Pepperell, made a feint of landing his troops at a certain point so as to deceive the enemy. A skirmish took place, in which the French were beaten back and some of them taken prisoners. Before nightfall 2,000 of the New Englanders had planted foot on the shore, and the next day the siege of Louisbourg was begun. A hard and dangerous task, owing to the high-rolling surf, was the landing of the artillery and stores. The men had to wade into the sea to bring the guns, ammunition, and provisions on



PORTE DE MAUREPAS, LOUISBOURG

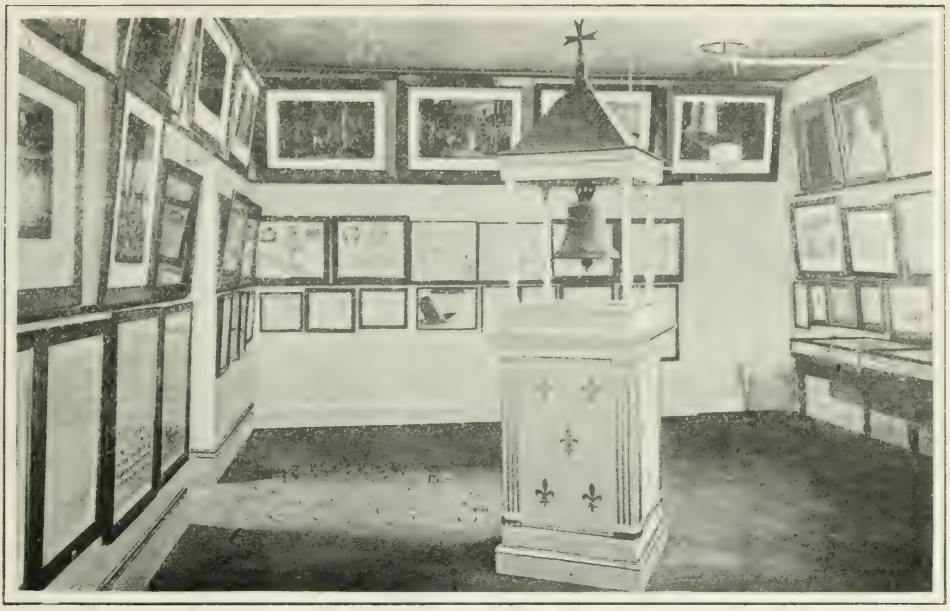
From the Engineer's Plan

shore. This operation alone took an entire fortnight. Batteries were thrown up, in spite of desperate sallies made from the town by French and Indians. An outside battery was captured, mounted with twenty-eight heavy guns, which now belched forth shot and shell amongst the besieged. Louisbourg surrendered after a siege lasting forty-nine days.

After the siege a mortal scourge raged throughout the garrison, and when spring came it was found that out of 3,000 men 1,200 had died. Their bodies were buried in the cemetery on Point Rochefort, mingling with the dust of the valiant French dead, before and afterwards.

The fall of Louisbourg, the key to French power in North America, seemed almost incredible to the French. It was resolved at Versailles that an expedition should be sent out to Cape Breton to recapture it at all hazards. One of the finest fleets that ever left the shores of France sailed from Rochelle the following year, commanded by the Duc d'Anville, consisting of thirty-nine ships of war, with orders to recapture Louisbourg and Nova Scotia, to ravage Boston and the New England coasts. But a fierce tempest dispersed the whole squadron. When, at Chebucto, d'Anville arrived with the remnants of his fleet, his mortification was so great as to induce an apoplectic stroke, from which he died, and on an island in what is to-day known as Halifax Harbour, his body was buried. On the afternoon of the very day on which the French commander died, his vice-admiral, Destournelles, arrived with three more ships. More than 2,000 men of the fleet were stricken with fever, and eventually perished. Destournelles, seeing no hope for success, proposed that the expedition should be abandoned and that the fleet should return to France, a proposal which most of his officers resisted. They desired to attack Annapolis, which was weak and had a small garrison. Once it was captured, Acadia could be regained for France. Admiral Destournelles, thinking his action reflected on his character and honour, retired, and next morning they found he had stabbed himself through the breast.

But the French fleet never got to Annapolis. Another great storm arose, scattering the ships, and after 2,500 brave Frenchmen had been lost in



THE BELL FROM THE CHAPEL AT LOUISBOURG

Now in the Chateau de Ramezay, Montreal

this ill-fated expedition nothing remained at last but to return.

With the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle Louisbourg was restored to France. One of the first acts of the new Governor was to despatch the Grand St. Esprit to Halifax for the body of the ill-fated admiral, the Duc d'Anville, Peer of France. With pomp and ceremony the remains of the Duke were interred before the altar of Notre Dame des Anges.

Local tradition has it that when the church was destroyed the admiral's body was taken out of its coffin and placed in the earth in the same spot, and there it is to-day. Years ago some boys found the skeleton, while looking for bullets and covered it up again. The same story is told of the remains of the Earl of Dundouald, who was slain in the second siege: his grave being marked to-day by two uncouth stones.

In June, 1758, came the second siege and Louisbourg's doom..

A messenger ran to Governor Drucour to report that the young English general — Wolfe — had landed with a detachment a few miles south of the town at Kennington Cove, and, though met by a galling fire, was pushing inland. On the receipt of the news the greatest excitement prevailed. One of the priests ordered the church bell to be tolled to summon all the women and children to prayer. The second siege of Louisbourg had begun, and after six weeks' bombardment Drucour reluctantly surrendered.

To-day we can trace the exact sites of both Pepperell's and Amherst's camp by Freshwater Brook, on the far eastern ridge overlooking Coramandière (or Kennington) Cove: the outlines of Captain St. Julien's earthworks are still visible from whence he poured such a fierce fire upon the initial invaders: there is the very spot (Wolfe's Rock) where the young brigadier landed: there are even sticking upright in the sand, after a century and a half, the spruce spars which formed the outer shore palisade.

VIEW OF LOUISBOURG, FROM NEW LOUISBOURG

"I went into Louisbourg this morning," writes Wolfe to his mother in a letter which lies before me, "to pay my devoirs to the ladies: but found them all so pale and thin with long confinement in a case-mate that I made my visit very short."

The French prisoners, naval, military, and civil, were carried to England that summer. During the siege a thousand men had been slain. Some attempt was made to repair the damage to the town wrought by the siege. Broken doors and windows were patched up, and the streets cleared of débris: for Louisbourg was to be for many seasons yet the garrison town of British troops. In the May following Wolfe returned with the army destined to capture Quebec. At Louisbourg the men were paraded and found to number 8,635 men, a small enough host for so great a task. Here the young general formed a special corps of picked men, to which he gave the title of the Louisbourg Grenadiers. They came to be in the vanguard on the Heights of Abraham. The bandmaster composed a march for them, and the air of the "Louisbourg Grenadiers," first heard on these wind-swept desolate hillocks where now we stand, was played when Wellington led his battalions against Napoleon at Waterloo.

Those were light-hearted days at Louisbourg when at mess (as Captain Knox tells us) the toast was:

"British colours on every fort, port, and garrison in North America!"

It was only a brief respite for Louisbourg as a fortress. The fiat of doom went forth after the fall of Quebec. Louisbourg must no longer be a possible source of danger. No more would those guns gleam from the parapet: they were carried away to Halifax, to Boston, to New York. The great cross on the Church of Our Lady was taken down and now reposes in the library of Harvard University The bell which summoned the faithful in peace and sounded

THE SHORE (RICHELIEU) ROAD, ON THE OUTSKIRTS

THE KING'S BASTION, LOUISBOURG

Looking towards the Harbour and showing the sites of the Town Hall, Parish Church, and Barracks

alarms in war is now in the Chateau de Ramezay at Montreal. The ornamental stones of the great gates and the Governor's and Intendant's houses were carried off to adorn colonial mansions and estates. One beautiful carved chimney-piece is now in Halifax—another is in Charleston, South Carolina. After two regiments of soldiers had laboured a whole year at demolition the heaps of masonry became a quarry for the people for leagues around, and I have seen many a remote and lonely wall, whose dull gray stones in other days had resounded to the songs and jests and laughter of King Louis's soldiers or of the burghers and sea-faring folk of the Dunkirk of the North.

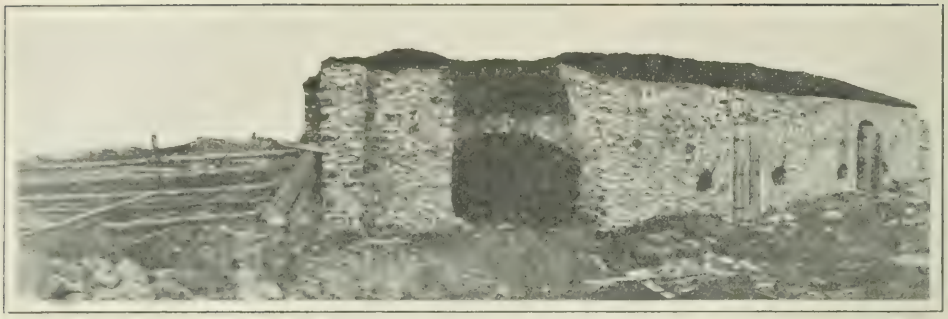
Delenda est Carthago: and now we behold instead a corrugated waste, a few fishermen's cottages, a few cattle and sheep and the legion of unauthenticated ghosts which an imaginative maiden sees when, milk-pail on arm, she pursues her solitary path amongst the ruins.

So much, then, for the Louisbourg of Yesterday and To-day: what of the Louisbourg of To-morrow? Are these glorious vestiges to be preserved as an object-lesson in history, as relics of human valour, as a memorial of the gallant dead amongst victors and vanquished? If so, how is it to be done?

The area of desirable protective operations within the ramparts covers roughly about sixteen acres, including the King's Bastion, the Citadel, the King's Bastion with the upstanding ruins of seven bomb-proof casemates, three to the north and four to the south; the site of the parish church, the barracks, and the Governor's residence. To-day the lines of the ramparts are clearly traceable: the glacis and the ditch are much as

THE PARADE GROUND AT LOUISBOURG

The Ridge of Stones near the middle marks the site of the Parish Church



CASEMENT OF THE KING'S BASTION, LOOKING SOUTHWARD

they were, and even the stone-lined covert way only requires careful denudation. The huge masses of stone on either side of the parade-ground are the foundations of the buildings of the Citadel. The works best preserved are the case-mates just mentioned; four of the seven are roofed; but the cement applied a few years age was badly mixed; it became white and friable, and it is already perishing. The whole of these highly interesting chambers could be restored at a small cost. The stone materials of the Church of Notre Dame des Anges might easily be used for the erection of a small chapel over the remains of the Duc d'Anville, Peer and Admiral of France, whose body was interred within the church. Tablets should record the sites of all the principal streets and buildings: and the road opened in 1906 by the local authorities should be closed in favour of the parallel Rue de Richelieu. On the site of the house of the Governor Drucour and his not less gallant wife, there are abundant materials for a stone building wherein to deposit the many relics of the ruins, many of which are now in public and private hands and would, I have ascertained, willingly be restored for such a purpose. There are many prints and documents, maps, and plans also available. Some twelve authenticated Louisbourg cannon now scattered in various parts of Canada might further embellish the precincts and the ground of the ramparts and parade should be levelled and the turf kept in condition.

To the southeast the street leading to the cemetery at Point Rochefort should be re-opened and that deserted and sacred spot, with its thousands of graves, placed in a more seemly condition. The graves, too, of Lord Dundonald and his Highland companions, near the Black Rock, might also properly receive at-

THE RUE DU ROI, LOUISBOURG
At its junction with the New Road recently enclosed. On the left is the Governor's Garden.

tention. I believe the present Lord Dundonald has expressed a desire to erect a memorial there. The various fishermen's cottages should be transferred outside these precincts; not more than four or five altogether, two uninhabited, would require removal farther south.

For the execution of these works, which would redound to the honour of our country, I have made a careful estimate. I believe that the sum of $20,000 would suffice, to which sum should be added a small annual grant for maintenance by a duly appointed custodian who would keep the turf and monuments in repair. Such a sum might easily be raised by subscriptions amongst the wealthy few; but then its significance as the action of the whole people through the Government would vanish.

There is one body, not, indeed, of the Government, yet under the auspieces of the Government of Canada, which might, with great propriety and advantage, assume charge of this work of the preservation of historic Louisbourg. This body is the National Battlefields Commission. The labours of its members at Quebec, under the presidency of Sir George Garneau, in rescuing and embellishing those historic sites, have given them just the experience, the tact, and the taste which will be required at Louisbourg. While the Commission would not, in the ordinary course, demand of Parliament an extension of their statutory scope, yet I am glad to be assured, by Sir George Garneau himself, that they would not refuse this additional trust. Of the sympathy of the Minister of Militia, Colonel the Honourable Sam Hughes and his predecessor, Sir Frederick Borden, the country may rest assured.

It is little flattering to our pride as a nation that our neighbours, the Americans, should long since have erected a monument commemorating their part in the Louisbourg siege and their hero, Pepperell, while we have done—nothing. Nearly a generation has passed since this monument was entrusted to our care; we have not cherished it; it shows but too plainly the signs of neglect. The ground at its base is little better than a rubbish heap: the iron railing is sadly rusted and in a few years the whole must share the surrounding decay.

Meanwhile $5,000 of Dominion money has been appropriated and is being spent in repairing the ruins of the little frontier fort of Cumberland on the borders of New Brunswick. It is a good work and well worth doing; but surely Louisbourg should have come first.

I ask every Canadian who cares for his country's self-respect, is it creditable to us that at the very portals of our great and opulent country there should continue so long to stand this shabby and neglected theatre of two of the most thrilling dramas in our history which every Canadian schoolboy knows by heart.

AFTER TWENTY-ONE YEARS

AN APPRECIATION OF WHAT IT HAS MEANT FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE TO ATTAIN ITS MAJORITY

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

DEPUTY MINISTER OF EDUCATION FOR ONTARIO

WHEN a Canadian periodical reaches the close of its twenty-first year and enters its forty-second volume, we may truthfully say that it has reached a great age. *The Canadian Magazine* having happily attained this distinction with its present number, an old contributor may be pardoned for indulging in a few words of congratulation, and some observations upon the vicissitudes of magazine publishing in this country from 1789 onwards.

The predecessors of *The Canadian Magazine* all perished in their prime. None enjoyed a span of life that embraced maturity. They were numerous, they came into the world with smiling expectancy, and they departed usually ere youth's radiance had left the hills. The record, from the earliest period, is a melancholy one. Behind many of the ventures were literary talent, energy, and confidence. In the older Provinces, beginning with *The Nova Scotia Magazine* in 1789, monthly reviews or magazines appeared from time to time, yet in every case the inexorable forces that control even publishers prevailed, and in due course it became manifest that to launch a literary periodical was to point a moral and adorn a tale.

For the benefit of the curious in such matters, it may be noted that this Province (Ontario) had no magazine previous to 1833. From 1833 to 1893, there appeared eighteen of them. These do not include publications devoted to religion, education, science, or sport, but are literary periodicals such as are usually designated by the generic term magazine. Each of these had merits of its own, and the superficial observer cannot help wondering why some of them at least did not survive. The average life of a magazine seems to have been from one to three years, although, as we shall presently see, *The Canadian Monthly,* perhaps the most notable of all the Ontario ventures during the above-mentioned period, lasted for ten years. But it may be said generally that brief life was here their portion. The older magazines looked for the sinews of war to subscriptions rather than to advertisements, and this explains much of their difficulty in firmly establishing themselves, because everyone knows that in our own time we owe a free and prosperous press to the immense increase in the revenues from advertising. But the Canadian magazine field has always been restricted, never marked by tempting opportunities, and apt to deter rather than to attract ambition. After a pretty exhaustive investigation into the history of all these enterprises, I am

convinced that patient courage under the thousand natural shocks every publication is heir to, a patriotic spirit that has never quailed, and excellent management are the causes which have enabled *The Canadian Magazine* to emerge successfully in spite of the repeated previous failures during a long century of discouragement.

The community of feeling or sentiment which we call nationality scarcely existed at all before the adoption of Confederation in 1867. Each Province was engrossed by its own affairs, and the so-called Union of the Canadas meant as little in literature as it did in politics. Two magazines, one issued in Toronto, the other in Montreal, during this period are typical of the adverse conditions which beset Canadian periodicals. The earlier of these was *The Literary Garland,* published in Montreal by John Lovell, and edited by Thomas Gibson, a retired teacher of some parts and learning. The magazine was quite abreast of its contemporaries at home and abroad, and its contributors included names of well-known writers like Mrs. Moodie, Charles Sangster, Fennings Taylor, and Mrs. Traill. It ceased to exist in 1851, and the following year *The Anglo-American Magazine* was begun in Toronto. Upper Canada, with its thriving population of English-speaking people, ought to have presented a good opening for a magazine. In the pages of *The Anglo-American* appeared serially Auchinleck's History of the War of 1812, and the editorial symposium of Mr. McGeorge, modelled upon the *Noctes Ambrosianae* in *Blackwood's,* and styled "The Editor's Shanty," was a characteristic feature. This periodical is remembered chiefly by reason of Mr. McGeorge, of Streetsville, who was a man of some note in his day. I possess the volumes of this magazine (as, indeed, those of several others) and on turning the pages one finds it hard to determine why popular favour turned so resolutely away from this form of instruction and entertainment. The fact remains that with a unanimity not symbolic of the press they all came to an untimely end.

With Confederation occurred a quickening of the national sense. The possession of a great region to govern, and the stimulus of a liberal constitution produced at once greater buoyancy and a wider outlook than Canadians had ever known before. The need of a national periodical, both as a forum for discussion and a vehicle for literary expression, made itself felt. In January, 1872, the first number of *The Canadian Monthly and National Review* appeared. In a brief introduction the editor, G. Mercer Adam, declared: "Where several attempts have failed, the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful. But it is hoped that the efforts to give an organ, in the form of a periodical, to the intellectual life of Canada, is now made under better auspices than before." Goldwin Smith was the literary godfather of the new venture. The papers signed "A Bystander" provided him with the pseudonym which he employed on many occasions to the end of his career. The contributors were representative of the best literary talent available in Canada. If *The Monthly* proved more of a review than a magazine it was not lacking in the lighter kind of reading in prose and verse. Its old numbers must be consulted by all who wish to know the Canada of the seventies. Political questions were freely discussed, and the future of the Dominion was the subject of many earnest disquisitions. In announcing its demise, in June, 1882, *The Monthly* took a philosophical view of the failure to secure the necessary support. "A day, we hope, will come," declared the editor, "when the political game will not absorb every thought of the nation and when literature will hold up its head in honour. Till then the higher thought of the country must find such

channels of utterance as public caprice or indifference graciously open to it, and monthly reviews must uncomplainingly suffer eclipse." Meantime, a similar fate had, in 1878, overtaken *The New Dominion Monthly*, begun by Mr. John Dougall in Montreal to usher in the Confederation. Never so vigorous as its Toronto contemporary, it had nevertheless given an opportunity to Canadians to express their preference for a magazine or for none at all. The verdict, as in all the previous cases, was an emphatic no.

Ten years passed away, and the field remained unoccupied. There was, it must be confessed, slight encouragement in past experience to attempt another magazine. Marked advances had been made in literature and art, and there were evidences on every hand of material prosperity. The day of magazines had indeed dawned, but Canadians were placidly content to import them from abroad, and if, as sometimes occurred, they found in the periodicals of the United States articles which were distasteful, they hugged the offender and forgave the offence. One of these famous periodicals fought the whole Civil War over again during many months and smoking battlefields became the staple diet of reading Canadians. Our situation, therefore, was not exhilarating. There existed conditions, into the detail of which it would be tedious to enter, that bore hardly upon the production here of superior publications. Tariffs, copyright laws, and Governments have all been the foes of good printing with us. The atmosphere of indifference, too, survived in a manner highly characteristic of this country in its dislike for appeals to patriotism, its admirable contempt for spreadeagleism, its refusal to believe that because something was Canadian it must of necessity be good. If not carried too far, this is an attitude of mind to be encouraged. In 1893 the time had come to check its over-development. Several far-seeing and public-spirited persons formed a company to publish a monthly periodical, and thus, from the outset, a permanent basis was laid down. The editor, J. Gordon Mowat, was a journalist of experience, and his kindly qualities secured for him a host of sympathizing friends. He was familiarly known as "Moses Oates," a sobriquet adopted during a brief and troubled career as a weather prophet. It may be that his skill in meteorology enabled him to discern the appropriate moment for launching the barque into that stormy sea which had already swallowed up so many victims. Contributors with a claim to be read were not lacking. The first article in the initial number was from the pen of the brilliant Dalton McCarthy, then at the zenith of his influence as a political leader. The writers who rallied around the magazine in early days included Professor William Clark, of Trinity College; William Ogilvie, the explorer of the Yukon; the Reverend Doctor Blackstock, the scholarly Methodist divine; Mr. Justice Longley, Professor Willmott, Principal Grant, Duncan Campbell Scott, S. J. Wood, and Hector Charlesworth.

The danger stage once passed, it became evident that the magazine had made a distinct place for itself. The modesty of those who have since devoted themselves to its welfare prevents me from doing them full justice. They have accomplished a task which for over a hundred years proved impossible of fulfilment. *The Canadian Magazine* is now read from ocean to ocean and forms one of the links which bind our distant Provinces together. It will flourish as one of many proofs that the New Canada has cast into the abyss of unprofitable things those doubts and fears which so long held her in thrall.

THE PALM-LEAF FAN

From the Painting by Franklin Brownell

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A "SALADIN" FIGUREHEAD

Drawing by Gyrth Russell, from the original in the possession of Stairs, Son, & Morrow, Halifax

THE "SALADIN" PIRATES

BY ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

TO the left of the hospital drive at Halifax there is a low, round knoll encircled by a straggling fringe of young trees. I can never pass it without thinking of the story which ended there on the thirtieth of July, 1844. It is a black story of sordid crime, of blood and treasure, of punishment overtaking sin. Only he who told of the homicide on board of the *Flying Scud,* and the killings on Treasure Island could do it justice, but Tusitala sleeps on the top of Vaeea Mountain, and the chance auditor must do what he can lest the tale be lost.

In October, 1842, Captain George Fielding sailed from Liverpool in the barque *Vitula,* a fine vessel of 460 tons, for Buenos Ayres. He was a son of a soldier of the 30th Regiment and had lived in Gaspé. In person he was stout, well built, with strongly marked features, by no means unpleasing. His expression denoted great decision of character, a trait essential in the master of a ship. Although not an educated man, he had picked up enough French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch to make himself understood among sea-faring folk in those languages. With him he took his son, George, a smart boy about fourteen years of age; and though twice married, and his second wife alive, he tried to persuade a girl in a Liverpool hotel to go off with him. Before sailing, some agent of the Naval and Military Bible Society gave him a copy of the Holy Scriptures, suitably inscribed on the title page. It was little read, being reserved for another purpose.

Finding freights low at Buenos Ayres, Fielding sailed for Valparaiso. There the situation was no better, and he determined on a step which cost him his vessel. He sailed up the coast to the island of Chincha to smuggle a shipload of guano, the pro-

perty of the Peruvian Government. The authorities got wind of this bold evasion of the law and sent a force of fifty soldiers to seize the *Vitula.* Fielding, undismayed, prepared to resist them; he had firearms laid out on the deck and was in the act of cutting the cable with a carving-knife, when the boat-load of Peruvians came alongside. His crew of fourteen, which he bullied and starved, ran below, but Fielding and his mate fought. Fielding was shot in the shoulder, but he was overpowered and brought with the *Vitula* to the port of Pisco, fourteen miles away. All the city came out to see him. He was so weak from the loss of blood, which saturated his clothing, and even his shoes, that he could not walk or stand. He was set on a mule and, with two men supporting him, was sent to the convent hospital to have his wound dressed. From Pisco, he was taken to Callao, and the *Vitula* was anchored under the guns of the fort. At first he was allowed the liberty of the port, although the crew were thrown into prison. Fielding, the resourceful, hatched a scheme for cutting out his vessel at midnight, and sounded various persons in the port on their willingness to help him. They informed on him, and he was put in prison. With the help of his clever son, young George, he managed to escape in a *poncho,* passed the sentinel, and, after hiding in the shavings and carpenter's litter of a dockyard for two days and two nights, found refuge on board a British steamer and so reached Valparaiso once more.

But he was a ruined man. He had lost his vessel. The Peruvian courts had condemned and sold her for $15,000. How was he to face the owners, Myers & Company, Liverpool, whose vessel he had flung away? Who would ever employ him again? All he had managed to save from the wreck were some clothes, charts, and instruments, and also the ship's Bible. His son was not in custody and came to Valparaiso with him. All this happened in the month of July, 1843.

For some time Fielding remained in Valparaiso, trying to obtain a passage home. The *Jeremiah Garnett* and the *Belfast* would not take him, but in an evil hour for himself, Captain "Sandy" Mackenzie, of the barque *Saladin,* of Newcastle, agreed to give him and young George a free passage to London. The *Saladin* was a beautiful barque of about 550 tons register, with a bronze figurehead of a turbaned Turk in accordance with her name; her cabin was magnificent, with staterooms suitable for lady passengers, being fitted with mahogany and other valuable woods. She was loaded with guano and about twenty tons of copper. In her run, she carried thirteen bars of silver, each weighing 150 pounds, a chestful of dollars, and a number of money letters. The master was an old-fashioned, driving, swearing, drinking, capable son of Neptune. He had followed the sea for twenty years, had acquired a competence, and was now able to retire and live ashore. He had decided that this was to be his last voyage. His plan was to settle down at Newcastle with his family. On the 8th of February, 1844, the *Saladin* sailed from Valparaiso on what was to prove her last voyage. Including the two passengers, there were fourteen souls on board.

Apparently Mackenzie and Fielding were too much alike to get on well together. Two of a trade cannot agree, says the proverb. Before long there were frequent quarrels between the two captains, with no assigned reason. On shipboard character manifests itself with surprising distinctness and rapidity. In a very short time fellow passengers learn to like or dislike one another. The fact is notorious. These men soon came to hate each other, and quarrelled continually, even in the hearing of the crew. Fielding sometimes refused to come to the table for his meals, and

Mackenzie would tell his mate, Bryerly, that it served him right for giving him a passage. Fielding was a desperate man, ruined, with no future, and, apparently from mingled motives of hatred and greed, formed a plot to get possession of the *Saladin.*

He first approached the sail-maker, George Jones, who came from county Clare. He was a man of middle size, with dark hair, full blue eyes, and heavy lowering brows. He was a cripple, having lost his leg by the fall of a spar, and, like long John Silver, he wore a stump. Until the Horn was rounded, Jones acted as steward, and was a witness of the endless quarrels between the captains in the splendid cabin. After rounding the Horn, a young Scotsman, named Galloway, took his place, a fresh-coloured boy of nineteen, with gray eyes and a prominent forehead. He was the son of a book-seller and he could read and write well; he even understood something of navigation. Jones went back to his sedentary sail-making, and, after his quarrels Fielding would come and go all over them again with him. He would talk to the ignorant foremast hand about the amount of money on board, what a fine prize the *Saladin* would make, and asked if he would fight, if attacked by pirates, for such water thieves were among the perils of ocean navigation as late as the forties. So he won Jones over, and then used him as a tool to gain the remainder of the mate's watch.

The other conspirators were William Trevaskiss, who shipped under the name of Johnson. He was a short, broad-shouldered, thick-set man, with dark blue eyes, and a bold, determined, forbidding expression in them. According to his own account, he was discharged from the U.S.S. *Constellation,* in Valparaiso, but he was more probably a deserter. To his shipmates he was "Bill," or "the red-haired man." The fourth conspirator was John Hazelton, five feet, six or seven inches in height, who claimed the North of Ireland as the place of his nativity, but spoke with a Yankee twang. He was a black-haired man with neatly-trimmed whiskers and large full bright eyes. According to one observer, he was "the beau-ideal of a pirate," which implies a standard of comparison. The fifth to join the murder pact was Charles Gustavus Anderson, a Swede from Udavalla, where his father was a master shipbuilder. He was about Hazelton's height, dark-haired, brown-eyed, and he spoke broken English. He was a mere lad, only nineteen, but he entered into the plot eagerly. When Jones broached it to him and said that "Sandy" was to be killed, the Swede cried, "By G—d, I'll take a knife and cut his throat. He shall no more strike me away from the helm." All Fielding's tools were young. The oldest was only twenty-three.

Murder was brewing on the fated *Saladin,* but none except the conspirators had the least inkling of what was coming. The secret was well kept. Once peg-leg Jones attempted to give the captain a hint, but "Sandy" repulsed him with,

"You d—d Irishman, I want to hear nothing."

After getting all of one watch on his side, Fielding played on their fears. Each man must now help himself through, or his own life would pay the forfeit. The leader's plan was well considered, to the last detail. It was to kill the captain and mate first, then, the members of the other watch, as well as the cook and the steward; then, after gaining possession of the ship, they would sail her to some lonely harbour in Gaspé or Newfoundland, go back to the United States, return in a small vessel and carry off the dollars to spend in some foreign land. What was at the back of Fielding's brain can never be known, but from what he tried to do, it is doubtful if he intended that any of these ignorant tarpaulins

should ultimately share in his gains.

The *Saladin* was two degrees north of the Line, in the region of calms and light baffling winds, by Friday, April 13th, and the plot was ripe. All but the sail-maker were on deck; as he was not there, the attempt was postponed. Jones tried to excuse himself for hanging back, but Fielding told him:

"There is no use making a fool of yourself. If you go back, your life is no more."

On Saturday, Fielding and Mackenzie had a violent quarrel about the gig, which was heard by all the men on deck. Then Fielding told his accomplices,

"It must be done this night."

That night, or rather, early Sunday morning, it was done. The mate, Bryerly, had the middle watch from midnight till four o'clock, and with him came on deck the four men engaged to kill him. He gave Hazelton the wheel, saying:

"Jack, steer the ship as well as you can. I do not feel very well."

In the light airs anyone could steer. He went forward in his oil-skin coat and lay down on the hencoop. He had made his last entry in the log the day before at noon. Once he rose from the hencoop and asked Captain Fielding to go below. Fielding said he would, but first he went forward and spoke to the watch. Bryerly lay down on the coop again for his last sick slumber. The day before, the carpenter had been working on deck, and his tools, claw-hammer, broad-axe, maul, adze, and the rest lay in the stern of the long-boat. The four, Fielding, Trevaskiss, Jones, and Anderson, crept aft silently and armed themselves from the carpenter's tools, and gathered around the unconscious mate. Trevaskiss brought down his axe; the unfortunate man had only time for a single cry, and Fielding, Trevaskiss, and Anderson bundled the body overside. Then Fielding came to Hazelton at the wheel and said:

"There is one gone," he whispered.

Then followed an anxious, quavering time in the dark. The murderers were undecided what to do next. There were four of them, armed with lethal weapons, but they feared to attack Mackenzie single in his berth. They peered through the skylight into the after-cabin to see if he was asleep. At last, the Swede and black-whiskered Hazelton stole down the companionway. There was a long silence. Jones, the shaking coward at the wheel, let the ship run up into the wind repeatedly in his agitation, and Fielding would take it out of his hands and put her back on her course. Then the two crept up the companionway again. They had done nothing. "Sandy's" brown dog watched beside his master. He growled or stirred at their approach, and they were afraid he would bite them. In the silence of the tropical night the captain's bell rang twice, but no one attended to it. The *Saladin* made her quiet way through the broad waters.

They then decided to kill the carpenter, who lived in the steerage. Fielding stationed Trevaskiss, Hazelton, and the Swede around the hatch and called their victim up into the ambush. Before he reached the deck, Anderson struck him heavily with his own hammer. He fell forward stunned, or at least not killed outright. The three dragged him up and flung him over the side, but the water revived him and he made some outcry as he went astern. This gave Fielding the opportunity he wanted. Ambushing his murderers around the companionway, he raised the cry of "Man overboard." At the same time, Jones rattled the skylight and joined in the cry. It brought the captain flying up the companion-way in his shirt, shouting to the steersman:

"Put the helm hard down!"

As his head came above the companion-way, Anderson, who was standing on the scuttle, struck him, but the blow injured him little. Mackenzie sprang at his assailant. An-

derson ran to the break of the poop, then turned and grappled with his captain. Fielding shouted to Jones:

"D—n you, why don't you run after him. If you don't lay hold of him, I'll give you a clout that will kill you."

Jones left the wheel and flung his arms around Mackenzie's neck. The luckless man had time to realize his plight and recognize his murderer. He cried, "Oh, Captain Fielding—" when his charity passenger struck him twice with his broad-axe, saying:

"Oh, d—n you, I'll give it to you."

Mackenzie fell to the deck. Fielding hauled the body forward of the companion-way and struck it again, and then flung it overboard. His son, young George, stood by shouting to "give it to him."

Three men killed! It was nerve-racking work, and more was to be done. Fielding, Hazelton, Anderson, and Trevaskiss went into the cabin to get a drink. Then the wooden-legged man was relieved at the wheel and he, too, went below for a supply of Dutch courage. When Fielding came on deck again, he said to his son:

"I am captain."

Young George had regrets. He replied:

"It was a pity I had not a blow at Sandy."

For some time the murderers stood on the quarter-deck consulting what to do next. There were still four lives to take. In order to arouse no suspicions, Fielding was to conceal himself in the companion-way. Young George was behind him at the foot of the ladder, armed with a carving-knife, under his father's orders to "stick" the first man who should come down. Jones was to lie down in the long-boat, Anderson was to lean against the main-mast pretending to be asleep, while Hazelton and Trevaskiss should go to call the morning watch. The plan succeeded to admiration.

There was a pretence of hauling down the flying-jib and the captain's watch was called. It was Jem Allen's trick at the wheel. When the sleepy man came aft to relieve Hazelton, he paused for a moment and stood facing the stern, for a reason all sailors will understand. Nothing was further from his thoughts than death, when Anderson stole up behind and struck him in the back of the head with an axe. The force of the blow sent the man overboard, Fielding watching all the while from the shadow of the companion-way. Then he said to Hazelton, relieving him at the wheel:

"Jack, you have done nothing yet. Take that axe!"

The order, as Hazelton stated afterwards, was "strict," and, as he was afraid of being killed, he obeyed. Thomas Moffat came sleepily and unsuspiciously on deck and sat down on a spar near the galley, with his two good shipmates, Hazelton and Trevaskiss, on each side of him. As Moffat turned his head toward the bow, Trevaskiss nodded to Hazelton to strike. He struck with the axe; Trevaskiss struck; and Moffat fell to the deck bleeding like a stuck pig. A third seaman, Samuel Collins, had gone into the head as look-out. After felling Moffat, Hazelton sang out to Anderson to "finish" Collins. One blow in the skull "finished" him, and he sank through the rigging to the sea.

Six men murdered within an hour or so! In all the seven seas that peaceful Sunday morning was there a stranger ship afloat than the elegant *Saladin*, rocking in the doldrums! Again and again her deck had been the scene of murder most foul, and, through it all, two men had slept the heavy sleep of tired sailors. These were the cabin-boy, Galloway, and William Carr, the cook, a stocky, pock-marked, fresh-coloured Englishman from North Shields, who could read and write and carried a well-worn pocket Bible.

They also were marked for death, and Fielding, the resolute, was all for having them go the way of the others; but his butchers were sick of their bloody work and would not consent to their shipmates' death. Perhaps it was the daylight, which showed them what they had done.

About six o'clock, Carr awoke and turned out to his duty as usual. Like Bryerly, he had been sick for a couple of days. As he came aft to the galley, he saw on the starboard side by the foremast backstay a great quantity of blood, where poor Moffat had been felled like an ox. On the poop stood Fielding and his four accomplices. The helmsman had called them up from the cabin, when he saw Carr on deck. The cook was slow to realize what had happened, and came farther aft to inquire the reason for the blood, when Fielding bade him halt.

"What is the matter?" Carr asked, in confusion.

"Come up. We will not harm you." Carr came up the ladder crying like a child with fear, and asked again:

"What is the matter?"

"I am commander of this vessel now."

"What does this mean?"

"The master and crew have gone away and left us," replied Fielding.

Carr glanced around the empty sea and then at the *Saladin's* deck. All the boats were in their places.

"It is impossible," he gasped. "It can't be the case—all the boats are about the ship."

Fielding then spoke out.

"We have finished Sandy. We shall have no more cursing and swearing now. We have finished the carpenter, mate, and Jemmy, Moffat, and Sam."

Carr looked down at the feet of the murderers and saw their bloody tools, recognizing a small hatchet of his own, and the carpenter's adze, maul, and hammer, and he thought he was within an inch of his death. Amid his tears and sobs, he managed to stammer:

"It is a serious circumstance."

Said Fielding: "Will you join us?"

"If I do not," said poor Carr, "I suppose I must go the same road as the rest."

The sailors sang out that he should not go overboard. Hazelton made the trembling man sit down on the skylight and tried to quiet him. No more lives were to be taken, and, disappointed, Fielding told him to go down into the cabin for some grog. Young George gave him something out of a bottle, which he needed badly to steady his nerves, and then he went forward to light the galley fire and prepare breakfast. Nearly all that day he was crying for fear. Well he might. As soon as his back was turned, Fielding told his tools that when they got near land, he would kill these two, and the "Dutchman." Galloway, the cabin-boy, had followed Carr on deck laughing, and, when he learned of the murders, wished that he could have had a "cut at Sandy." He agreed to share the lot of the pirates.

The ship was put about, and Fielding shaped the course northwest and by north, away from London, and towards Newfoundland. The remnant of the crew were divided into watches, Carr, Galloway, and Hazelton forming one. After breakfast, Fielding spent the morning rummaging the papers, letter-bags, and desks in the after-cabin. A number of money letters were burnt by his orders, after the money enclosed had been taken from them. He locked the spirits from the men, but it was observed that he drank heavily himself. Even his iron nerves needed artificial strength. There were some arms on board, and these the crew threw overboard, except a cutlass and Captain Mackenzie's fowling-piece, which Fielding said they might need to shoot sea-birds. Their butchering tools, two hatchets, the carpenter's

broad-axe, adze, and large hammer also went over the side, "lest," said Captain Fielding, "we should get jealous of one another."

Being the Christian Sabbath, the day was not allowed to pass without some form of religious observance. Fielding called the crew into the fine, mahogany-fitted cabin, where they had spliced the main-brace that morning and boasted, as the liquor took hold, which was the best murderer. He explained that it was best for everyone to swear "to be brotherly together"; and he brought out his Bible, which had shared his adventures from Liverpool round the Horn and back again thus far, and which he had preserved when he lost the *Vitula.* In turn each blood-guilty man kissed the book and swore to be "loyal and brotherly" to one another. So did Fielding, who was even then plotting the murder of the men he was swearing to fidelity. His son was not required to take the oath, being too young. One thinks of the homicides on the deck of the *Flying Scud,* repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison.

The murder plot had been a complete success. The ship, with all its wealth, was in the hands of Fielding and his assassins; but a black atmosphere of suspicion descended at once upon that fatal and perfidious barque. That same night, Trevaskiss told Carr and Galloway that Fielding meant to do for them, and that if they went, he would lose his life as well. So these three formed some sort of pact, an offensive-defensive alliance. When Trevaskiss went below at eight o'clock, the end of his watch, he found that by the captain's orders, Carr and Galloway were to berth forward in the forecastle, while all the rest were to live in the cabin. He asked his mates why the cook and the cabin-boy were not allowed the same privilege? He was referred to the new captain, and Fielding answered:

"We can't trust them," he said.

"If you are afraid, I am not," said Trevaskiss, "and if they sleep in the forecastle, so will I."

He carried his point. All shared the same quarters. Fielding's scheme to divide the men and finish them in detail was thwarted. He had foolishly told Trevaskiss that he would poison Carr and Galloway when they got near land. He also approached Galloway and Anderson separately to help to get rid of the others.

On Monday there was a division of Mackenzie's clothes and effects. Carr and Fielding had a difference over a pair of new trousers, which the captain wanted for his son. In the afternoon, they set the foretopmast stunsail. At six, all hands had tea in the cabin, after which Carr set some bread in the galley, returned to the cabin and lay down in one of the beds until he should be called to take his trick at the wheel, at eight. While there, Fielding came down, and took the cabin light into the pantry and muffled it with the table-cloth. Then he went into the after-cabin. What he was doing there Carr could not make out, but, from the sounds, supposed he was loading the fowling-piece. He was capable of any treachery. The Bible oath, Fielding's cure for "jealousy," did not prove completely efficacious.

When Carr went on deck, the rest of the hands came down into the cabin. Then ensued a turbulent, confused, wrangling scene that lasted for hours. Under the cabin-table, Trevaskiss had previously discovered two horse-pistols. Everybody thought that all the arms had been thrown overboard, except the fowling-piece. Now Hazelton drew the pistols out of their hiding-place and said:

"These mean something. Who put them there?"

Everyone denied all knowledge of them.

There was a further search for weapons. In the locker a large

copper canister full of powder was discovered, and in the spirit-locker, of which Fielding had the key, the carving-knife which had been missing since Sunday. In the locker were also two bottles of brandy, which, from the taste, the sailors thought were poisoned. All these were taken on deck with the fowling-piece and thrown over the side. Fielding denied all knowledge of the knife and tried to turn the men from their purpose by the offer of grog; but they now realized that it was their life or his, and they were not to be denied. Fielding threatened and stormed. He told them what was the truth, that they were all afraid of him, and, at last, he tried to regain the deck. He said he would throw himself overboard, and turned to the door. Then they fell on him and bound him hand and foot, he screaming, shouting, daring them to kill him. At last they gagged him, and in that condition he passed the night in the cabin under constant guard, while the hands consulted how to dispose of him. Hazelton was for confining him in the forecastle and putting him ashore the first land they made. Carr said he could never sleep while Fielding lived. But the four others declared they would not lend a hand to another man's death as long as they were in the ship. It was a long wrangle in the cabin of that fated vessel, while Fielding, gagged and tied hand and foot, sat helpless and heard it all. In those long hours he must have savoured all the bitterness of death.

That night no one slept in the *Saladin*. Fear reigned. The sailors dreaded that their tyrant might get free. They kept the boy from his father lest he should help him. So the watches passed, till the dawn of Tuesday, the seventeenth of April. The morning brought counsel. About seven, Fielding's feet were unbound and he was brought on deck. By this time the liquor must have died out of him; he must have understood that his last hour had come. Even now, he was not at the end of his resources. He begged Galloway, who was at the wheel, to cast him loose and he would save his life a second time. Then the four most deeply dyed in blood, Jones, Hazelton, Anderson, and Trevaskiss, decided that Carr and Galloway, the two who had as yet "done nothing," must share their guilt by killing Fielding. Galloway refused, but the others compelled him to touch their baffled leader. Carr and Jones carried him aft and heaved him into the sea.

It takes about four minutes to drown. . . .

Then Carr and Galloway seized young George and put him overside, at the larboard gangway. He screamed and tore their clothes and clung to them. They shook him off. . . .

The others sat about the deck and watched both scenes.

After this they got at the liquor and every day some of the crew were drunk. They made Galloway navigator, as he had the most education, and he kept the reckoning in a memorandum book. But, as the old ballad of the *Saladin* runs:

> "We mostly kept before the wind,
> For we could do no more."

They lived at rack and manger in the cabin. They threw some of the copper overboard to lighten the ship, and some they used to sink the gig. They nailed a board over the name on the stern, and they painted the bronze Turk at bow white, clumsy expedients to conceal the identity of the vessel. They planned to scuttle her and escape with the dollars in the one remaining boat, but they waited just a little too long.

On the morning of the 22nd of May, the *Saladin*, with all sail set, even to her royals, drove hard on the island at the mouth of Country Harbour, Nova Scotia, at a place ever since called Saladin Point.

On hearing that a large vessel was ashore, Captain Cunningham, of the schooner *Billow*, manned his

boat and went to her assistance. He found everything in the greatest confusion on board, the disorder in the cabin being especially offensive to his sailorly eye. He stood by for thirty-six hours putting things to rights. The sailors, honest fellows, had a plausible story about their captain dying at sea and the mate and several hands being washed off the yard. Since then, they had lived rather freely. But their stories did not agree very well. There were instruments belonging to a Captain Fielding, who, they said, had died at Valparaiso. The last entry in the log was for the fourteenth of April. Suspicion grew and in the end the six honest sailormen were arrested and brought to Halifax in H.M.S. *Fair Rosamond*. The poor, mishandled *Saladin* became a total wreck, but the value of the silver, copper and dollars salved from her and deposited in the Bank of Nova Scotia was £18,000. Perhaps it was as well that the *Saladin* went to pieces, for none would ever want to sail in that death-trap again.

There was a legal difficulty to overcome. Crime had plainly been committed, but it had been committed on the high seas outside the jurisdiction of any Nova Scotian court. So a special court was constituted, in which the Admiral of the station sat as judge in all the splendour of full naval uniform beside the chief justice, and three *puisne* judges. Legal formalities were hardly needed, for while in their cells in the old penitentiary on the Arm, Carr and Galloway sent for a lawyer and made a clean breast of their share in the murders. They likewise confessed the crimes of their shipmates, which they did not witness, as they were below and asleep at the time. Carr's statement is clear, coherent, and brief, showing decided intelligence. No doubt all hands had discussed the sequence of events and the various details many times. The confessions of Jones, Trevaskiss, Hazelton, and Anderson followed, almost as a matter of course. To find them guilty and sentence them to death was the only course open to the court. The plea was changed from piracy, which involved hanging in chains, as Jordan had been hanged, to plain murder, and they were sentenced all four to be hanged by the neck until they were dead. Carr and Galloway were also tried for the murder of the two Fieldings; but the plea was made that they were forced to do the deed by their shipmates, and so they were acquitted.

The execution was a public spectacle long remembered in Halifax. The South Common was bare of buildings then except for the little chapel "Built-in-a-day" standing in the Catholic cemetery. On the small eminence opposite, the scaffold was erected. At each end of the platform was an upright post, and a stout beam, from which dangled four nooses, joined them. The four "drops" were held in place by simple wooden "buttons," controlled by a single cord. One pull of the cord opened the four trap-doors simultaneously.

Early on the 30th of July, a company of the 52nd Foot formed a circle round the scaffold and kept the spectators at a proper distance. All the city turned out to see the sight. About ten o'clock a procession came along Tower Road; first the sheriff in a gig, then the four murderers in two closed carriages. Three Catholic priests attended the two Irishmen, and an Anglican clergyman, Trevaskiss and the Swede. On each side marched a strong body of the First Royals, with fixed bayonets. The four mounted the platform and took their places on the four trap-doors. They took farewell of one another and shook hands. Jones kissed his fellows on the cheek and said a few words to the crowd to the effect that he was an Irishman from Clare, that he was sorry for what he had done, and that he hoped for pardon from

God. Imprisonment had taken the sailors' tan from their cheeks, they looked "debilitated," but "placid." Anderson alone seemed unconcerned and looked over the heads of the crowd to the blue, sparkling sea. Hazelton and Jones handed their written confessions to their spiritual advisers. Then they were pinioned and the black caps drawn over their faces. The priests knelt in prayer, the control cord was pulled, and the four men dropped to their death. Trevaskiss and the Swede struggled for a moment—but not violently. Soon all was over. In three-quarters of an hour the bodies were cut down. Hazelton and Jones were buried in the Catholic cemetery; but Trevaskiss and Anderson were inearthed in the paupers' burying-ground. Anderson was dug up and anatomized by a certain young doctor, and his skull may be seen to this day in the provincial Museum.

This is the tragedy of the *Saladin*. Of the fourteen persons who sailed in her from Valparaiso on the eighth of February, 1844, only two remained alive on the thirtieth of July. In all the annals of the sea, there is scarce a record of more revolting crime.

Of these two survivors, Galloway disappeared, but Carr settled down in Digby county and died there not very long ago. He had noted peculiarities. For one thing he rarely walked, but always went at a "shepherd's trot." He was a very respectable man, a pillar of a local church, but once a year on the anniversary of his crime he drowned remembrance in liquor.

Ballads were made on the affair which still cling to the memory of Nova Scotians. The blood-stained hatch was long preserved in the museum, but has recently disappeared. The *Saladin's* cabin windows were built into a carpenter's shop in Country Harbour, and some people believe that pirate treasure may yet be found where the fatal vessel went ashore.

THE PRICE OF BEEF

BY NORMAN LAMBERT

IN discussing prices these days it has become customary to emphasize the extent to which they have risen during the past ten years without taking into account sufficiently what has happened in that period. One does not need to have huge charts bearing designs that look like a new cubist effect, or complicated tables of figures, shown to one to bring the conviction that the price of beef is higher to-day than it was at the beginning of the century. In these times when real steak is but a receding memory, when those of us who were reared in the country remember the "fair days" with their attractive weekly jobs of driving cattle, sheep, and swine to the railway sidings for the munificent sum of twenty-five cents a day, no argument is needed to prove that the prices, and the supplies, of meat are on a very much different basis from that of only a few years ago. Every Ontario-bred man and woman has only to exert his or her memory for a moment to appreciate this fact.

But how many of us, in thinking of the old days and the present, with their respective price levels, do more than squirm under the pressure, and, if we are politically obsessed, wildly shout for a change of Government? The tendency of nine-tenths of humanity, when confronted with a problem involving physical discomfort or monetary loss, is to blame somebody, and in most cases the blame falls on the fellow who happens to be closest at hand. Thus the consumer blames the storekeepers or the wholesale purveyor of foodstuffs; the storekeeper and the wholesaler in turn place the onus of responsibility on the farmer or the producer; and the man in the country criticizes in very strong language, sometimes, the so-called "trusts"—the transportation companies, the financing powers, and everybody who stands between him and the ultimate user of his produce. One of the big reasons that we are not doing very much in this generation to solve such economic problems as the cost of living is that the causes are numerous and widespread, and the popular view of those causes is too often narrow and partisan.

What does "the high price of beef" mean? Are prices as high as we think they are? They are surely advanced beyond the figures of ten, or even five, years ago; but so are our incomes (although not in the same proportion as the prices of commodities), but the opportunities for making money have been remarkably increased in number, in Canada at least, during the past decade. It is only inevitable that prices, especially of foodstuffs, would advance with a rapidly-increasing purchasing power in the country which undertakes to produce everything that its people would eat. The changing social standards of the Canadian people, as well as in other countries where meat is consumed, are certainly to be considered in any discussion pertaining to the cost of living. It is often said broadly that the eflux of people to

the cities and towns from the rural districts, creating a serious shortage of labour, has been at the bottom of the rapidly advancing commodity markets. Undoubtedly the scarcity of labour is a big factor in the agricultural situation in Canada to-day, but there is a good deal to be said about the household economy of those people who have come in such large numbers to live in our cities. And much could also be said in criticism of the uneconomic methods by which the great, growing body of city consumers is supplied with food. Then, there is the question of the world's gold supply, which is said to have increased more rapidly in the last ten years than it did in the previous fifty years, and which, therefore, has made the purchasing power of a dollar considerably less than it used to be. The internationalization of credit and the almost too great expansion of our own local credit systems, thus encouraging expenditures on larger scales than were ever dreamed of in the time of our forefathers, must also be considered in the mere question of beef and its cost.

All these aspects of the question should be examined in a comprehensive treatise on the price of beef; but in the limits of space and time which this article is "heir to," it is possible to outline only the various points involved in one's subject and to deal mainly with the two great eternal phases of the question—the supply and the demand. For after all it is because the demand for meat cannot be adequately supplied that the price of beef has advanced so steadily and consistently in recent years and, particularly in the case of Canada, in recent months. This lack of balance between the supply and demand, moreover, in Ontario or in Canada, is not entirely the result of domestic conditions. There are two sides to the question of high prices as it affects the law of supply and demand. First of all, trade to-day is such an international, a universal, system, especially in articles of food, that the state of the beef industry all over the world must be considered. With an understanding of the world condition of the beef supply, it is then a more or less easy matter to apply local conditions to the case, and arrive, in an approximate way, at an intelligent appreciation of the prevailing high prices.

The shortage in the supply of beef at the present time is universal. And because beef is scarce and expensive, other meats are substituted, and they, too, have become less plentiful and more costly. Beef is the basic meat food. It contains strengthening properties that are absent from veal, mutton, lamb, or pork; and accordingly the raising of cattle has ever been the basis of the live stock industry. While the demand of the world for meat is not being satisfied and the average prices for the live and dressed animals in every country under the sun are higher than ever before, certain countries are experiencing a much higher level of prices than other countries. In no place in the world are the prices of cattle and dressed beef higher than they are in Canada at the present moment. At the time of writing the best butcher cattle are selling on the Toronto live stock markets at nine cents a pound. The very best animal when dressed only yields about fifty-five per cent. of its live weight; so that one may easily figure out the extreme price of a hindquarter, and, then, only imagine the store price for such choice cuts as tenderloin and porterhouse steaks. In New York, Chicago, or any of the other large American cities where one might expect to find a more acute situation in connection with the meat supply, the price to the consumer is not as high, just now, as it is in Montreal or Toronto. And this fact is entirely due to a condition which is peculiar to Canada at the present time. A world condition is being aggravated, in the case of the Dominion, by a one-sided relationship

which exists with the United States, and also by an indisposition or an inability on the part of our Western farmers to help increase the volume of meat production.

For its food, both in cereals and meats, those old, thickly-populated countries of Europe and of Britain are necessarily depending more and more upon the newer and more fertile regions of North and South America, of Australia and New Zealand. These younger countries receive money for their development from the saving peoples of the world, and in return they give food and produce from their land. The records of the live-stock markets of England, into which for half a century or more the animals from every producing and exporting country in the world have been entering free, afford the best possible view of the world's business in live stock and meats. And they show in a general way why the price of beef is high in Canada.

To appreciate the relationship of Britain to the meat business, is to see the situation from the side of the one who demands and consumes. For, the United Kingdom probably consumes more meat per capita than any other nation, and no other country depends to the same extent for her supplies upon other peoples and other lands. In 1887, when the United Kingdom contained some thirty-six and a half million people, its holdings of cattle amounted to 10,639,960 head. At the end of 1912, when the population of Great Britain was estimated at forty-six millions, the number of cattle within the British Isles was 11,914,635, and out of that number only some seven and a half millions were beef cattle. It is quite clear, then, that the United Kingdom has been drawing her meat supply from beyond her own shores. This strikes one still more forcibly when it is seen that the price of beef "on the hoof" at Islington has hardly advanced since 1887. In that year prices ranged from 4¾d. to 6⅝d. a pound, and in 1912 the range was from 3⅞d. to 7⅜d. a pound. In mentioning these live-stock prices, however, one must remember that the importation into Britain of cattle has greatly decreased in volume in favour of the increasing quantities of chilled and frozen beef that have been entering. The point is, nevertheless, that the United Kingdom has allowed her production of meats to remain almost at a standstill, and the question naturally arises, have the new countries been meeting the resultant growing demands from such consuming centres as free trade England, as well as, at the same time, providing adequately for their own needs?

A few statistical excerpts from an English review of the meat trade will show that at the last year-end every country from which Britain has been accustomed to get her supplies of cattle provided a smaller number of beef animals than in any previous year. The United States, which in 1907 sent 344,461 head of cattle to Britain, last year sent only 39,987 head; and Canada exported to Britain only 6,800 head of cattle, as compared with 125,753 head in 1907. Altogether in 1912 Britain received only 48,912 head of cattle, as against over 472,000 in 1907. This big decrease in importations of live cattle into Britain is due in large measure, of course, to an embargo against certain countries in both North and South America where foot and mouth diseases have affected the herds. And this falling-off in the imports of live animals has not made much difference to the trade in meats, chiefly because of the enormous development in the frozen and chilled meat business with South America, with Australia, and New Zealand.

To answer, now, the question asked at the close of a previous paragraph, the new countries of the world, with the exception of Argentina, and Australia, and New Zealand, have done little to assist in supplying the old world countries with beef. The United States and Canada have hardly

been increasing their own production of live-stock and meats in proportion to their rapid increases in population. In 1900 North America was supplying the United Kingdom with chilled beef to the extent of nearly two million quarters—1,909,000 to be exact—and last year that amount had fallen to a mere 10,400 quarters. In the year just ended it is doubtful whether the low record of 1912 was maintained.

The export beef trade of the world is being done practically by the Argentine Republic. That country has taken the business which was lost by North America, and dealers in Canada and the United States are predicting now that it will not be long before Argentina will be selling its beef in their markets if supplies continue to diminish in proportion to the demand, as has occurred during the past decade. Such a trend of trade from South America to North America would be no more unnatural than the present large importations of frozen lamb and mutton from New Zealand and Australia into the Western States, British Columbia, and the Prairie Provinces of Canada.

The Argentine Republic, at this time, is the hope of the world in the matter of beef supplies. That country has increased its exports of chilled beef into the United Kingdom from less than 25,000 quarters in 1900 to more than 2,220,000 in 1912. In frozen beef, the increase during the same period of ten years was from 440,000 quarters to 1,580,000 quarters. This increase has been accomplished, as was pointed out above, by a corresponding decrease in the exports of meat from the countries of North America. While Australia and New Zealand are important chiefly as producers and shippers of mutton and lamb, both overseas dominions have also kept up a good export trade with the motherland in beef.

The position of Argentina in the meat market of the world, and the critical position of that market, may be still further appreciated when it is considered that out of the entire importation of chilled beef into Britain, 193,979 tons, or 99.5 per cent., were sent from the South American Republic. And still further, out of 678,658 tons of all kinds of frozen and chilled meats put out from the freezing works of Australia, New Zealand, and South America in 1912, Great Britain used 642,091 tons, and only some 36,500 tons were consumed by other countries. During the past twelve months this condition of the world's supply has not been changed to any extensive degree. And changes that have taken place have been such as to indicate that the universal demand for fresh meat has been, to an even greater extent than previously, overtaking the universal production.

And now one comes, after setting forth the state of affairs in the principal producing countries, to Canada, and more especially to Ontario, which in the last four months has been experiencing an unprecedented advance in the prices of every kind of meat. The law of supply and demand applies particularly to the present condition of the live-stock and dressed meat markets in Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces.

In the first place, Canada has not been keeping up its end, as a young producer of foodstuffs with a world-wide reputation for agricultural resources, in the matter of meat production. In the annual report of an English commission firm, at the end of 1912, the following reference was made to Canada:

"The Dominion remains a disappointing factor in the matter of meat exports. The rapid growth of the population, with its accompanying extension of the local dairying trade, and a general disinclination on the part of settlers to engage in mixed farming, combine to destroy any hope of supplies from that source showing much increase in the near future. The import trade into the Western Provinces from Australia, via Vancouver, increased during 1912, when Australia shipped 30,600 carcasses of mutton to that market."

The total holdings of cattle in the Dominion at the end of 1912 were about 6,983,700 head, which amount was less by nearly 200,000 head than at the end of the previous year. The Argentine Republic, with a population no larger than that of Canada, had at the end of 1912 cattle to the number of 28,766,168 head, and sheep to the extent of 80,400,000 head.

In Western Canada the latest figures show that every kind of live-stock with the exception of beef cattle increased in numbers during the year ending July, 1913. The decrease in the class, known as "other cattle," in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta was more than 760,000 head. This condition in the West, besides impressing one as a reason for the high price of beef in Canada, also demands an answer to the question, "Is the raising of beef cattle a profitable venture in Western Canada?" There is a reason for the great curtailment in the stock of beef cattle in the Prairie Provinces. Either the prairie farmer has found grain-growing so unprofitable during recent years that he was obliged to sell his steers and heifers to get money, or he has found the beef industry an impossibility in the West under present conditions. At any rate, the trend of the live-stock and meat trade in Canada has not been from the West to the East, as it should have been. Ontario and the other Eastern Provinces have in recent years been sending meat, as well as dairy and poultry, products to Western Canada, and that is one big reason why this country, according to the English report, "remains a disappointing factor in the matter of meat exports."

Ontario is, and has always been, the chief producer and purveyor of food products in the Dominion. And under the heavy demands from a large immediate urban population, and from the industrial, non-food producing inhabitants of the new mining country in the North, and a vast multitude of grain-growers farther west, Ontario has hardly been able to keep pace, in the volume of her production, with the requirements of her customers. In 1906, according to the Provincial records, there were on hand in Ontario some 3,000,000 head of cattle, and in 1913 it was estimated that the number had decreased to 2,600,000, which number represents the extent of Ontario's capital stock of cattle for the past three years. But while the actual amount of our holdings has decreased, the number of cattle, sold or slaughtered each year, has been steadily increasing. Hence, in 1906, the number of cattle, sold or slaughtered, was some 700,000, and it has increased, until last year the sales or killings reached a total of 900,000.

This is without considering the abnormal feature, which shall be now referred to, namely, the revision of the United States tariff. When thinking of the unprecedented prices on the live-stock markets of Toronto during the past few months, it must be remembered that the free entrance of Ontario cattle to the United States has not been entirely responsible for them. The general falling-off in the volume of production in Ontario during a series of years, due to various causes, has left this Province, as well as the others in Eastern Canada, altogether unprepared for the sudden extra demand which has been made upon our supplies of beef from the United States. Add to the facts of the preceding paragraph this unlooked-for occurrence that since September last more than 150,000 cattle entered the United States from Eastern Canada, and you get the reason for the *extra* high price of beef, but not for the *high* price. The high price has been here for some time, as the result of the universally narrow margin between supply and demand.

Little relief will come to the consumer of beef in Ontario or throughout Canada, until supplies of cattle again reach the point where the current domestic demands can be met

comfortably; and when, by reason of an adjusted tariff relationship with the United States, an export trade of some permanency would also be possible. The pinch of high prices for meat is just beginning to be painful in Ontario and the other Provinces; and before the spring months come, with their abundance of eggs and green garden stuffs and warm weather, the pressure upon the large body of consumers undoubtedly will be distressing. Production of beef cattle cannot be increased in a day or a week or a month. It will take much longer than even a year to effect an economic reform which will tend to overcome the serious shortage of meat food. But in time, however, the exceedingly strong demand for meat, the world over, must inevitably result in the ultimate replenishment of "nature's breakfast table," and the recession of prices to lower levels.

FEBRUARY

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

WHERE the long grass waves above
Houses of forgotten love,
Where the west wind does not lift
Webs of summer as they drift,
By the wayside silence sings
To the tune of leaves and wings.

Here where only light is laid,
Silver, down the silver glade;
Here where treads no shepherd wind
With his fleece of clouds behind—
Underneath the dreaming deeps,
In the silence, Silence sleeps.

From a Photograph

FEBRUARY

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A FOUR-CYLINDER WHITE ELEPHANT

BY GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

WHEN Sadie and I were married a few years ago—which is a long time in this marry-in-haste-and-repent-right-away land—we didn't belong to the automobile class, nor the "When I was in Europe" class, nor even in the "Don't you find a maid troublesome" class. Bless you, no. I was a humble piano salesman with $150 a month and prospects which positively couldn't be cashed for groceries, theatre tickets, or taxicab fares.

If you want to know what comes next below zero, take a $150 pay check and try to split it into house rent, grocery bills, furniture installments, new clothes, gas bills, and commutation in a tolerably nifty suburb of Chicago. The answer comes out nothing, minus about $5.65 every month.

The first year we were married I was nothing but a flag-station for my money. If I could stop it on its way through the family long enough to make sure that the cashier's hands hadn't taken $2.50 out for flowers for the president's mother's funeral I was lucky. Three years before, when I had emerged from one of those colleges where you get your education while you wait (on a restaurant table), a hundred a month looked so big to me that I wondered if I would get time after the day's work was over to pack away my savings in barrels in the cellar. But then that's what marriage does to you.

There I was, drawing 150 full-sized dollars a month and wondering every day as I walked to the station whether it would capsize our finances if I were to buy a five-cent cigar. I felt like a successful but unvarnished father who has to sit in the kitchen while daughter entertains the neighbours.

I had a good salary all right, but I wasn't wealthy enough to use any of it.

But I don't mean to say that I objected in the least. We were so outrageously happy, Sadie and I, that we used our money troubles for amusements in place of going to the vaudeville. I had just acquired a majority interest in the entire stock, fixtures, and good-will of paradise by marrying Sadie, and she, dear girl, had been overtaken with the delusion that frying alleged sirloin steak for me in the evening was a greater joy than loitering in the country seats of the mighty.

We were young, well educated, stuffed with ideals and ambitions, well beloved by various friends, and comfortably settled in a neighbourhood which was too expensive for us.

There is nothing in the world more satisfactory than living where you have no business to, financially speaking. Many a look of awe Sadie and

I have caught from some gasping guest as we towed him down the winding boulevard of Meadowmere and turned in just next to the $40,000 cottage of the Withershanks, whose daughter's picture is stolen by society editors at least once a year.

This brings me pretty near to the beginning of my story. Perhaps you hadn't guessed it, but I am going to tell a story and not an autobiography. In all our bliss we had just two troubles. One was those same Withershanks, who hadn't called and who didn't even nod; the other was our automobile.

I believe I remarked that we weren't in the automobile class. That was the trouble. We weren't; but we had one just the same. It was a present.

Did you ever get an automobile for a present at a time when you couldn't afford a new straw hat? No? Of course not; it happens only once in a very great while. The last time such a fool thing occurred was when an old Indian rajah presented one of his impecunious subjects with a hungry white elephant. If that rajah had been around our place last year he would have dropped dead with rage to think that he had fooled around with white elephants for ruination purposes when he might have used a three-year-old automobile with constitutional weakness in the engine bed.

It was Sadie's father who gave us the auto. Sadie's father is a comfortable old omnibus type of business man in a class B city, who makes money enough to be poor but proud in New York and rich but modest in Des Moines. He loved Sadie, and when I took her away after a campaign beside which the siege of Port Arthur was only a snowball fight, he allowed some of the affection to drip onto me. He blessed us properly at the wedding, did the handsome thing in bedroom suites, and came to visit us in three months.

I liked the old chap and imperiled my job by towing him over the city in business hours from the Stock Yards to Lincoln Park. It must have touched his heart for, after leaving a little remembrance that paid his board and thirteen installments on the piano, he suggested on the way to the station that we might have his automobile if we would pay the freight from Des Moines to Chicago.

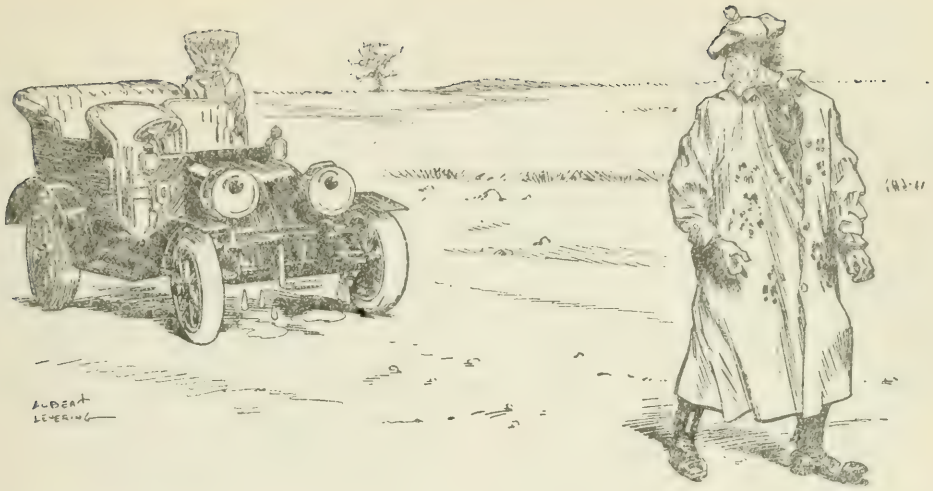
"I'm a little too old to enjoy it all by myself," he explained, "and, anyway, I don't like to run around like you young folks. Do you think you would care for it?"

A view of Sadie and me law-breaking down Michigan Avenue among the Armours, the Palmers, and the rest of the limelight brigade made me blink my eyes for a second. All this for us, F. O. B., which means free-on-board-cars! Us in the gasoline gang in three months instead of ten years! Whoop!.

I landed on the sidewalk all right coming down and wrung my father-in-law's hand all the way to the station. Don't smile. You never had an automobile tossed over to you, I'll bet. And when you were young and foolish like I was, you would have accepted a gift car without looking at it in the transmission, just as I did.

Well, pa-in-law went back to the bosom of the United States, and Sadie and I wore the calendar out counting days. I have been against the railroads ever since that time. It takes longer to ship an automoble from Des Moines to Chicago than it would to take down St. Peter's Cathedral, pack it in suit cases, and bring it over here by a messenger boy.

We used to pass the time away by taking walks every night where the automobiles were thickest and imagining how the world looked behind goggles. Then we would walk home, almost bursting at the seams with longing, and all the time we were the owners of an automobile standing on some side track while a red-necked brakeman was getting ready to send it in the wrong direction.



"Ever stand in a hot road and cuss an auto?"

We kept this up for a month, and then I got a postal card one day telling me to call at the Rock Island freight station within nine hours and get one automoble with $57.86 freight charges on it or the company would be compelled to charge me storage, demurrage, and income tax. Beats all how much of a hurry a railroad can be in after it has made you wait a month.

The next morning I went down and paid our rent money to the railroad company. The car was standing in the freight house with a sort of dejected air. It was one of those old 1904 models with a low-browed hood and a tonneau that soared aloft about five feet and had to be entered from the back through a door that wasn't made for fat men.

You know how quickly automobiles get out of date; how you go out on a five days' trip with a brand-new car fitted with the very latest thing in governors, and come back home to find that formerly they used to make cars with governors, but that no one was pretending to do any real automobiling nowadays without pneumatic control. You know how funny last year's body looks and what a joke it is to have sight-feeds instead of automatically regulated oilers.

Well, there was our car, three years old. It looked like an old maid at a college dance. It was fat where it ought to be slim, humpy where it ought to be flat, and straight where it should be curved. You could tell it was an automobile by the tires and the smell, but otherwise you might have mistaken it for a feather renovator. Bend a horse's knees the wrong way, put his mane under his neck instead of on top, and straighten out his back bone, and when you have done all this he will not look as strange or impossible as a three-year-old automobile.

That was the beginning of as weird a summer as was ever unloaded upon two young lovers of automobiling in the abstract. For the next three months we lived with the automobile and for it. And it lived on us.

Morning, noon, and night we existed under the shadow of an automobile which wouldn't go, but which might go by Sunday if we would just spend a little more money for something that was absolutely necessary to its good health.

An automobile consists of 1,111 parts and there is a disease for every one of them. Did you ever see a chart of the troubles that can afflict an auto engine alone? It starts with

two little divisions, ignition and non-ignition troubles, and each division spreads out and ramifies like the pedigree of a horse, until at the end you have about 200 reasons why a gasoline engine cannot, and ought not, to be expected to run except when it is in the garage at home. When you have finished studying that chart you will feel pleased and grateful that your engine ever runs at all. How they can make engines which can steer in between those 200 causes of trouble and keep going is to me one of the wonders of science.

Our automoble was an Empress. It acted like one—a broken-down empress with a bad past and a purely honourary job. The gloomy mechanic that looked her over when she came and who took great pleasure in being discouraged, told me she was made of tin and paint in equal parts and that she would never run on the high speed except downhill. He didn't exaggerate.

She had every automobile trouble known to man and a good many mysteries besides. Her water jacket leaked. Her fan belt slipped off. Her magneto was a wreck and her gear box sounded like nine gold watches being ground in a cornsheller. Her frame sagged, her carburetor was a dirt connoisseur, and her lubricators oiled the road but refused to pay any attention to her cylinders. She backfired until it wasn't safe to crank her. She spat oil; she rumbled in her transmission and choked in her feed-pipe. Her circulation was bad; her batteries would deliver a spark in any part of the machine except the spark plug. She was more likely to explode in her muffler than in her engine, and if the former had been attached to the crank shaft we would have got better results.

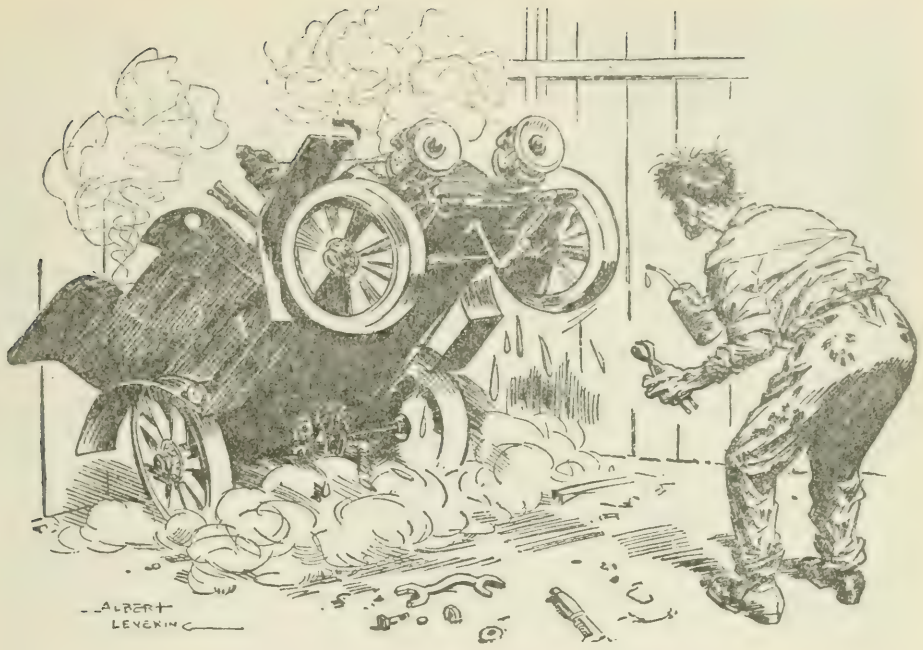
If we had only found out all these woes at once it wouldn't have been so bad. But no, they came along with fiendish untimeliness. We discovered the leaky water jacket just after we had rebuilt the magneto. I spent a summer suit on that magneto and Sadie's summer hat went for the water jacket. When these were fixed nothing seemed to be the matter but the lubricators, in which we invested an Oriental rug—I mean the money we had saved to get one. And it wasn't until after these sacrifices had been made that both rear tires blew up together with a $95 bang. I didn't hesitate. I just took our summer vacation and bought the tires with it—and then she stripped her gears.

That was the sort of chase Josephine led us. Josephine was what we called her when we loved her. I mean it was her proper name. I'll not mention her improper ones.

By July, Sadie didn't dare order a beefsteak until she had asked me whether Josephine needed any more hard oil or spark plugs. Josephine stood in her stall and devoured our Sunday dinners and ice cream sodas and Thomas concert tickets. She ate up our hired girl and most of our laundry. She gobbled down our next winter's coal and inhaled half our gas—we used to go to bed early to cut down the light bill.

Josephine had the most omniverous appetite you ever saw, except for gasoline. How she did save gasoline! More than once she made me hire $5 worth of farmer's team in order to save a measly little fifteen cents' worth of gasoline.

I came to hate that automobile as if she were human. She had all the perversities of a mule, a chorus girl, and a spring day rolled into one. Time after time she swept grandly past the repair shop on the high speed only to break down a few miles farther along and stand in the hot, glary road for hours while I tried out every one of the 1,111 possible causes of trouble. When I gave up and started away to hunt a hold-up man—I mean a farmer—I used to look at her standing there with her lamps looking like two big stary eyes and her pendulous crank hanging like a long, loose underlip and say all I thought.



"She came as near being a man-eater as an automobile could"

Ever stand in a hot road and cuss an auto? You never know how eloquent you are until you have. I have cussed the administration and bad streets, and poor street-car service, and my neighbour's hens, and the toothache, and there are barren fields compared with an automobile which has broken down ten miles from home for the third time in a month.

An automobile can make you madder than a baby. And the worst of it is that while you know the baby will grow up into something you can brag about, the auto isn't half so bad as it is going to be next year. An automobile is a good deal like a baby, anyway. The first cost is only a minor incident.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Josephine hadn't been so vindictive. She not only refused to run, but she bit and kicked and scratched. You could not go near her without getting assaulted. It was worse than looping the loop to crank her. You had to set the sparks within the fraction of an inch and let go in a certain place if you wanted to use your wrist again that month.

Her gears caught and slipped until you never could tell whether she was going to go backward or forward, or climb a tree. You could get a shock at any time by touching her anywhere. Her cogs fairly leaped at your fingers. She started with a back-breaking jerk and you could fry eggs most anywhere on her after she had run ten miles. She came as near being a man-eater as an automobile could. I was afraid of her, though I never let on and threatened daily in the most bloodcurdling tones to kick her flywheel clear through the engine bed.

I still take a good deal of pride in the fact that, notwithstanding all these complications, we ran Josephine that summer. There is a good deal of fighting blood in both of our families, dating back to the sassiness of '76, and we did not propose to be beaten by an under-engined, dish-wheeled, wappy-axled, snaggle-geared cross between a threshing machine

and a hearse; and so we ran Josephine. We ran her on Sundays.

At 6 a.m. I rose, swathed myself in overalls and gloves, and retired to the shed. From then till noon hideous sounds of conflict would arise—explosions, shrieks, grindings, crashes, dull roars, rattles, and demoniac gibberings, all produced by Josephine at my suggestion.

At noon I would emerge from the smoke of battle long enough to eat a hasty lunch.

By two o'clock I generally had Josephine subdued to a point where several of her cylinders would work a good deal of the time.

By three I had scrubbed off the grease and put on my best clothes. There would be another short conflict, as a result of which I would chivvy Josephine out of the shed and around to the street. Then there was a glorious ten minutes which we considered worth the struggle.

Spick and span in her summer duds and looking so lovely that she kept me gasping with admiration, Sadie would sweep out from the house, pongee-coated, automobile-veiled, and altogether bewitching. I would hand her into the junk pile, inspect it carelessly, set the timer with bloodthirsty caution, and give one terrific jerk at the crank. I will say for Josephine that she never failed us at these critical moments. With a maudlin sputter, her engine would start racing. I would throw in the clutch with a reversible prayer and off we would glide, past the Withershanks, past the Blitheringtons, around by the Caxtons, and the Smythes, and on into the beautiful country leading to Aurora, Winnetka, Elgin, Wheaton, or elsewhere.

Not that we ever got anywhere but elsewhere. Oh, no. That ten minutes was our pride and joy. After that we died content. We generally lasted ten miles. Sometimes we got fifteen. We never got home. We never expected to.

Somewhere out in the country Josephine would begin to hiccough; then we knew our joy ride was over. I would turn down the next side road, and presently Josephine would expire with various noises of an alarming nature.

Then I would descend and take from under the seat a clean pair of overalls. Methodically Sadie would remove her pongee coat and automobile veil and would take from under the same seat a pair of stout walking shoes for which she would exchange her dainty slippers.

While Sadie was hunting the nearest farmhouse, I would use my arts on Josephine. When I succeeded, we would get five miles farther into trouble; when I didn't, I would pay over $5 to a whiskered pirate with a team of raw-boned horses on condition that he deliver Josephine at our house late that night.

Then Sadie and I, hand in hand, would start for the nearest station. How we enjoyed those walks through the lush and beautiful country, serene in the knowledge that we could not puncture a tire, clog a feed pipe, or bend a crank shaft. Those were our vacations from Josephine, and we revelled in them to the full.

The summer wore on. So did Josephine. So did we. All four of us were about worn out. During the last two or three weeks we had acknowledged to ourselves, though not to Josephine, that the battle was about over. The war chest was scraped clean. Not another spark plug was our credit good for at the garage. Our grocery bills were two months behind. I had blown an awful hole in the rent money for new radiator tubes, and on top of all this Josephine had announced in no uncertain terms that if she got another speck of carbon in her cylinders she would strike permanently. Sadie's walking shoes had holes in them, and the entire financial resources of the family didn't pan out enough money to haul Josephine home another time.

"Mrs. Withershanks, your diamonds are as good as in our hands"

We were discouraged. For once the world looked black. The Withershanks, twenty feet away from our library window, still ignored our existence. They had a beautiful six-cylinder Streakolite with $2,000 worth of accessories hung around it, and they went out every night. We were tired of sitting on our porch in the evening and pretending that we were past the stage of going autoing every night just for the fun of it. We were tired of living on Irish stew and feeding the porterhouse-steak money to Josephine. We were lonely, too.

We acknowledged all this one Saturday night when I came home and found Sadie crying over a heap of bills and a pongee coat with a big tear across the back. I was all for going out and blowing Josephine up with dynamite then and there, but I didn't. Dynamite costs money.

I had crossed the Pacific that night in company with a friendly millionaire who had prevailed upon me to accept a six-cylinder Streakolite as a gift and was just trading my old watch for a thousand-acre estate around the South Pole with a rose garden in the rear and congenial neighbours all around, when somebody hammered on our door and brought me back to this country and Meadowmere with a jerk. It's no laughing matter, I'll tell you, to be snatched 15,000 miles in a jiffy.

I got up pretty mad and went down to the side door, where the assault continued. There was Mr. Withershanks in pyjamas and overcoat. There was Mrs. Withershanks in—well, plenty but rather miscellaneous garments. There was the Withershanks's butler and two policemen—a pretty fair-sized mob and all tremendously excited.

Mrs. Withershanks opened the conversation in one of those beautiful, mahogany-finished voices which make you think the owner's family has been somebody since the year one.

"Good evening," she said; "perhaps you don't know us. We are the Withershanks who live next door."

I couldn't help being a little sarcastic. "So glad to meet you," I said; "won't you step in?"

"Oh, no, thank you," said Mrs. Withershanks with a beautiful art-nouveau laugh: "we couldn't think of imposing on you. All we wish to borrow is your automobile."

"You see," broke in Mr. Withershanks, who had been standing first on one foot, then on the other with great nervousness, "we've been robbed of all our jewelry. It happened only a few minutes ago."

"And it's a cinch the yeggs went down the wood road," said the fatter of the two policemen, "'cause we've telephoned everywhere else."

"And Robert has our automobile in the city," put in Mrs. Withershanks.

"And we'll be eternally grateful to you if you will come along and help us run down the scoundrels," said Mrs. Withershanks.

"Say no more," said I, "but get your ammunition ready. Josephine will be ready in ten minutes." Phew! but that was a rash prophecy.

I ran upstairs and put on a few things by way of garments. Sadie was dancing around me excitedly and wanted to come down, but I told her sternly to stay where she was, and kissed her with Spartan firmness. The mob had put on more clothes when I came down.

"Allow me to introduce myself," I said, with much dignity. "I am Robert Waldron Wyatt."

"Delighted, we are sure," said the Withershanks heartily.

"Mrs. Wyatt," said I, with terrific grandeur, but much friendliness, "regrets that she cannot appear just at present."

"So sorry," murmured Mrs. Withershanks, with feeling. "I've always wanted to call on Mrs. ——"

"Wyatt," said I.

We turned the corner of the house. There stood the shed wide open. It was empty. Josephine was gone.

"They've stole the car, too," shouted the slimmer of the two policemen. "Lost," moaned Mrs. Withershanks limply.

"Pardon me," said I triumphantly. "Saved instead. Mrs. Withershanks, your diamonds are as good as in our hands."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Withershanks.

"Simply this," said I. "I know Josephine. If they have tried to drive that car, the only question is, how far away it happened. I believe myself you will find your burglars within two miles. Forward."

The two policemen, the butler, Mr. Withershanks, and I plunged out into the street. No need to ask which way. There was a trickle of oil to the right showing clearly under the electric light. Josephine always marked her own trail.

We piled into the patrol wagon and started down the wood road. Daylight was just arriving. A mile out of town we noticed a puddle of oil on the road. That cheered us. Further on I picked up a wrench, which I recognized at once. A mile farther on we found a regular heap of abandoned tools, my pliers, a spanner, some wire, my old gloves, and an oil can. The dusty road was paddled with foot tracks.

Talk about trails! Sign posts would have been poor beside this one. I knew exactly what Josephine had been doing. Much as I detest burglarious gentlemen in general, I couldn't help pitying these villains. They were so helpless.

Five miles out we caught sight of a car away ahead at the top of a hill. It was standing still. That meant it was Josephine. Leaving the wagon, the two bulwarks of the law, supported by the rest of the Roman mob, slunk cautiously ahead by the roadside. It was an easy job. A few

" The Robber surrendered with a sigh of relief"

hundred yards away we ducked into the woods, came out just above the car, and gazed down on the scene of ruin. There was Josephine, standing like the eternal rocks. The end wasn't very exciting. The two officers swarmed down the bank, bristling with six-shooters, and the robber surrendered with a sigh of relief. Having done so, he began to curse Josephine. As he did so I listened with envy. His command of language was marvelous. In my finest flights I had been a tyro beside this.

"All I've got to say is, I'm glad you came," he concluded. "That devil of a hell-fired man-killer has busted my pal's head and my wrist and has taken two hours to do five miles. It would have killed me if you hadn't come. I just want to see the assassin that owns it. I want one minute with him before I go up." I didn't disclose my identity.

We are good friends with the Witherbanks nowadays. They profess to be delighted with our fresh humour, and we find them almost human in their enthusiasm at times. We go riding often in their big Streakolite, which I run very much better than Witherbanks or his son. I could run a battle ship with confidence after running Josephine.

As for Josephine, her fame as the vanquisher of burglars spread to such an extent that about a week after the event a man came along and offered me $200 for her. I closed the bargain before he could back out and asked him if he could run her home.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I am a practical repair man. I'll come and get the car to-morrow."

He came, but he did not take the car. However, the day after, he came again with a team of mules, and together Sadie and I watched our automobile disappear up the street. I have often thought of that man with a guilty feeling. I wonder what Josephine has been doing to him?

FROM MIRROR LANDING TO SOTO

THE FOURTH OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

AS one watches the efforts of the wagoners to store away the valises and rolls of blankets without ejecting the passengers, one remembers that Caesar's word for baggage was "impedimenta." But Prosper, our wagoner, is the best packer on the trail, also he can sing, "I've Got Rings on My Fingers."

"It is strange there are so many dingy half-breeds in the world," says the person by my side, who objects to her blankets being tied on behind. "To my thinking there is no colour to compare with white. 'Ishmaels' I call these breeds."

Prosper's bearing under her choleric criticism is so superably apathetic that I like him swiftly and completely. Anyone can see that he is a man of substantial qualities and not to be excited by fidgety women.

It is sixteen rough miles from Mirror Landing to Soto Landing, along a black trail that lifts and dips through the tall ranks of the poplars and pines. The scenery offers no great varieties except those of light and shade, vista and perspective.

Whenever we pass through a thick-knit stand of pines, the people in the wagons are instinctively reticent and subdued, but, upon emerging into open space where there are only birches to throw a shimmering wayward shadow, 'tis observable that every one laughs or sings. It was *La Marseillaise*, the eight Oblates, or brothers, sang, and once they broke into a French ballad the burden of which was, if I remember rightly:

"Mary, I love you,
Will you marry me?"

The team on our wagon is badly mated. The off beast trots like a sheep and has a way of hanging her head as if some one had told her a story too shocking to contemplate: while Lisette, the nigh mare, although strong as a steel cable picks objections to every foot of the way either with a kick or an idiotic sidelong prance. Now and then, Prosper, who knows the whole truth about Lisette, and who looks more religious than he really is, advises her as to her forbears and predicts as to her posterity, but, like Job's wild ass, this whimsical-minded trailer "scorneth the multitude of the city and regardeth not the crying of the driver."

"She's a female voter, she is," says an Englishman, who has been back home on a visit, "and it's a tidy bit of walloping she needs."

The London suffragettes would have been pleased with our opinion of their countryman and that we were able to express it in the exact words. After a full and unreserved apology from the frightened traveller we, in turn, retracted the indecorous charge that he was "a ridiculous pinhead" and "a man of low understanding," whereupon peace once more reigned in our wagon. It is astonishing what pernicious consequences may follow from the kicking of a wayward-minded mare on the trail. Most of the

frontier tragedies are attributable to this very thing.

Anderson's stopping-place, which we are passing, used to be the only house between Grouard and Athabasca Landing and accordingly is a notable landmark. Anderson is still unmarried. It is forced upon the notice of a traveller in these North-western Provinces that every bachelor has little spruce trees around his house. The bachelor thinks we don't suspect his reason, but we know it is because he hopes, some day, they may come in handy for Christmas trees.

We stay for a little while at the house of Ernst and Minna, who came from Europe more than six years ago. It is a sheer joy to know Minna, who is a little round-bodied woman, firm-fleshed and wholesome as an autumn apple. She has been at Athabasca Landing once. She hears there are trains there now. It may be that Madam saw them.

Minna had planned a trip to the Landing this summer, but it happened she did not go after all. Ah, well! there is the money saved and she is sure to see the Landing again. Minna was going to the hospital of the good sisters to lie-in with her fifth baby, and Ernst was to stay here with the children. You may believe it, too, that Ernst is no butter-fingers with children, and a most cunning baker of bread. Minna says that down this way every man can bake bread—and does bake bread.

The little house by the trail would, of course, miss its mother for a while, but the garden seeds were in; the children's clothes were mended to the last stitch, and a parcel of baby's fixings was on its way to her from Edmonton. Now, it happened there was too much important freight from the boat to carry this parcel, and so it was left behind till the next trip. It was nearly too late, and Minna was greatly perplexed, for surely she was going to see the Landing, and how could she go without the baby's clothing?

But, at last, the parcel came and the wagoner who delivered it was to call the next day on his return trip and take Minna with him over the portage to the boat. He came, and with him were several passengers. It was unfortunate there was no woman among them, for Minna had no neighbours; Ernst had gone down the trail, and the hour had come.

"Mother, she iss sick," explained her little son, and no one iss in to come. I am by the door to stand till father he comes back." It was nearly an hour before the distressful travellers were able to find Ernst, but no man ventured past the young sentinel at the door.

The little daughter was half an hour old when Ernst was deposited on his door-step, but Minna had cared for the child herself. It was too bad the mother had fallen from the loft and hurt herself, for, now, she cannot go to the hospital, and she wanted to see the Landing. Ah, well! there is the money saved and that is something. It takes much money for five children.

"How old is the baby-girl?" I ask as I take my turn in kissing the mite's forehead, and in wishing that she may be a good little scout like Minna.

"She was one week last Tuesday. No! two weeks last Tuesday. Ah, madam, I cannot surely say. Ernst, I will ask him how old is the baby."

Once, on the journey, we passed a speckled owl in a pine tree, but she did not answer to our "Oo-hoo!" neither did she so much as open an eye. She looks rich unto millions, and thoroughly proof against all appeals. She is what Cowper called the University of Oxford, "a rich old vixen." I intend affecting this prose myself when I find the gold at the foot of the rainbow, in order that I may be extremely insolent to the bankers and to other offensive collectors.

Prosper says he often shoots owls who lodge in the fir-trees, and that he gets two dollars bounty from the Government from each one. He does

not know it is accounted a sin to him who kills a bird that has sheltered in a fir-tree or an animal that has crouched thereunder, for this is the tree of the Christ-child, and a House of Refuge in the forest to the denizens thereof. To those men or women who love the fir, its bitter taste on their tongues may be more holy than bread or wine, and may convey to them an inly grace.

Also, it is wrong to cast away the Christmas tree or the ropes of greenery which have been used for the celebration of Christmas-tide. These should be burned upon the hearth as a sweet savour, and the fire-master should say, "Peace be to this household and to all the household of Canada."

The resin of conifers is a more agreeable and a more seemly offering to "Our Lady of the Snows" than aloes, or myrrh, or spices, so that it behooves us, her children, to look anew to our censing pots.

Since leaving Athabasca Landing, we have passed through enough uncultivated land to solve all the problems of Great Britain which arise out of unemployed workmen, and out of slum conditions with their attendant evils.

As its stupendous acreage, enormous fertility, and its lifeless voids are daily thrust upon me, I am filled with amazement. Surely no land was ever so little appreciated by its owners. If there were an ocean between it and our more populous Provinces to the south, one might the better understand the reasons. This waste heritage can only be accounted for on the grounds of a lack of interest, and because people are indolent and like to live softly. Only two members of the Alberta Legislature have ever visited this country, and these two belong here. It does not need a new Moses to stand and say, "This is a goodly land"; it needs a new and more drastic Joshua to take them by the ear and lead them in. The time is coming when the crops from this land will, each year, outstrip in value all the gold money in the world, and it will not be so long either. I intend to buy as much of it myself as I can afford, and if I can persuade the Christians of my town to lend me the money, instead of building churches, I shall buy more than I can afford. I have read much about this country, but I find it better to come here and tread out the grapes for myself.

While I have been taking stock mentally of these things, we have arrived at Soto Landing, on the Little Slave River, and already the Indian women have come out of their tents to watch our movements. These people are called squatters hereabout, but I prefer to call them "nesters." They sow not, neither do they gather into barns. They don't care to do either.

They view us women with a quiet appraising look, but not understanding "their dark, ambiguous, fantastical, prophetical gibberish," I cannot learn their conclusions. The Factor's widow, who is still with us, heard one of the Indian men describe her hat as "a pot," whereupon she remarked to him in excellent Cree that her pot lacked a handle. If I were to set down how the other Indians enjoyed this stabbing surprise and how they were contorted with laugher by reason of their fellow's confusion, you would hardly believe me, so I shall not set it down.

One woman wears a dress that has in it the many shocking colours of a Berlin wool mat. She is pleased when we stroke it with our hands, and I can see she is as proud of it as I am of my dimity bed-gown with the pink rosebuds on it.

Dinner is ready on the boat and our appetites are too sharp-set to permit of delay. We eat and eat just as if eating were our chief and everlasting happiness, and as if life itself lay in a flesh pot.

This is a larger and better equipped boat than those on the Atha-

basca because it is meant for the lake traffic. We do not leave Soto Landing till three hours past the scheduled time, for Mr. J. K. Cornwall, the member of Parliament for the Peace River constituency, affectionately known hereabout as "Jim," has chosen to make the portage afoot.

This country, from Athabasca Landing to the Peace River, is commonly described as "Jim's Country," and if you travel it over you will understand the reason.

Who supports the stopping-places on the river? Jim's freighters.

Who cuts the wood on the bank? Jim's Indians.

Who hauls the passengers, the freight, and the mail-bags over the portage? Jim's wagoners.

Who owns the ships on the Athabasca and the Slave? Why, Jim himself.

How Jim can look his pay-sheet in the eye every fortnight and keep on laughing is, to my thinking, the miracle of the North. But then it must be borne in mind that I have never seen Jim's ledger-book, and, as yet, no one else has except his accountants and bankers.

The dream of Jim's life has been to lay bare the wealth of the North, for the good of the North, and every day he is making his dream come true.

But I was telling you about Soto Landing. The freight shed here is in charge of a bachelor, whose wardrobe is drying audaciously on the trees. He says he ties his clothes together with a rope and lets the current of the river wash them, but I think this statement is what Montaigne would describe as "a shameless and solemn lie."

He asks me how long I have been out from Ireland, and I tell him three years.

"What was the charge?" he pursues.

"Stealing the crown-jewels," I reply.

"Oh," says he, "it's the same time since I left the sod. It was for killing a landlord."

Now, as this man came from New Brunswick, and as I came from Ontario, it may readily be seen that we have both become Albertans.

"Are you not ashamed to deceive a woman like me, and an ignoramus who is travelling north to gain instruction?" I ask of him.

"Woman! You're no woman—I mean you're no ignoramus—and, although you question us, I perceive you know more about the North than all of us. But seeing you wish to be further instructed, come with me to the freight-shed that I may show you how the wholesale houses pack their goods. Believe me, lady, I cut to the root of the matter when I say the only downright packers in this North Country are the Hudson's Bay Company. You can plainly see this for yourself, and I hope you will inform the Board of Trade about it when you go home. Here you will observe a set of scales, but the weights were insecurely attached and have been lost.

This heap of refuse is the remains of a shipment of crockery that was crated too lightly. Errant improvidence, I call it. Lady, the pitcher is no longer broken at the fountain: it is our habit here to break it on the portage. It is no exaggeration when I say I am worked like a transcontinental railway system, hammering up boxes or shovelling out damaged merchandise.

Cast your eye up at these chairs in the rafters, six dozen of them by actual count, sent north by a furniture house last year, but delivery was refused by the purchaser."

"They look like good chairs," say I. "What is the matter with them?"

"Matter enough," he continues, "shipped as 'knocked-down' furniture, four legs to each chair, all of them hind legs. This was a matter of considerable vexation to the purchaser, who paid cash for the goods and for their transportation."

"But the furniture house will send the front legs," I argue.

"Might as well try to get blood out of sawdust," says he.

Now, personally, I think this simile is an inconclusive one, for I have known timbermen to sweat great drops of blood into sawdust and there is no reason why those drops could not be extracted.

This freight master is a compelling man, and he says the shippers are expert sinners and a parcel of ignorant and makeshift people. It may be he is right: it is not for me to gainsay him, or to further discompose his temper, when all the evidence is so plainly visible to us.

After this discussion, I play with the other children who tumble about on the hillside. They all talk Cree, and some of them who have been to school talk French and English.

One little girl, with the fine insouciance of eight years, says there is no use praying *Le Bon Dieu* for He doesn't understand Cree very well. She has repeated her prayer over and over, but she has never had a soft-faced doll yet.

Solemn little mother! Her prayer, at any rate, is reasonably specific, and I can see how one of these days it is going to be answered.

It is good to rest in the shade of the trees while these chocolate-coloured babies jabber about me in soft Cree, and finger my hair and clothes. Truly, I am very fortunate and have much fulness of pleasure. I might be that same good girl whom an English playwright describes as having never compromised herself, and yet the wickedest child who ever was slapped could hardly have had a better time.

The fifth sketch of this series will describe a trip on Lesser Slave River and introduce a legend or two of the North.

COACHING ON THE CARIBOO TRAIL

BY PAULINE JOHNSON

WE left the train at Ashcroft, British Columbia, and even from the station platform we could see, winding through the sand hills and sage brush, the renowned Cariboo Trail, which outreached four hundred miles to the gold-fields of Barkerville. Up this trail we were to "coach" for twenty glorious days, behind a four-in-hand driven by "Cariboo Billy," the best whip in all British Columbia. He was ready and waiting for us, a tall, sun-tanned Westerner, with cowboy hat, fringed gauntlets, and knotted scarlet handkerchief at his throat; and the outfit he had consisted of four splendid roadsters hitched to a light, double-seated canopied surrey.

The thermometer registered 104 degrees in the shade, and the arid hills of the dry belt pulsed under a blistering sun. We two climbed languidly into the back seat. "Cariboo Billy" and the luggage occupied the front. There was a swinging hiss of a long blacksnake whip, and we were away, with two thousand feet of trail to climb before we reached the timber line and the delight of breathing mountain air.

Every twenty miles up the entire trail are road-houses of rare excellence, and at each one the British Columbia Express Company, known in local parlance as the "B. X.," provided us with a relay of animals. Here, too, we got meals at any and all hours, for as we arrived the first thing seen was the sallow face of the Chinese chef peering from the back door. He always took it for granted we were starving, and would immediately prepare substantials that would satisfy the most exacting appetite.

Where we rested at night, the beds were like mother's arm to us, the linen cool and fresh, and, oh! the mornings, when the day broke in that vast far railroadless country, where the horse is king and you have shaken yourself loose from exacting conventions and forgotten how to spell the word "care"—those glorious mornings when before sun-up "Cariboo Billy" would wake us with, "Hello, pals! Hit the trail in one hour, got to do seventy miles to-day!"

Then the scramble up to a breakfast of picked food from the ranches! —broilers, cream, fresh eggs, or perhaps a venison steak. To see four splendid roadsters at the door, impatient to get away, and "Cariboo Billy" waiting, idly twirling his cowboy hat in one hand, while he rolled a cigarette with the other; to tuck ourselves away in the surrey for a long day's swing into the Northland; —to hear the hearty "Good-bye and good-luck" from host and hostess; then to hit the trail at a spanking gait, to feel the plunge of the leaders, the tug of the wheelers, and to dash out into the early morning, with "no one to boss, no one to obey"; to

feel that we "owned" "Cariboo Billy" and the outfit, and to feel that in all the world not a human being could command our whims or say us nay. That was a holiday kings might envy but never hope to have.

An endless delight was to learn the names of our animals. "Cariboo Billy" knew every shining flank on the trail, and after the first day out he never waited for questions, but at each relay he would remark quietly:

"Leaders, 'Buck' and 'Brandy'; wheelers, 'Luke' and 'John.'" Then our horses became personalities and our holiday comrades for many miles.

One evening, gorgeous with colour, we swung down the heights into Quesnel, on the Fraser River, where the Government telegraph line leaves all haunts of civilization and takes its way through the wilderness to Dawson City.

We had done eighty miles that day, but we felt no fatigue; indeed, I cannot recall feeling wearied or "carriage-stiff" during that entire drive of eight hundred and sixty miles in the wonderful mountain air. I slept like a baby, laughed like a child, and ate like a lumber-jack. Two days later we galloped into historic Barkerville, the nucleus of the Cariboo goldfields. A little out-of-the-world town it is, four hundred miles from the railroad, with its whole-souled people four hundred times more hospitable to wandering rest-seeking strangers because of it. We stayed three days and said good-bye with faltering voices and misty eyes; for it is unlikely that we shall ever see Barkerville again. A holiday like that comes to a person but once in a life-time.

On the return trip we made a detour of sixty miles westward to Lillooet, on the Upper Fraser River. For miles the trail hangs like a chiffon scarf above the river, which boils through its rock cañon, a thousand feet below. For miles the carriage wheels flew along one foot from the edge of this precipice. We climbed Pavilion Mountain, where the trail wound in six distinct loops above us, we galloped every foot of the way down the opposite side, where the trail dropped in six circles below us. "Cariboo Billy" was a dare-devil driver—we almost ceased breathing in some of his wild dashes from summit to cañon, and, oh! the fascination of his plunge down the mountain, the almost terrifying enjoyment of threatening danger: but he never made a slip. He knew the trails; he knew his horses; and, more than all else, he was sure of himself.

And now, looking backward to that princely holiday, I know that "Cariboo Billy" did much to make that vacation the most royal I have ever experienced. That was seven years* ago, but I can feel the thrill of the four-in-hand galloping down to the cañons; the exhilaration of it all is with me to-day, like the haunting scent of sage on the Dry Belt Hills.

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*Here, the placid English August and the sea-encircled miles,
There, God's copper-coloured sunshine beating through the lonely aisles,
Where the waterfalls and forest voice forever their duet,
And call across the canon on the trail to Lillooet.

—Pauline Johnson, in The Canadian Magazine for June, 1907.

SHAGONAS, A HALF-BREED INDIAN BOY, VISITING HIS SNARES

From a Photograph by W. W. Fox

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SUGGESTIVE OF AN EARLIER GLORY

THE TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

BY NANCY RANKIN

A WELL-KNOWN Canadian lecturer, whose work has made him for many years a student of the modern Indian, tells an amusing incident.

Some years ago, while lecturing in Chicago, he introduced an Indian play and dance given by some Ojibways who accompanied him on the trip. Everyone knows of the temptation which firewater has for an Indian. None knew it better than the lecturer himself, and, this being the case, he told the Indians that no one must touch it during the week.

"If," he said, "none of you touches a drop of whiskey this week, for if you do you will be of no use to me, on Saturday night I will give a dinner at which you may drink all the wine you wish."

The Indians one and all agreed to this, and the conduct of each was perfect for the six days.

On the seventh a clergyman sought an interview with the lecturer.

"Is it true," he began, "that you intend giving these Indians liquor tonight?"

"The truth is," replied the gray-haired lecturer, "we are having some wine at our dinner."

"But do you not think it very wrong?" said the clergyman; "with all your knowledge of the Indian, I should think that you would realize just what a serious thing you are doing. These poor, ignorant creatures must be considered as children, and as such it is the duty of every one of our race, as superior beings, to help and uplift them instead of pursuing the course you seem to be following. It can do them no good, and it may do them some real harm."

"Well," answered the other, "why not come around yourself tonight and tell them about it. Come

and bring your choir with you. Perhaps your presence will save the situation."

The minister consented. Evening arrived, and with it the worthy gentleman and his choir. The clergyman admonished the Indians at great length to leave strong drink alone. He told them it was a very wicked thing; it destroyed the body; it ate out the heart; it diseased the mind, and made friends bitter foes.

In all these things they agreed with him. It was a wicked and useless thing to get drunk. They would drink their wine, but it would not make them drunk. That was indeed folly.

The clergyman left early to keep an appointment, but the choir remained. The lecturer told amusing stories. The food was good; the lights were bright, the company congenial. The little incident at the beginning seemed forgotten. The party broke up shortly before twelve. Each Indian to the last man arose and went solemnly homeward. The choir—some of them were able to walk home; some gave their house numbers to discreet cabbies, and two slept peacefully.

NO EVIDENCE OF ROMANCE HERE

So much for the noble white man.

The Indian, to anyone who has not made a special study of his race, is yet an unknown quantity, and strange are the prevailing ideas concerning him.

If you received your first education in things historical in one of the numerous public schools of Ontario, you will probably remember a paragraph entitled, "North American Indians," which ran somewhat as follows:

> "The North American Indian is tall and copper-coloured; has straight black hair, black eyes, and high cheek-bones; is keen of hearing, swift of foot, cruel to his enemies, but generally true to his friends. The Indian woman does all the work, while her husband spends all his time hunting and fishing, when he is not fighting."

There may have been more about the North American Indians—his manners, his customs—if so, I have forgotten it, and I suspect you have done the same.

Add to the above Longfellow's "Hiawatha," a few coloured calendars of beautiful Indian maidens in buckskins and beads, a rage for burnt work on leather with designs running

AN INDIAN TEMPORARY ENCAMPMENT, WESTERN CANADA

to Indian warriors, and you have my earliest conception of the red man. Your own was probably the same.

Even the statement that the Indian women did all the work while the men spent their time hunting and fishing did not spoil the romance. Truly the husband and father spent his time hunting and fishing when he was not engaged in the manly art of fighting, but we must remember that it was not a "day-off" with a tempting lunch and a few bottles of beer to break the *ennui*. It was a serious business, which was sometimes undertaken with great difficulties, and meant food and raiment for wife and little ones. What man does more? No doubt his faithful squaw made roasts out of the flesh and clothing from the hides, but there were no floors to sweep, no rugs to beat, and, if all reports be true, no dishes to wash. Many white women fare worse.

As to war, it brought honour and glory to the family.

There remained, then, only the handsome hunter and warrior roaming the forests and prairie at will—brave and fearless—tall and copper-coloured, with straight black hair, black eyes, high cheek-bones, cruel to his enemies, but generally true to his friends.

Then came the disillusionment. I arrived in Calgary, and, hunched up in the dirtiest democrat I ever saw, driving the most unromantic old cayuse that ever disgraced the equine family, I saw my first Indian. He was a full-blooded Sarcee from the reserve nearby.

A Sarcee! One of the bravest of Indian tribes! For a century the Blackfoot Confederacy, consisting of the Blackfoot tribes, with their allies, the Gros Ventres and the Sarcees, held, by force of arms, against all other tribes, an extensive territory reaching from the Missouri River north to the Red Deer, and from the Rockies to beyond the Cypress Hills.

THE RED MAN AS FREQUENTLY HE IS SEEN TO-DAY

The day mentioned, on which I first encountered a red man, was in early winter, and the weather was probably at freezing point. There he sat, his ears covered with a thick veil, a huge coat and blanket to keep his unhealthy body warm, and many pairs of mittens to protect his tender hands.

The cause of his degeneration is not hard to trace. The Indian finds it difficult to survive civilization. In his old wild life, he was one of the most active of human beings. He was forced to work hard from day to day for his food (public school history to the contrary, notwithstanding), or, if food was abundant, his ambition led him continually on the warpath. Thus he was lean, sinewy, and tough, and always in the best of training. Those who reached maturity were the strong ones of the race. Truly it was a survival of the fittest. When the Indian was obliged to give up his wanderings, a change took place in his physical condition. He brooded over the past. Ambition was dead. The reservation was only a few thousand acres. What was that to the ruler of half a continent? Civilization was about to set in, and with it, or rather preceding it, came the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and the railway. New conditions arose. The Indian began to live in houses, and he and his children no longer subsisted on the meat of the deer and buffalo. They must raise wheat, lettuce, radishes, and onions. These changes began to act on his health, and he could no longer resist disease. Contact with the white man brought the dread disease tuberculosis. The death rate from this frightful malady is appalling, and in past years bade fair to destroy the red men completely within the next century. Recently, however, contrary to the general opinion, there has been a slight increase in the Indian population of Canada.

We are told that the Indian in his primitive state was clean as to body

—that he bathed frequently. Since he has been forced to wear white men's clothes, and live in white men's houses, no one would have the courage to suggest how often he bathes. In the schools on the reservations, however, the gentle art of cleanliness is being taught, and perhaps in the course of a generation or two our Indian brave will sterilize his clothing and faint at sight of a germ.

On the reserve mentioned, which consists of 69,120 acres of the finest land in Alberta, there are about 200 Indians. Of these twenty-six are of school age. These children are being given a practical education—the boys caring for the horses, cattle, garden, and wood supply of the institution, while the girls are taught household duties, sewing, and beadwork. It is discouraging work at the best, as only a few are industrious, and the schoolmaster, minister, and matron must indeed have the three greatest of virtues—faith, hope, and charity.

A few generations, and they may have forgotten, but there still live some old braves who led their faithful followers against the white men, and their tales must rouse many strange emotions in the breasts of the young men who have only known life on the reserve. Many wild tales they tell of mad gallops over the broad prairie by sunrise and sunset as free as the air, with nothing as far as eye could see but the beloved prairie melting into the horizon and turning purple in the distance—tales of maidens won, of battles fought, of the wild chasing of enemies from their peaceful hunting-grounds, of the triumphant marches homeward; and, lastly, they tell of the white men.

How wretched he looks as he sits hunched in his dirty, creaking democrat, whacking the reins over the back of his lifeless broncho, and smoking unceasingly! What he sees, what he thinks, no man knows. What memories are his, what miseries, what humiliations!

Do you remember these words from "Hiawatha"?—

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers,
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Saw the remnant of our people,
Sweeping westward wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rock of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn."

ARTHUR MEIGHEN: THE NEW HOPE

BY M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

INTO the spotlight of national politics there stepped a few months ago a young man of thirty-nine, lean, frail, serious, intense, with a remarkable capacity for eating up musty legal statutes, and an equally remarkable incapacity for eating the deductions which he makes from them. The Honourable Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General for the Dominion, is more than a mere holder of that office. He is one of the leading men on the political stage at Ottawa, one of the few enigmas of Canadian politics, and by many already regarded as the new hope of the Conservative party.

It is no disparagement of his predecessors to say that Mr. Meighen is the best equipped man, judged from the standpoint of sheer legal knowledge, that has ever occupied the unpretentious office of the Solicitor-General in the old west Parliament block. When his appointment was announced, considerable ill-feeling was engendered and openly displayed by would-be holders of the position, but such things are inseparable from a party in power, and the real attitude of the country was pretty well summed up by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who paid Mr. Meighen the remarkable tribute of saying, "That's the best appointment which this Government has made."

Mr. Meighen did not solicit the office. Others did. Macaulay once said that Shakespeare had neither equal nor second. That was essentially Mr. Meighen's relation to the other aspirants for the office, viewed in the light of ability, and the mantle simply gravitated to him.

Arthur Meighen's career has been short and swift. Contrary to a somewhat general impression, he is not a thorough Westerner, but a son of the Province of Ontario. He first looked out upon the world through the modest window-pane of an equally modest home in the town of St. Mary's and spent his boyhood there. He was just an ordinary youngster, and missed school, fought and raided orchards with the best and worst of them, bucking up sufficiently in his studies to graduate from St. Mary's Collegiate Institute and the University of Toronto. His home town did not open before him a particularly rosy path—he was not a full-fledged barrister—and at the age of four-and-twenty Arthur answered the call of the West by buying a ticket for Winnipeg. There he practised his profession with varying success, and not attracting as much legal attention as was wholesome for a prospective benedict, he took the train one day for Portage la Prairie. Seven years later he walked into the House of Commons and was escorted to an obscure seat.

During his first year in the House young Mr. Meighen did not make the mistake of saying something when he

had nothing in particular to say. Before getting on his feet to address the House he knew what he was going to say, when he was upon his feet he knew what he was saying, and when he sat down he knew what he had said. Wisdom of this kind is not, however, one of the cardinal virtues of the House of Commons, and the representative of Portage la Prairie, except, perhaps, in the eyes of some of the leaders, did not attract particular attention.

The following session saw a number of dredging scandals before the Public Accounts Committee, and it was as a member of that body that Meighen got his name on the front pages of the newspapers. His fellow members suddenly saw the quiet scholarly-looking young man transmuted into the fearless, daring, active lawyer, whose merciless logic was the Nemesis of too reticent witnesses and of too talkative opponents. His work as a critic of what he deemed to be extravagant public expenditure was of such a character that it had to escape all observation to avoid unstinted admiration. His best gifts revealed, Meighen was established as a front-bencher on the Conservative side of the House. The session of 1910 saw him in the rôle of champion of the West, and he moved a resolution calling for the abolition of the duty on all agricultural implements. When Mr. Fielding announced the terms of the reciprocity pact, it is said that Meighen was among a number of Western Conservatives who were prone to support it. However that may be, the fact remains that a few weeks later he came out as one of its most uncompromising opponents, both on economic and sentimental grounds. So ably did he conduct the fight against it in his own constituency of Portage la Prairie that when the votes were counted on that eventful night of September 21st, 1911, Mr. Meighen found himself with a much larger majority than before. Youth and geography were against him when Mr. Borden was first casting about for Cabinet timber, and men infinitely inferior in intellect, statesmanship, and parliamentary ability were taken into the Government over his head.

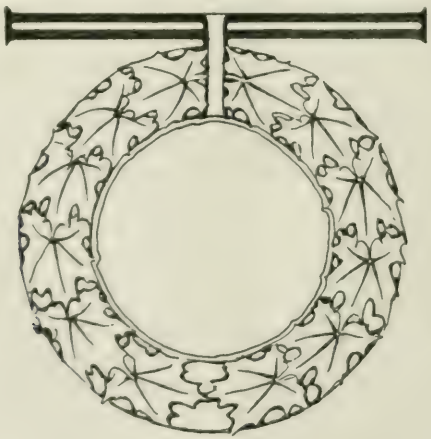
Meighen's first great test for fitness came with the naval controversy last winter. The measure was fiercely attacked with all the ability, sagacity, and strength which the well-trained debating team of the Liberal opposition could summon to its command. Mr. Foster, the greatest orator of them all, had spoken and gone, and, with the exception of himself, the capacity of Mr. Borden's Cabinet does not rest in oratory, or even in solid debating skill. And so it was that the big guns of the Opposition day after day, and night after night, poured shot and shell upon Mr. Borden's three *Dreadnoughts,* while the Cabinet batteries remained silent. One day a press correspondent happened into Mr. Meighen's room to find him buried behind a mountain of law books. That night the story got out that the Government was framing a closure bill. A week later the measure was introduced in the House by the Prime Minister and savagely attacked by the Opposition. Sir Wilfrid Laurier led his forces with a brilliant assault both upon its principle and details, and laid the whole thing—iniquity, he called it—at the door of Mr. Meighen. Pugsley, Macdonald, Maclean, Carvell—great, keen lawyers all—strove desperately to shoot away all that was demolishable of the structure which the young member for Portage la Prairie had built. And it was in answering and repelling those attacks that Meighen revealed his remarkable debating powers. Cool, resolute, sure of himself, he defended himself and the closure with such skill, vigour, and logic that his opponents themselves listened in admiration. The intricacies of the measure brought him to his feet many times to explain away misconceptions, some of which

were more apparent than real, and the House began to get the impression about him that he could always be relied upon. Even when his opponents had the better case, his friends felt certain that he would have an adequate and convincing reply.

Meighen is a Liberal-Conservative in the widest sense. He is really a radical, but a sane radical. He is a progressive, but he is not a demagogue or a fanatic. On the other hand, he is a good politician. Learning his game of politics in the hard Western school, he is no idealist, knows something about practical organization politics, and is perhaps too good a party man for anyone to go into raptures as yet over his having the courage of his convictions.

Delicate in constitution, frail in figure, intense, serious, and even for a young man austere, he spends but little time on social pleasures, and his official duties are seldom brightened by humour. At work as in debate he is at times almost painfully earnest. But he has the straightforward look of a man neither nervous, shifty, nor timid; a fine, companionable, earnest man, who has plenty of faults and knows that he has; a man with no frills about him, big-hearted, and big-brained, straight, reliable, and able; a student of politics and events that have built that mighty structure—the British Empire.

What Mr. Meighen's political future will be, it is difficult to say. As remarked before, he is one of the enigmas of Canadian politics—the big man behind Borden, after whose name no one as yet feels disposed to write a question mark. Certain it is that he is the ablest of a number of very clever young men in the Conservative party. In contemplating what his future will be, we must not forget the great and often decisive factor in the fortunes of political men—the great god Chance. There have been cases in British political history, and in Canadian political history, too, where big men laid their plans carefully and pursued them for years, and when the great prize was nearly within their grasp, up came the Arbiter and threw the whole fabric into the dust.



THE WHITE HOPE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

The Honourable Arthur Meighen, the new Solicitor-General for the Dominion

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

'EMMINGWAY OF THE "QUEEN'S OWN"

BY HUGH JOHNSON

WE called him "'Emmingway of the Queen's Own," but that wasn't his real name. His real name was Collins. And looking back at it all now, I recall the thing in a sort of series of remarks. I think the one remark I remember best was the one Folsom made at the club one night. Folsom just stuck out his big square jaw and glowered down a proposition I had made in regard to 'Emmingway.

"Aw, no, try his ludship clear out," growled Folsom. "There's nothing in him. We don't want *that* kind of lumber in this regiment. It isn't fair to the men to put 'em up against it with *that* to depend on."

I say I remember that little remark of Folsom's whenever I think of L Troop out there at Poulatong, with only Collins to depend on.

You see, the Sixteenth has had its experiences—had 'em from Texas to Minlanao—but nothing ever equalled the coming of Collins, newly commissioned and from civil life. I mind the day well.

An automobile swerved up to the main gate of the post, stopped panting, and delivered itself of this martial monstrosity. It wore *creased* riding trousers of ultra English make, its boots squeaked, and it surveyed the little world of our fort (oh, shade of long-haired Custer!) through a monocle. When he teetered past Number One, the sentry sniggered. The men thought he was an advertisement for a travelling oculist, and they came down in troops to see him. I thought he was a joke the young civilians in town had put up on the regiment, but they hadn't done it—*that* was the work of some senator with a pull. He had been walking around the post for fifteen minutes, when some one began to suspect the truth and advised him to go and report to the Colonel.

He fairly wafted into the office.

Now our particular Colonel is an old dragoon, and his indigestion was worse that morning. In his day, newly-appointed lieutenants were not in the habit of addressing their K. O.'s as "Old Fellow," or of telling whose son they were in the first sentence. Collins came out gasping, but all he would say was:

"My word—*my* word— *my word* —"

You might have thought that this would dampen Collins. It did not. He went to the club, rapped on the table with a riding-stick, and called:

"Steward, bring me a brawndy smawsh, ye know."

There was no question about it; Collins was the worst thing that ever happened to the Sixteenth Cavalry. He developed a new disqualification for his commission every hour. In the first place, he had never seen a real soldier in all his life; but he had read all about them in books and

he was satisfied. He couldn't ride, he couldn't drill, he couldn't talk, and he couldn't be silent. He spoke with an English accent—stage English—and he had no more idea of his duties as an officer than a boarding-school freshman. He had read a Kipling story, seen a picture of a Horse Guardsman, sat through the *"Second in Command,"* and decided on his calling. We could have accepted him with all that—at his face value—on the general idea that the System is a good one and that he would have to learn, but he had no face value.

The trouble was this; he'd gone to school to milk-faced tutors all his life, and they may have taught him Know, but they certainly didn't teach him Know How. He'd been graduated from the University of Pat-on-the-Back and not from the Fresh Water College of Swift Kicks. Also he had so many monocles in his eyes—I'm speaking figuratively — that he couldn't see anybody except Collins. His stupidity that way almost brought tears to my eyes sometimes. If you've ever met a man who was supremely happy in the idea that his middle name was IT, you know just what I mean.

Well, the captains tried grave advice and it wouldn't do; he didn't know what they were talking about. So he was turned over to the lieutenants. They first tried ridicule; took him snipe hunting (you know, candle—sack—and you hold the bag all night in the cold while they run the snipes in), but he came in at dawn and offered to try again.

"Rum go," he called it, "you chaps getting lost that way."

He "pulled a badger" and did not see the joke. He bought a man-killing outlaw that we sent to him as a ladies' pacer. It is only fair to note that he mounted smiling after six successive falls and bought his forfeited champagne like a little man. However, there was no change in Collins. And then the youngsters had a meeting.

It sure was a case for concerted action. You see, the Sixteenth is chuck full of traditions about its snap and precision and all that, and the men didn't want to face the other cavalry regiments with "'Emmingway" to ball up the manœuvres; so they decided on the Last Resort. This sweet and amiable method is the outgrowth of a good many years of experience, and it is effective but terrible. It is a system of unfeeling politeness.

That night every officer in the regiment made a five minutes' duty call, and after that 'Emmingway was formally and coolly excluded from everything. Sometimes I think we went too far, but it was a week before he even discovered it. If he cut in at cards, every man in the game, successively and with the most plausible and punctilious of excuses, dropped out and left him shuffling the deck for solitaire; and I have seen two men at polo deliberately give up the game to ride him out of sight of the ball. They called him *Mister* Collins to his face and socially he simply did not exist. Crusoe was not more alone. When it did hit him, he remembered some horrible story of a man being driven to insanity by the West Point coventry, and also he felt that he had done no wrong. It was pitiful.

He shut himself in his room and, except for duty, we did not see him for days on end. I used to hear him tramping the floor and sometimes talking to himself at all hours of the day and night; and that, and the shocked, averted eyes of him as he passed me in the hall got on my nerves. So I went to see 'Emmingway. I think he thought I was a sort of spy, but I went away more repentant than ever. It was the first time that I had ever troubled to take stock of the boy at close range—a good, clear-cut face it was, with frank boyish eyes, a good nose, and a clean, unspoiled mouth. He wouldn't talk, but he set me to thinking and I call-

ed, or rather dropped, into his room four or five times before he was finally convinced of my sincerity.

"Why did I get that commission?" he groaned. "I'm totally unfit. There isn't a private soldier in the regiment who wouldn't be a better officer than I. Why, I—I—I couldn't take a corporal's squad around a corner."

Now it is evident that this should have been the beginning of the end of Collins's troubles, but it is history that it wasn't. He had been thought of too long as "'Emmingway of the Queen's Own" for anyone to take the trouble to think of him otherwise. I spoke of a change to a crowd in the club, but Folsom demurred, as I have said before. That was the remark I recalled and set down at the beginning. Folsom was Collins's troop commander, and he was coarse metal. Just a big brutal soldier, Folsom was, who had squeezed by some examining board because of the depth of his magnificent chest. He had taken keen pleasure in the baiting of Collins, and he could not have understood its purpose in a thousand years. When everyone else had been frigidly polite, he had been simply vulgarly brutal, and he didn't want his amusement taken away. That was the reason he wouldn't accept my suggestion. Not that he was thinking about L Troop ever depending on Collins.

II.

Well, on our next tour of foreign service, L Troop "drew" Poulatong for station and Folsom swore. Poulatong had a reputation. Even at this early date one of the commanding officers had died, one had been court-martialed, and there is one in Saint Elizabeth's at this very hour. It was a job for a big, strong, honest, two-fisted man—Poulatong — and I think Folsom was chosen because he was big and strong and two-fisted.

The work consisted in taking L Troop out in the jungle and establishing a government where there was no government. The limitation to Folsom's power was that he mustn't let anything come out that would shock the sensibilities of a squeamish people back home who have Puritanical ideas about such things. Otherwise, Folsom was to be king and parliament, judge and jury, policeman and executioner to a breed of about three thousand skin-civilized Filipinos who didn't understand the necessity for these functionaries, and didn't want to.

Folsom yearned for no such power, which is not strange when you know Poulatong. I can't describe it adequately, but there is some classic literature upon a similar subject among the Italian poets. Notably a hot description by one Dante.

You strike westward from the coast of the most miserable island in the archipelago on a narrow trail, rutted and ridged by the patient feet of *carabao,* through a forest such as you've never seen. It's all great sprawling roots, like big snakes; and the ground is soggy and stinking. It gets on your nerves, the whole thing does — everything rank and dark green and just oozing with poison; and the light is dim underneath regular mats of trees and big fronds, with more snaky vines running around in knots and tangles.

It seems unnatural in under there; like as if everything was in a sort of trance; and you stumble and sweat and get dizzy in the head among the creeping, crawling snags of the swamp. After four days you wonder, "If the trail leads anywhere, why does it do it?" . . . And then, lo and behold, it dips before you; you come out of the warm, thick, heavy, sluggish air to where the trail follows the bed of a noisy, nasty little stream for a mile—and you've arrived at Poulatong.

On three sides of it spreads that old green sea of a jungle, all poison and gloom and stillness, just seeping-stillness, like something that was threatening you all day through the

heavy black. Heavens, how that jungle just lies there and threatens a man—a white man, I mean. Way to the back, though, the mountains rise. It would do you good to see them, so purple and high and cool and clean, only they look so bleak and hopeless.

Right in Poulatong, a muddy, measly little stream musses along through the main street. The naked little brown kids paddle all day long in it, tumbling around among litters of dirty, peak-backed pigs, all playing together, the big-eyed, great-horned *carabao* looking on, with their muzzles stuck down in the slime.

The houses are on that street. You wouldn't really call them houses, though. Just huts of grass and sticks, they are, all stained with smoke, and set high up on piles out o' reach of the oozy ground. The folks that live in 'em are just the sort you'd expect: blank-faced, shuffling little hunks o' misery. They jerk their hands and feet, and jabber just like the monkeys in the trees back among the hills.

You must get a good picture of that street in Poulatong. It will help you to understand what happened there.

There was only one real house in town, what you'd call a house, and Folsom commandeered that. Then he stood on the only verandah, gazed just once at the hopeless hills, once at the jungle—the *bosque,* as they call it—then down at that nasty street all cooking in the sun like a hot stew. And then he sat down and groaned out loud.

There are certain things in this story I don't intend to pass my judgment upon; and one of them's drink. I just feel pity *plus* when I think of that jungle and that town. Well, just exactly what happened is only known vaguely by hint and rumour and a glance of the eye. For Collins never told and, naturally, Folsom couldn't. I simply mention in passing that Folsom had several weeks of struggle with his own particular little devils. Up to that time he'd been about as sweet to Collins as a Mississippi steamboat captain is to a stevedore. But, well, he called the boy to his quarters, and Collins went and found him, his commanding officer, about as drunk as a man can be and not fall out of a bamboo recliner with particularly high side arms. Across the room, sprawled on the *papate*-covered floor, lay the surgeon leering like a bilious owl.

" 'Emmin'way," said Folsom thickly, "whosh comman'in' in Poulatong?"

"You are," ventured Collins, who was very tired and forgot the "Sir." He never did again. About ten minutes of thick abuse, which means something when you're talking of Folsom, Folsom continued:

"An' who takesh up whi' man's burden in this Pearl o' Orient?"

"Why, you do, sir," answered Collins, wondering.

"'S perfec'ly absurd," roared Folsom, "'s perfec'ly lud'crus. *I* sign the papers. See 't you get in here early in mornin' when they'll find me — eh, Doc? — nearly sober. In meantime, me an' my med'cal colleague's goin' into 'zecutive seshun to prove alcohol's a food. Forty eminent leeches breathlessly 'wait outcome, an' I'm sure that you, 'Emmin'way, would never interfere with laud'ble enterprise. My med'cal colleague, bein', 'z you may observe, already deep in 'sper'ment, I speak for him. An' now"—Folsom's face looked cruel and his manner and talk suddenly changed — "you scent-sprinkled Piccadilly swab from Squash Corners, Arkansas" (Collins had been out with a squad after ladrone and he wore a torn blue shirt open at neck and sleeve. His face was dusky with a week's beard and he had unstrapped his heavy revolver from his hip for fear of ridicule), "you pink little parlour pup get to work."

And that is how poor Collins, to whom the world of men had been

closed country all his life, was made king and parliament, judge and jury, and all the rest of it at Poulatong.

Of that part of his experience there is precious little record. The Government of Poulatong may have been and probably was a deplorable failure, but Collins did have a good chin, and he had for guide, philosopher, and friend, as the saying is, a very wise old sergeant who had believed in him from the very first and —L Troop came out of it alive. Which is something, when you know Poulatong.

I am inclined to think that he promised to and afterwards did actually hang to the cross-beams of that market-place two natives who *would* persist in staking people out alive on ant hills. But my imagination balks at the idea of Collins sitting like Solomon in judgment of the warring women; the sergeant, however, swears to something of that sort.

It all may have been unfortunate for Poulatong, but it was good for Collins, and best of all was the fact that he had the troop and had to provide for it. He learned more of his real business as a soldier in three months at Poulatong than *he* would have learned in three hundred at home. He reported every day to Folsom and got his rations of abuse, and whenever the big man thought of it, he sent orderlies with insulting messages to worry the boy, and this kept him from another little error—meaning swell-headedness — that might have overtaken him. But I am afraid that, to the regiment, he would still have been "'Emmingway of the Queen's Own" if Poulatong had been spared that summer.

The chances are that you do not know Asiatic cholera except by reputation. It is Nature's effective method of purging a crowded country; and its work, if swift, is thorough.

On his morning inspection, Collins ran into a sort of ceremonial procession; it was some natives and they bore aloft a little figure that nodded and bobbed with every motion of its bearer's shoulders. It was the body of a very small child. This detail is not pleasant, but neither was Collins's predicament. He made a hurried investigation of the stricken house, and what he found did not please him. Ten minutes afterwards he stood before Folsom.

Whatever Poulatong was doing for "'Emmingway," you wouldn't have needed a former photograph of Folsom to observe its effect on the older man. A sneer sort o' worked its way across his battered features, and he fidgeted nervously with his hands.

"Cholera," he scoffed, "cholera, shay—'Emmin'way,' you're a sensationalist—tryin' to have fun with your old T. C., are you?"

There was little of "'Emmingway" about Collins to-day.

"Where's the surgeon, sir?" he asked curtly.

"Surgeon? surgeon? Oh, surgeon's communin' with his gods. You'll find him in there annoyin' the plaid and polka-dotted monkeys on the footboard of his bed." But Folsom was talking to the empty air.

"Cholera," stammered the doctor with absurd gravity, "cholera is a bug. You'll know it 'cause it has three wings, a branching horn, and barks like a sea lion. There's one crawling up the curtain now—squash him like a good fellow, won't you?"

The troop had heard the news. Soldiers get the habit of being taken care of. That is desirable. It argues discipline, but it is bad at times—when their confidence in their officer is a little weak, for instance—and that is what Folsom had meant back at Fort Sam Houston when he spoke of Collins. There was a funny sort of silence in the squad rooms, each discipline, but it is bad at times—ing his own thoughts. Just before retreat, here was a commotion. Big Hartigan, the guidon sergeant, had broken completely down and was sobbing out a flood of profanity.

"'Ten thousan' blink-blank-blotched miles from hop-skip-jump home, dyin' like a this-and-that dog an' nobody to take care of me but that spindle-shanked otter-popper of a born-in-a-hurry—"

"'Ten-*shun!*" It was the old sergeant in the doorway and behind him at the head of the room stood one who, in a voice and manner and presence, the troopers hardly recognized. It was Lieutenant Collins in the execution of his office, and his finger was levelled straight at Hartigan.

"Take that man to the guardhouse," he snapped, and when that was done, he published his orders concerning cholera. He did it right, too; ship-shape, all snap and bristle.

It had been a strange little speech all interlarded with soldier slang—where soldier slang was best—bolstered with crisp, curt sentences that one who had known the "'Emmingway" of old, with his Lawrence D'Orsay accent, his riding-stick and monocle, would never have believed.

You remember that street of Poulatong I told you about. Well—it was a cholera trap, and in three days the disease was working its havoc.

All night long the burial parties went through that awful street. In detail, the soldiers were digging out the sick and dying, forcing the doors that were barred against them, burning and disinfecting, bobbing around in the black mess with their torches and lanterns.

Four-fifths of the time they had to fight the little jabbering men, o' course; for *they* had their side of it, you see. They knew this cholera, like their fathers and grandfathers and so on for ages back in that miserable swamp country had known it. They called it a scourge sent from heaven. Well, they were wicked enough to have had Heaven do almost anything to them, and that's a fact. Then they took to blaming it onto us soldiers being there, and they spit and scrapped all the nastier when we came around. And all the time they were wailing and beating drums and chanting their chants; a whole smear of processions and images and torches burning and fires blazing. But never a bit of scrubbing out or cleaning the caked dirt off the walls and floors. When the dead began falling all around thick, what little civilization the beasts had was dropped and they went back to some kind of Malay stuff that had been born in them. Now, you may think of awful sights, but you'll never be able to imagine anything like that street at night when we were dragging the shacks for the filth we could find.

None of the boys, queer enough, seemed to be the least bit afraid. And now I know why, though I never stopped to think why then. You'll have guessed, likely. It was Collins. Collins established the hospital, such as it was; Collins boiled the water in the big sugar vats; Collins condemned the wells and set a guard over 'em; Collins drained the streets and burned the dirtiest houses; Collins ran down the little devils that were hiding their dead and dragged 'em out and put 'em in prison while he buried—what they were hiding. He slept only where he dropped dog-tired, and he watched his troop—well, I was going to say like a mother. He did his twenty hours a day at a stretch and what he put into the men—for a week at least, solid—was something I have never seen before or since come out of one man into another. He'd bully us, he'd come down sharp with a command, he'd wheedle, he'd stick his arm under the shoulder of a tired trooper, he'd get down with his own two bare hands and handle things that I know would once have made him sick just to hear you talk about. It wasn't only plain grit, if you'll understand me; there was something deeper to it. I don't know just how to call it.

Well, five days went by. He happened to be standing in the plaza when he saw an orderly go by leading Folsom's big mare fully equipped

for the field. He kind o' smiled a little bitter smile. Somehow it looked all right on his face now, that smile did. A year before—when the boys were calling him "'Emmingway" — it wouldn't have. Sure enough, pretty soon a note came to him from Folsom. He tore it up without reading it. It was only when Folsom himself, booted and spurred and sober, but kind of ghastly pale and shaking like a bush, stood before him that he stopped working and looked up.

"Collins, it *is* cholera—the medico's got it—God!—it's horrible. He—"

"What?" Collins was halfway to the door.

"Oh, it's all right—the sergeant took him away this morning. Collins, I came to ask you if you've done anything about—about—getting help." The big man stood with his eyes on the floor, and as he spoke colour came over his pale cheeks. Collins smiled again.

"Warder and Phillips to the coast Tuesday," he answered short and sharp.

"Warder and Phillips? They'll never get there. You've sent the most worthless men in the troop. I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that you should have sent the best—the very best—perhaps have gone yourself."

Folsom could hardly speak, he was fighting with his shame; and Collins felt himself of a sudden unreasonably angry.

"You—" Collins said sharply, but stopped. "I— Why don't *you* go?" he ended weakly. "And now I'll have to go over and see about the medico." Folsom, in a dazed manner, looked after him, then called his horse and rode off through the jungle toward the coast.

It was almost a dead certainty that the troop should be visited with the plague, but when it happened Collins put his head on his table and wept. He had had all along a silly sort of a hope that had made his work and care three times what it needed to be, for he had heard Big Hartigan belittle him in the squad-room and he had made some private vows. At that table the sergeant found him two hours later.

"Lieutenant," he said, with his eye full of pity at the boy's face, "I hate to disturb you but—it's Hartigan. He's going out, I think. He's been calling your name all afternoon and I thought—I thought maybe you might want to—after what he said and all."

Now, if you'll believe me, all that Collins had done up to that time had meant nothing. Nothing to him, I mean. It was what came after that made the man, took him right by the very heart and made the man. It was the sitting by the boys' beds that did it.

Every last one of his troopers was calling for him in between their moans at the pain. Even when they were out of their heads and twisting in their blankets, they kept calling for nobody but Collins. And they didn't call him "'Emmingway."

It was through those long nights, just sitting and holding some poor devil's hand and trying to cool his forehead and hearing — you know what secrets men tell when they're like that. And he sat and patted their hands and spoke soft to 'em, sometimes with a tear in the corner of his eye. For, by God! they were *his* men by that time, bone, skin, and soul, every mother's son of 'em. And he that hadn't known, as you might say, the first thing about men and the lives men lead and the philosophy of men, was steady by their side, talking to them like an old father, speaking the comfort of the church, or giving them a bit of life's wisdom—them that were leaving it all forever.

I am no man to be talking of deep things or even trying to understand them; I wouldn't be a soldier if I was. But I know that there, in that miserable hospital, was where Collins found

himself. I wasn't taken. I was a good deal of help to the man; and I watched him.

Now, mark. The day after Folsom left, a native came back to Poulatong, gibbering himself, and leading a bedraggled-looking horse. On the back of that horse lay a thing with its fingers all twisted tight into the beast's mane, and the thing blubbered and babbled in its delirium, and what it blubbered was over and over again the name of Collins.

We pulled him down and took him in to a bed. It was Folsom. I don't suppose I ought to believe it, but I think he was really running away from the sickness. And it had sneaked through the jungle and strangled him in his saddle. Then right away, his mind had turned to Collins for help, do you see? All that night the boy sat beside the man that had abused him, letting Folsom's hand hold him until his side and arm were numb—for the poor sick devil had a grip that was clenched tight and wouldn't loosen. And Collins kept begging him, begging him—what do you think? As his senior officer, for the sake of the troop to keep himself alive!

Far down the ward Big Hartigan heard him and blurted out—making as if in was the delirium again—"For the sake of the throop! Me aunt's grandmother Hartigan's porcelain eye—the throop'll worry along in *that* bereavement."

It was there, at the bedside of his commander, that the relief party found Collins next day, overcome at last by the thing he had fought.

"You've got to save him, sir," insisted the sergeant, not minding it was a superior he was talking to. "If it wasn't for him, sir, we'd all be gone."

The doctor with the party was a bustling, cheery, gray-haired little man, and his eyes twinkled, but they looked like there was something back of that twinkle.

"Him?" he said cheerfully. "Oh, his kind have to be shot on judgment day. But just the same," he told the steward when the sergeant was out of hearing, "I must work like I never worked before to give him his *chance*, and if he doesn't get it, I've missed my calling at its one best bet. We can't lose *this* man; it would be throwing the Service down — *hard*. Don't leave him for a moment."

Now, of course, we knew almost nothing of all this when that pair—Collins and Folsom—met for the first time in the Army and Navy Club, each just from his bed in the Division Hospital. Collins had been glancing over some home papers, and he rose with a sort of a little air of disgust, I'd call it, when Folsom walked straight over to him. They were a queer-looking couple, standing there in the twilight of the reading-room, gaunt and pasty, you know, and uncertain on their feet, and somehow they seemed to attract all attention.

"I hope," was the way Folsom began, in a voice that was meant to be a whisper, but it cracked and sounded loud in the silence, "I hope, Collins, that you are ready to let bygones be bygones," and he held out his hand.

I can see Collins now, looking at that outstretched palm as though it was a spider. For he shuddered a bit and turned his face away.

"Oh, very well, Folsom," he answered, sort o' tired. "I've forgotten it, anyway."

And then we all knew what I had known all along—that somewhere out there in the jungle "'Emmingway of the Queen's Own" had been forever burned out in the fire.

UNIVERSITY DEVELOPMENT IN WESTERN CANADA

BY W. A. CRAICK

IT is significant that education is receiving such careful attention throughout the Canadian West. Advancing hand in hand with material development, outdistancing even the forces of religion, it is wielding an influence on the life of the people that will have its effect in years to come. Apart from the splendid legislative piles at the Provincial capitals, the finest public buildings in the West are those devoted to educational purposes. Schools, colleges, and budding universities reflect the marked consideration which the Westerner is bestowing on this important phase of national advancement.

The real estate office is not the true criterion of Western growth, nor is the subdivision its most suggestive feature. These are for the most part temporary excrescences. But as they bulk largely in the public eye and form the basis of most conceptions of the West, they have gradually come to assume a greater importance than they are entitled to possess. The country beyond the Great Lakes is not merely a land peopled with an utterly materialistic race of beings intent only on wresting wealth from the soil. It is the home of a people, who, despite certain appearances, have a keen appreciation of the advantages of knowledge and a sincere desire to build up communities whose happiness will not be dependent entirely on material benefits.

Thus one finds on the bare windswept bank of the South Saskatchewan River at Saskatoon, and above the deep gorge of the North Saskatchewan River at Edmonton, young men and maidens intent on the study of the works of those ancient philosophers and poets of Greece and Rome, whose writings have inspired the minds of students down through the centuries. Here they read French and German texts, study higher mathematics, delve into the laws of science, learn the principles of political economy and trace the history of the nations of the world, with all the eagerness evinced by the most earnest undergraduates of much older institutions of learning. The picture of students engaged in these pursuits may seem at variance with the generally accepted idea of the West, as something superimposed and out of harmony with the principles governing life at present, but in reality this is a visualization of the real spirit of the West, a spirit which aims to build for the future on the sure foundation of knowledge and intellect.

To the schools, the colleges, and above all, the universities, one must therefore look for a true conception of the principles that underlie Western development. There are now four universities beyond the Great Lakes, each being a Provincial institution, organized and supported by the Government of its particular

Province. That of British Columbia is still in its infancy. Those of Alberta and Saskatchewan have reached a point where their progress may be viewed with pride and gratification by the people of these two Provinces. The University of Manitoba, occupying a somewhat anomalous position, is apparently on the threshold of an important development, which will place it in line with the generous plans on which the other institutions are being built.

Higher education in Manitoba is complicated by the circumstance that in the early stages of the Province's growth it was the churches and not the State which dealt with the problem. When the university was established by an Act of the Legislature in 1877, there were already three denominational colleges in existence. The first of these was St. Boniface, which had grown from a mission school early in the century to be the chief Roman Catholic college in the West. The second was St. John's College, an Anglican institution, and the third, Manitoba College, established in connection with the Presbyterian Church. These three colleges became affiliated with the university on its establishment, and their graduates in arts received their degrees from the State institution. Meanwhile the university itself remained simply a degree-conferring corporation and did not furnish instruction.

A fourth arts college was established later on by the Methodists, and was duly affiliated with the university. This is Wesley College, which is to-day one of the strongest of the four denominational colleges in the university. At various times the Manitoba Medical College, the Manitoba College of Pharmacy, and the Manitoba Agricultural College were taken into the university, though the last-named institution dropped out in 1912.

Until 1900 the university remained simply a name, except for the powers it exercised in conferring degrees. Then came a movement for the establishment of a faculty of science. None of the denominational colleges were able to undertake the expense connected with the equipment of laboratories, and they were quite willing to let the Province step in and provide the necessary building and apparatus. An amendment to the University Act was passed in 1900 according the university "power to give instruction and teaching in the several faculties and different branches of knowledge as from time to time shall be directed by the Council of the University." This was followed by the erection of the university building on Broadway, in Winnipeg, near the site of the Parliament Buildings, and the establishment of a faculty of science.

This was the situation therefore up to 1909: the university taught science and conferred degrees in arts and science, while the denominational colleges gave instruction in arts and theology and conferred degrees in divinity. In 1909, owing in part to the progress being made in Alberta and Saskatchewan with the establishment of their universities, in part to the financial weakness and inability of some of the denominational colleges to maintain their courses, and in part to the desire of the University authorities to extend the scope of its work, a beginning was made with the establishment of an arts faculty in the University itself. Departments of political economy, English, history, and mathematics were formed, and professors in each of these subjects appointed.

But the plan has been only partially developed. Instead of having to-day a complete four-year course in arts in the University itself, paralleling the courses in the denominational colleges, one finds that the University professors have become little more than adjuncts to the faculties of the colleges. Generally speaking they have charge of the third and fourth year students of the affiliated

institutions, who have to go to the University for instruction in English, mathematics, history, and political economy. The first and second years are covered by the staffs of the colleges, and the separate institutions also look after the higher years in classics and moderns. It is thus apparent that the situation is a complicated one and that some careful generalship will have to be exercised in working out the future of the University to a satisfactory conclusion.

The recent appointment of Dr. J. A. Maclean, late head of the University of Idaho, and an honour graduate of the University of Toronto, to be first President of the University, may be regarded as the next significant step in the evolution of the University. Dr. Maclean is a hard-headed, cautious, and exceedingly politic administrator. He has been in office since the beginning of 1913, and up to the present time has made no definite pronouncement of policy, but that he will advocate a spirit of compromise in dealing with the denominational colleges is evident. He is apparently in sympathy with the collegiate idea and will not likely press for any greater concessions from them than is necessary. While supporters of the University would like to see the colleges shorn of their arts faculties and reduced to theological colleges pure and simple, it is the belief of many that better work will be accomplished by having the students distributed in smaller classes among the different institutions.

The proposal of the Provincial Government to erect new university buildings on an extensive site bordering the Red River and to make arrangements for the inclusion of the denominational colleges in the general plan, will give a much-needed concentration to the work of the component parts of the University. At present the four colleges and the University buildings are scattered over the City of Winnipeg. The University property and the sites of both Wesley and Manitoba Colleges, by reason of their location in the central section of the city, have become immensely valuable, so that funds for the erection of splendid new buildings will be readily available. The properties owned by St. John's and St. Boniface, while farther from the heart of the city, are not quite as valuable, but their sale, if decided upon, should bring in a substantial return.

The preliminary plans for the Engineering Building, which will be the first structure to be erected on the new property, were approved last fall, and the completed plans are now ready. Tenders for the work are being received. Concurrently the preliminary plans for the grounds are ready and in the hands of a committee of the University Council.

The latest and most significant development at Manitoba has been the union of Wesley College and Manitoba College, which was partially consummated last fall. It is a co-operative arrangement by means of which the two institutions will be brought closely together. By means of a joint Board of Governors, a joint principal and common registration, this object is being accomplished, and while the colleges preserve for the present their separate corporate existence, their work is so correlated as to be practically a unit.

The Provincial universities of Saskatchewan and Alberta have been launched under much more favourable auspices. Here there has been no question of the prior existence of denominational colleges. Profiting by the experience of other States and Provinces, and allowing generously for the rapidly increasing needs of the future, these two Provinces have laid the foundations for great central institutions of learning at Saskatoon and Edmonton, respectively. Started at approximately the same time, the two universities have advanced with almost equal rapidity, and their posi-

tion to-day is only differentiated by the adoption of slightly dissimilar policies in construction.

At Saskatoon one finds completed two of the handsomest college buildings in the Dominion, the first of a series of buildings which will ultimately be erected on the extensive site provided for the university. At present the grounds are bare and uninviting, being devoid of trees or shrubs, but with the river sweeping past in the foreground, the City of Saskatoon beyond, and the billowy prairie extending in all directions, there are possibilities for effective treatment that will render the university surroundings most attractive in process of time.

The two college buildings, one devoted for the time being to class work in both arts and agriculture, and the other a residence for students, have been built of limestone field boulders quarried within a few miles of Saskatoon. The architectural style is collegiate gothic, dignified in its simplicity and harmonizing with the purpose for which the buildings are intended. The red and yellow tints in the gray of the stone lend an added attractiveness to its appearance, while the gray trimmings set off the proportions of the buildings admirably. Within, the same solid construction is observable in every detail. It is evident that Saskatchewan has put up no temporary, make-shift structures to accommodate its University, but that there are the beginnings of a big and harmonious scheme of university construction.

The students' hall, or residence, is admirably adapted for the use to which it has been put. Its most interesting feature is the large and lofty dining-hall, where two hundred students can be accommodated at once. Were it not for its newness, one might well imagine oneself looking into one of the college halls at Oxford. The hall stands between two wings of the building, of which the smaller is devoted to the use of women students. The larger wing, extending back towards the College of Agriculture, houses male students, who are furnished with good-sized rooms, each containing two beds. For both men and women students, sitting-rooms with open fire-places, and reading-rooms are provided, so that within the walls of the building everything necessary for the comfort and pleasure of undergraduates is supplied.

As part of the plant required in the teaching of agriculture, a number of less pretentious buildings have been erected, including an engineering hall, a stock pavilion, barns and power house. Near by is the handsome little Anglican divinity school, Emmanual College, built of the same kind of stone, and in the same general style, as the main university buildings. A site close to the river has been granted to the Presbyterians for the erection of their theological college, and it is expected that other denominations in time will do likewise. The City of Saskatoon has been given a site on the campus for a civic hospital, which will prove a useful adjunct of the proposed medical faculty.

Owing to the piecemeal way in which the University is being put together it will be some years before the general plan on which construction is being followed out will be revealed. But it is not haphazard work. Everything has been planned and measured to fit, and, when the time comes that the architect's dream is fulfilled, there will appear on the banks of the South Saskatchewan, a group of handsome inter-related buildings that will be beautiful, impressive, and inspiring in their entirety.

At Edmonton the sister University of Alberta has been planned on similarly broad and far-seeing lines, but whereas Saskatchewan has begun with the erection of two costly buildings, Alberta has been contented to start with a couple of much less pre-

tentious structures. On the other hand, the site of the University of Alberta is more imposing, in that the North Saskatchewan River, on the south bank of which it is located, flows through a wide deep gorge, affording a splendid outlook for the university buildings.

Two plain brick buildings have been erected, as the first units in the general scheme of construction. These will ultimately be two of a group of six residence buildings, but at present one of them and a small part of the other are used for academic purposes. A third building of identical style is now under construction, together with a large dining-hall to the rear of the central building, which will eventually serve as a common dining-room for the six projected residences. A beginning is also being made with a portion of the grand central building, which will be built in much more elaborate style, facing the east and looking down the river valley. The whole university plant has been planned well in advance, and, as with the University of Saskatchewan, so with the University of Alberta, it will be many years before the scheme is fully worked out. Provision has been made to one side of the university proper, for space for affiliated denominational colleges, and already Alberta College, a Methodist institution, has been erected, to be followed shortly by Robertson College, belonging to the Presbyterians, which is now housed in temporary quarters in Edmonton.

The notable difference between the Universities of Alberta and Saskatchewan is that the former has as yet no faculty of agriculture. Alberta is following a different policy from the sister Province in the matter of agricultural education. Her plan, which is now being worked out, is to establish on a number of experimental farms, a series of schools of agriculture, serving different parts of the Province. These schools will provide a more elementary kind of instruction than would a Provincial College of Agriculture, but they will bring that instruction closer to the boys of the Province. Ultimately a central college will have to be established, but meanwhile it is expected that the schools will serve the needs of the people better. So the university is at present engaged in giving instruction solely in arts, science, and law.

The University of British Columbia has scarcely had sufficient growth to make its inclusion in the list of Western universities possible. A splendid site for its building has been provided at Point Grey, near Vancouver, whence it will look out over the blue waters of the Gulf of Georgia, and be encircled by those magnificent mountain ranges which are the glory of the Pacific Province. But as yet there are no classes, no professors, and no courses of instruction. Only recently a president was appointed in the person of Dr. Westbrook. The selection of some of the professors will follow, and it is expected that a beginning will be made with the construction of buildings this year. Meanwhile the Government intends to plant on the shores of the Pacific, a university which for beauty of location, splendour of buildings, and excellence of equipment will be in the van of all Canadian universities.

Returning to the three prairie universities, which have advanced sufficiently to make some comment on their character and work feasible, one notes with satisfaction that the faculties of all three are manned almost entirely by Canadians. Dr. Maclean, President of Manitoba, is a native of Ontario, as already noted, an honour graduate and gold medallist of Toronto. Dr. Murray, President of Saskatchewan, was born in Nova Scotia, and graduated from Dalhousie. Dr. Tory, President of Alberta, is also a Nova Scotian, and a graduate of McGill. With but few exceptions, every professor in these Western colleges, hails from Eastern

Canada and is a graduate of one or other of the Eastern universities, Toronto being markedly in the lead. There are a few instances where the services of English, Scottish, Irish, and American scholars have been obtained, and perhaps three or four cases are to be noted in which Rhodes scholars are employed.

While it is something to belong to the faculty of a long-established university around which tradition has woven many fancies, it must be a source of pride and gratification to be, as it were, a charter member of a new institution with the future all before it, as in the case of one or other of the Western universities. The little group of professors who were appointed at the inception of the Universities of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and those who will witness the beginning of the University of British Columbia, must assuredly feel that they are planting seed from which a rich harvest will be reaped in years to come. The future of the Western universities is bound to be a glorious one. They have everything in their favour. And so one finds an enthusiasm and a marked spirit of co-operation inspiring their faculties and urging them forward to greater effort. There is little of the recluse, little of the pedant, about the young professor of the West.

The type of instruction given is quite similar to that in the older universities. Considerable stress seems to be laid on the classics, the professors of Latin and Greek being scholars of repute with much enthusiasm for their subjects. The courses in English, French, and German are quite as comprehensive as those in the East. Science is attracting a good deal of attention, and all three universities have been equipping their laboratories well for this purpose. The departments of history, philosophy, and political science are well organized in Manitoba, and are receiving needed attention in the other Provinces, where new appointments have been made in order to divide up the work more satisfactorily. Indeed, so rapidly are classes expanding that additions to the staff and subdivision of courses have become imperative, particularly at Saskatoon and Edmonton.

The student body gives evidence of being earnest and serious-minded. In Winnipeg there are naturally greater opportunities for sport and social intercourse, and one finds inter-collegiate games and various college functions, such as dances, receptions, and dinners, interspersed throughout the year, but as a rule there is little of frivolity in the life of the Western student. He is not at college because it is the fashion to be there or because it affords social advantage, but simply for the reason that it provides a means of equipping him for his life-work. The stories to be told by many of the undergraduates of Western universities would reveal experiences beside which those of hard-working Eastern students would pale into insignificance. Yet there is by no means an absence of those seemingly necessary adjuncts of college life, such as class and literary societies, debating clubs, athletic associations, glee clubs, and the Young Men's Christian Association, which take up so much of the student's attention.

College spirit is growing by degrees. Naturally, with the attendance comparatively small and with most of the students immersed in the serious business of acquiring learning, there is not much opportunity for working up enthusiasm in inter-university contests or making other outward manifestations of loyalty to one's alma mater. In Manitoba it is as yet the college and not the university which inspires the undergraduate, but with the expansion of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the establishment of athletic contests there will undoubtedly be developed a keen rivalry among the three Universities. Already inter-university

football and hockey games have been contested between the students at Saskatoon and Edmonton and inter-university debates have been held, so that a beginning has been made in what will stir up a strong college spirit in the West.

The residence idea, which has been generally adopted, is going to foster this spirit still further. Accommodation for students is provided in all the Winnipeg colleges, and at Saskatoon and Edmonton it has already been noted that residential features have been early decided upon. The wearing of gowns, while not obligatory, except at Alberta, is frequently practised, imparting a more proper academic atmosphere to the college halls. Then again the common dining-hall plays an important part in holding the student body together, bringing the men into close touch with one another and establishing a bond of good fellowship.

As an indication of the composition of the student body, some interesting statistics regarding the students in attendance at the University of Saskatchewan are supplied by President Murray in his annual report, which may be taken to hold for all the Western colleges. The registered attendance during 1912-13 at Saskatoon was in the neighbourhood of 245, of whom sixty-five were students in agriculture and thirty-two were co-eds. The nationality of these students forms an entertaining subject of investigation. Of the 245 only thirty-five, or one in six, are natives of the Province. The English-born are in the lead with sixty, Ontario follows with fifty-three, Saskatchewan thirty-five, the United States twenty, Manitoba eighteen, Scotland thirteen, Ireland twelve, and the Maritime Provinces ten. Nothing could better illustrate how the West is absorbing the peoples of other countries and provinces and the important part the university is playing in the work of assimilating them.

Other figures show with what rapidity attendance at the university is growing. In 1909-10,when the first classes were held in temporary premises in Saskatoon, there were seventy students enrolled. The following winter 108 young men and women attended lectures. The next winter the number increased to 160, while last term there were 350 on the roll. A large part of the increase between 1911 and 1912 must be attributed to the opening of the College of Agriculture, but concurrently there was a steady expansion in the number of arts students.

The object which these students have before them is as a rule qualification for a professional life. Many of them are going into church work. Indeed, a large number of the students in Western universities are young men who have gone out into the mission fields and, feeling the need for more learning, have entered college to secure that higher education which will better fit them for their life work. The next largest class are those who are qualifying for a course in law, and then there are quite a number who purpose studying medicine. The co-eds are nearly all preparing themselves for positions as teachers in secondary schools and colleges.

In connection with the university development in Western Canada, it is significant that quite a number of colleges have been established which, while they do not parallel university work, carry their students pretty well on in academic courses. Such institutions as Mount Royal College in Calgary, Regina College in Regina, and Brandon College in Brandon, conducted under denominational auspices, provide accommodation for quite a number of students, and give both elementary and advanced instruction. These are supplemented by a number of preparatory boarding-schools, which are springing up here and there throughout the West, some of them of large size and all cherish-

ing ambitious plans for future development. They reflect the growing opulence of the country and the rise of a class of wealthy citizens who are prepared to pay substantially to have their children taught in these more select institutions.

A word as to the University of Calgary, which wealthy citizens of this Western centre are attempting to found in the face of the determined opposition of the Provincial Government. Despite the fact that no university charter has been obtainable, the promoters of this university have already made a beginning with academic work. A faculty consisting of a Dean and professors of classics, moderns, and science and mathematics was formed in 1912, and classes were started that fall in temporary premises secured in the Calgary Public Library. A good attendance of students was obtained, though instruction in only two years was attempted. Meanwhile extensive plans for a splendid group of buildings have been prepared, to be erected on the outskirts of the city, and it is hoped that a beginning will be made with the first buildings this year.

Owing to the rapid changes which are occurring in Western Canada and the speed with which undertakings of all sorts are conceived and carried out, it is a little difficult to give an accurate idea of the educational system at any given moment, but it will be found that the foregoing is a fairly comprehensive description of the situation at present, in so far as it applies to the universities. That they are prospering and expanding with astonishing rapidity and that they are being built upon broad and liberal lines, are the important deductions to be drawn from this article.

THE WINDS

By WARWICK CHIPMAN

O HAST thou beheld them,
Marchers on mountains?
Hast thou beheld
The rushing gray grasses, the gold-scudding courses?
They toss like the manes of glorious horses!
O, the winds are wild horses, unbitted, unquelled!
Strong be their hoofs in the wheat and the corn!
O, splendidly neigh they
In forests at morn!

Hast thou beheld them,
Brown in the caverns
And bright on the sea?
With white-frothing breakers and masterful shocks
They harry the shaggy great sides of the rocks.
O Lord, how mightily work they for thee!
Thy weariless children, thy passionate shouters!
But as to ourselves,
We are nothing but doubters!

THE CUP THAT CHEERS

From the Drawing by F. S. Coburn

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

THE SECOND OF SEVERAL SKETCHES

IN a pretty old house beyond St. Stephen's Church, only demolished a short time ago, lived the well-known Mr. George Anthony Barber, a spelendid cricketer, who played in a tall gray hat. He walked into *Sleepy Hollow* one day and asked for luncheon. I was alone with the cook, and we had a great time getting a substantial meal for the old gentleman, of whom, with his scarlet face and peremptory manner, I was much in fear; but we gave him all he wanted, and he praised my housekeeping qualities immensely to my mother! I was just able to scramble upon a dining-room chair and listen to his loud voice in respectful silence.

Football was played in the vacant place in the Park opposite to our gates, and on the occasion of a great game my father went out and gave the first kick.

At the end of that season my mother presented to the champion team a wonderful football covered with black velvet, embroidered by Mrs. Potter, who was a famous worker, and afterwards had a pretty fancy store, now still managed by her nephew, Mr. John Brown. The cover was divided into four compartments, in each was a group of rose, thistle, and shamrock, and round the ball was a fringe of perforated cards, on each of which was the name of the player worked in gold beads. The presentation took place in the drawing-room at *Sleepy Hollow,* with the usual speeches of congratulation.

Cricket was the great game, and the matches used to be attended by all the fashionables in brightest and most elegant gowns. A military band always played on a gala day; as in those days the town was full of *la militaire,* and, of course, the officers were keen on their national game.

The Toronto Cricket Club presented my mother with a silver bracelet made of a heavy chain fastened by a miniature silver bat, with inscription, the balls and wickets hanging from it, also with a large picture of my father in his cricketing dress.

Archery was also popular, and it was a charming scene when the ladies in correct green, with all the paraphernalia of shield, graceful large bow, and case of arrows placed between the bright targets set up in the ravine.

I can remember seeing Mrs. George Allan, all in dark green, with green hat and feathers, looking most graceful and handsome in her fair beauty; she is the only one I can recall, so she must have been impressive, even to a child.

Skating and tobogganing were, of course, most ordinary amusements in winter. Many gentlemen preferred long spins on the bay to the dances and figures in the rinks, which were filled with votaries of the exercise. The Lancers were beautifully danced through, every figure perfect, much prettier to my own fancy than the very monotonous waltzing of the present time.

I shall never forget seeing one of

the belles wearing a huge crinoline covered with bright scarlet; over this was looped a skirt of black velvet, with a short black velvet coat, and tiny round hat of red and black; red stockings and knickerbockers were also worn, and as the tall figure swayed round the rink, of course, the crinoline swayed, too, with results amazing to watch. Coming in from school, I made up my mind that when I grew up I should have a costume just like it! Happy the day that that fashion vanished.

Snowshoeing was great sport, and there is somewhere a very clever series of coloured sketches by the late Mr. T. C. Patteson—dear "T. C. P.," as he was called by his innumerable friends; not one has taken his place with those who knew and loved his clever, charming personality—showing the gathering and tramps of a snowshoeing party, in the pretty blanket coats and fur toques.

Mr. Patteson himself was proficient at jumping in snowshoes, and I imagine the routes lay out to various fences on the limits, quite common then, and great was the fun of trapping an English officer unawares in an effort to jump.

The Park used to be full of sleighs then, and the sleighing parties were most enyoyable and pretty. The officers had four-in-hands, tandems, pairs, and fascinating Russian and French-Canadian sleighs, and with the chime of the bells, the beautiful harness, and fur robes, and bright coats and hats of the ladies, it was certainly a purely typical Canadian scene.

The meet was usually in the Park, and after a drive of a couple of hours, the sleighs drew up there again in the form of a circle, and from certain ones were produced great jars of steaming claret cup, and cakes of all kinds, with meringue tart as a favourite dainty. The officers vied with one another in having the smartest turnouts, and it was a great sight to see Colonel Jenyns, 13th Hussars, a splendid type of cavalry officer, on the box of his four-in-hand, driving with the ease and finish of one born to the pastime. Occasionally the drives ended up at the officers' quarters, in the old Dunn house, in the West End, where refreshments were served.

Tobogganing was enjoyed wherever there was a hill, and even in *Sleepy Hollow* parties congregated to fly down the slope and across the ravine, and creek, to toil up again to go over the same ground.

Croquet, of course, was the great game for many years, and nothing could well be prettier than a croquet party at *The Grange* in the days when there were plenty of men in Toronto who could enjoy so simple a pastime.

The lawns at *The Grange* in those days were perfectly kept, and almost like English turf, with the splendid trees and their great wide-spreading branches and seats underneath for those looking on at the games.

There has seldom been a game which was so eminently becoming as croquet for a lady; the gowns and hats of whatsoever fashion could always look charming, and what could show off a graceful figure or pretty hand and foot like croquet?

On the days of croquet parties at *The Grange* a regimental band played, which, of course, added much to the pleasure of the gathering. I have often passed the open gates of *The Grange* on my way from school, and wished that I was a grown-up young lady to go to such delightful assemblages. The strawberry beds in the big gardens were huge, and the fruit such as one never tastes now, so rich and ripe were they, and the guests were always urged to inspect and pick and eat as much as they wished, and doubtless many took advantage of the invitation.

I have heard that more "matches" have been made at croquet and strawberry parties than at any others, and I can well believe it. The girls and young people take themselves so seri-

ously nowadays in their games and occupations that except at the unchaperoned dances they do not see so much of each other as they did formerly.

One feature, and a very delightful one, of some garden and croquet parties, was the addition of an invitation to "high tea," and after the games were over and "primping" on the part of both gentlemen and ladies, all gathered round the tables, large and small, to a cold collation, salmon, salads, fruit, trifles, cups of all kinds; I don't remember the tea, but coffee was often served. An informal dance wound up the party, with one or more ladies, or some of the men, who would play waltzes and lancers galore.

When I was a small child I can well remember the amateur theatricals and charades which took place impromptu.

At *Sleepy Hollow* a clever American lady—Miss Pearson, I think—used to stay with my mother, and she was excellent at organizing and carrying out this form of amusement. And I can remember our horror, when, having watched with absorbing interest the manufacture of an enormous hat of cardboard, with wide brim and deep crown, covered with bright red, it was bestowed carefully on the floor of a deep linen closet, to be in readiness for some scene in the play; but a favourite cat had marked it for her own, and on the morning of the last rehearsal it was found occupied by a thriving young family of tiny kittens, the proud mother mewing loudly for approval! To our great disappointment the hat was not worn!

I think people laughed more readily then, for I can remember the guests roaring with laughter at the simplest charade in the drawing-room, and watching with the greatest interest a presentation of "Red Riding Hood." A gentleman got up in great fur robes gave such a vivid presentation of the interview with the grandmother that we children were in exquisite agonies of terror.

One of the most charming houses in Toronto ever seen was that of my grandfather, Sir John Beverley Robinson, and *Beverley House* will always be one of the delightful memories of childhood, never to be effaced.

A fine old house it was, originally a brick cottage on Queen and Richmond Streets. It was enlarged to double size, another storey added, and covered with the large stone rough-cast, all pure white, making it warm in winter and cool in summer. A wide verandah ran round three sides, with a large double porch in front, the upper part enclosed with green shutters, and opening from the upper hall with a French window.

Inside the porch were two long settles or benches of hard green-painted wood, and rush seats; and these benches are still in use to-day in my and my sister's houses, the wood as good as it ever was. The seats had, of course, to be replaced.

On the west of the gravel drive in front of the house, with its green centre lawn and sun-dial, was a gentle slope of turf to a small hollow, through which ran a tiny, clear stream of water. The yard was huge, with stables, coach-house, etc., and on the east side was a large vegetable and fruit garden, with a riot of rose-bushes and magnificent raspberries, red and white, not often met with now.

Every Sunday after church—at St. George's—my father would take us children to *Beverley House*, going in by the back gate on Queen Street, and we, after eating as much as we wanted, would fill clean handkerchiefs, lined with leaves, with the beautiful fruit to bring home.

I can remember every detail of my grandfather's library. A rather small room on the right of the hall door, with its great hand bell and iron knocker, two sides with book-cases from floor to ceiling with small cupboards underneath, two odd-shaped

chairs, three-cornered, a big cushioned sofa, all covered with bright red damask, red curtains which were always drawn over the tall, deep-set windows, with their black walnut shutters, barred inside at night.

A large desk-table stood in the middle of the floor, and a handsome carved desk near a window to stand at. A big armchair had a back and seat of shiny black horse-hair, and I can remember being put in the chair, which was so glossy that I gradually slipped to the front of the seat, and thence helplessly to the floor!

My grandfather, as I remember him, had a pale, clear skin, white hair standing up from a beautiful brow, and the most charming smile and manner; his courtesy to everyone, young and old, was known all over, and his graceful greeting as he rose from his table I have always remembered.

He was an admirable host, and at the large dinner parties, then an ordinary part of the life of our judges, I have heard it said he could talk to a whole tableful of guests, without apparently paying more attention to one than another, by his wonderful facility in engaging each in conversation.

To us grandchildren he was invariably kind, and the inevitable sixpence was always forthcoming when he saw us.

The dining-room at *Beverley House* was a large room with a big screen hiding the door through which the many trays and dishes were brought up from the great basement kitchen, the stairs to it going down just outside the door.

I often wonder what the so-called servants of the present day would think of the work done and taken as a matter of course by the domestics of that time, with the long dinners and heavy silver?

One feature I can remember all my young life were the large Sunday luncheons at *Beverley House,* where as many of the family as chose to go were welcome, and strangers of any note who brought letters of introduction were always invited. It was the greatest treat I knew to be allowed to go to luncheon—the long table with its beautiful silver and china, my grandmother at the head, small, pretty figure, sweet brown eyes, and daintiest of close gray curls on either side of her face under a cap made of finest lace and delicate-hued ribbons, with lappets of lace falling on each shoulder, long gold chain and tiny fob of gold chains and seals. Small of stature though she was, my grandmother possessed the greatest dignity of manner and speech, and I have heard it said that "there did not live the person who could take a liberty with Lady Robinson."

My grandmother was married in 1817, and I have a pretty gown worn by her at that date, of cherry-coloured gauze, the short skirt being interwoven with gold satin stripes, tiny bodice, and short, much-puffed sleeves, with trimming of gold satin; the skirt very narrow and a narrow puffing at the edge. I wore the gown at the Victoria ball given by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in my Early Victorian set.

The staircase in *Beverley House* was one of the prettiest I ever saw, running up against the wall with such a curve that the top was lost to view from the hall. There was a tall window half-way up. The steps were wide and shallow, painted cream colour, with black walnut balustrade rails, and large newel-posts. At the top was a large open box of the same wood fastened to the rail, in which to set a lamp to light anyone coming or going.

My grandfather, slight in figure, always in black, with pointed white collar and stock, would run upstairs always, to within a short time of his death, taking three steps at a time.

There were some handsome pictures and engravings in the dining-room, one of the Duke of Wellington with all his officers of the Crimea

taken as sitting at a long table in *Apsley House,* on which was the famous plateau or centre-piece of gold, presented to him by the Allies after Waterloo.

And here I must tell the story repeated to me by my father and aunt, who were present. During a long visit of my grandparents and children to England, my grandfather saw a great deal of the great Duke, being a frequent visitor to *Apsley House* and in the country. The Duke invited them all to come one day and see the great centrepiece, and it was all arranged on the long table. My aunt said the Duke remarked it was very magnificent, and had cost *him* quite a lot of money. "For," said he, "when it arrived there was not a table it would go on, so I had to have a table made, then a room had to be built for the table; then you could not have a room without a wing; then another wing had to be built to arrange *Apsley House* to suit, so it was really an enormous expense."

They were standing on the staircase at the time looking at some pictures. One was there of a meeting between the Duke and the Emperor Napoleon. My grandfather said:

"Did you ever meet Napoleon, Duke?"

"No," said the Duke, at once; "no, I never met him, never saw him! But," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I had a good deal to do with him!"

The Duke had a strong, rather loud harsh voice, and no doubt he said it with a meaning.

The old dining-room at *Beverley House* must have seen many notabilities at its hospitable table. My mother met Charles Dickens there. She remembered him as a rather loud-mannered man, with startling colours in his clothing, and much jewellery, gold chains, pieces and the like trinkery.

Colonel Talbot, of note, was an old friend of my grandfather's, and every year he came to *Beverley House* for a week's visit, on horseback, his retainer and saddlebags with him. Great parties were gathered to meet him, and no doubt stories without end were told, probably mingled with the language for which Colonel Talbot was famous!

My aunt told me she and my grandmother went up near where St. Thomas is now, to arrange his house for him, as he had told my grandmother to choose all sorts of furniture for him; and their experience of his extraordinary way of treating his neighbours was very funny. He had a great storeroom full of all sorts of provisions, and, as his biographer has written, from a small opening in the wall with a movable door, he would bargain for his stores. My aunt said it was the oddest thing to hear the choleric old gentleman blazing away at his customers outside while they were within the comfortable sitting-room, with a bright fire close by.

My grandfather had a brother, my great-uncle, Peter Robinson, after whom Peterborough is named, and I think one of the quaintest pictures can be conjured up of old Toronto, when my grandmother and her little daughters would accompany him for a walk when on a visit to *Beverley House*, she, of course, walking with Uncle Peter, who always wore white trousers, and we were forbidden to walk or step within a certain distance for fear of splashing the mud on them!

I have seen a silhouette of him in these white trousers, long-tailed coat, high stock, and, I suppose, beaver hat.

The third sketch of this series will deal in part with down-town Toronto fifty years ago.

THE THING IN THE HALL

BY E. F. BENSON

THE following pages are the account given me by Dr. Assheton of the Thing in the hall. I took notes, as copious as my hand allowed me, from his dictation, and subsequently read to him this narrative in its digested and connected form. This was on the day before his death, which, indeed, probably occurred within an hour after I had left him. I had to give evidence concerning this before the coroner's jury. Only a week before Dr. Assheton had to give similar evidence, but as a medical expert, with regard to the death of his friend, Louis Fielder, which occurred in a manner identical with his own. As a specialist, he said he believed that his friend had committed suicide while of unsound mind, and the verdict was brought in accordingly. But in the inquest held over Dr. Assheton's body, though the verdict eventually returned was the same, there was more room for doubt.

For I had to state that only shortly before his death, I read what follows to him; that he corrected me with extreme precision on a few points of detail, that he seemed perfectly himself, and that at the end he used these words:

"I am quite certain as a brain specialist that I am completely sane, and that these things happened not merely in my imagination, but in the external world. If I had to give evidence again about poor Louis, I should be compelled to take a different line. Please put that down at the end of your account, or at the beginning, if it arranges itself better so."

There will be a few words I must add at the end of this story, and a few words of explanation to precede it. Briefly, they are these:

Francis Assheton and Louis Fielder were up at Cambridge together, and there formed the friendship that lasted nearly till their death. In general attributes no two men could have been less alike, for while Dr. Assheton had become at the age of thirty-five the first and final authority on his subject, which was the functions and diseases of the brain, Louis Fielder, at the same age, was still on the threshold of achievement. Assheton, apparently without any brilliancy at all, had by plodding and incessant work arrived at the top of his profession, while Fielder, brilliant at school, brilliant at college, and brilliant ever afterwards, had never done anything. He was too eager, so it seemed to his friends, to set about the dreary work of accomplishment; he was for ever learning, and prying, and striking out luminous ideas. But at bottom the two men had this compelling interest in common, namely, an insatiable curiosity after the unknown, perhaps the most potent bond yet devised between the solitary units that make up the race of man. The rest of the story, I think, explains itself—or does not quite do so.

This is what I read to Dr. Assheton, being the connected narrative of what he had himself told me:

"After I returned from Paris, where I had studied under Charcot, I set up practice at home. The general doctrine of hypnotism, suggestion, and cure by such means had been accepted even in London at this time, and, owing to a few papers I had written on the subject, together with my foreign diplomas, I found that I was a busy man almost as soon as I had arrived in town. Louis Fielder had his ideas about how I should make by début—for he had ideas on every subject, and all of them original—and entreated me to come and live, not in the stronghold of doctors, 'Chloroform Square,' as he called it, but down in Chelsea, where there was a house vacant next his own.

" 'Who cares where a doctor lives?' he said, 'so long as he cures people? Besides, you don't believe in old methods; why believe in old localities? Oh, there is an atmosphere of painless death in Chloroform Square! Come and make people live instead. And on most evenings I shall have much to tell you. I can't "drop in" across half London.'

"Now if you have been abroad for five years, it is a great deal to know that you have any intimate friend left in the metropolis, and, as Louis said, to have that intimate friend next door is an excellent reason for going next door. Above all, I remembered from Cambridge days, what Louis's 'dropping in' meant. Towards bedtime when work was over, there would come a rapid step on the landing, and for an hour or two hours he would gush with ideas. He simply diffused life, which is ideas, wherever he went. He fed one's brain, which is the one thing that matters.

"I said something of the kind to Louis one night, when, at the end of a busy day, I had dined with him. We were sitting over coffee in the hall, or so it is called, where he takes his meals. Outside, his house is just like mine, but on entering, instead of finding a narrow passage with a door on one side, leading into the dining-room, which again communicates with a small back room called 'the study,' he has had the sense to eliminate all unnecessary walls, and consequently the whole ground floor of his house is one room, with stairs leading up to the first floor.

"Study, dining-room, and passage have been knocked into one; you enter a big room from the front door. The only drawback is that the postman makes loud noises close to you, as you dine, and just as I made these commonplace observations to him about the effect of the brain on the body and the senses, there came a loud rap, somewhat close to me, that was startling.

" 'You ought to muffle your knocker,' I said, 'anyhow, during the time of meals.'

"Louis leaned back and laughed.

" 'There isn't a knocker,' he said. 'You were startled a week ago, and said the same thing. So I took the knocker off. The letters slide in now. But you heard a knock, did you?'

" 'Didn't you?' said I.

" 'Why, certainly. But it wasn't the postman. It was the Thing. I don't know what it is. That makes it so interesting.'

"Now if there is one thing that the hypnotist, the believer in unexplained influences, detests and despises, it is the whole root-notion of spiritualism. Drugs are not more opposed to his belief than the exploded, discredited idea of the influence of spirits on our lives. And both are discredited for the same reason; it is easy to understand how brain can act on brain, just as it is easy to understand how body can act on body; but that spirits should rap at furniture and divert the course of events is as absurd as administering phosphorus to strengthen the brain. That was what I thought then.

"However, I knew it was the post-

man, and instantly rose and went to the door. There were no letters in the box, and I opened the door. The postman was just ascending the steps. He gave the letters into my hand.

"Louis was sipping his coffee when I came back to the table.

" 'Have you ever tried table-turning?' he asked. 'It's rather odd.'

" 'No, and I have not tried violet-leaves as a cure for cancer,' I said.

" 'Oh, try everything,' he said. 'I know that that is your plan, just as it is mine. All these years that you have been away, you have tried all sorts of things, first with no faith, then with faith—Oh, well, to remove mountains.'

"He rang the bell as he spoke, and his servant came up and cleared the table. While this was being done we strolled about the room, looking at prints, with applause for a Bartolozzi that Louis had bought in the New Cut, and dead silence over a 'Perdita' which he had acquired at considerable cost. Then he sat down again at the table on which we had dined. It was round and mahogany-heavy, with a central foot divided into claws.

" 'Try its weight,' he said; 'see if you can push it about.'

"So I held the edge of it in my hands, and found that I could move it. But that was all; it required the exercise of a good deal of strength to stir it.

" 'Now put your hands on the top of it,' he said, 'and see what you can do.'

"We pushed. At least I pushed, and I observed his finger-nails. From pink they grew to white, because of pressure. So I must assume that he pushed, too. Once, as we tried this, the table creaked. But it did not move.

"Then there came a quick, peremptory rap, not, I thought, on the front door, but somewhere in the room.

" 'It's the Thing,' said he.

"Now, I suppose it was. But then it seemed only like a challenge to demonstrate its absurdity.

" 'For five years, on and off, I've been studying rank spiritualism,' he said. 'I haven't told you before, because I wanted to lay before you certain phenomena, which I can't explain, but which now seem to me to be at my command. You shall see and hear, and then decide if you will help me.'

" 'And in order to let me see better, you are proposing to put out the lights,' I said.

" 'Yes; you will see why.'

" 'I am here as a sceptic,' said I.

" 'Scep away,' said he.

"Next moment the room was in darkness except for a very faint glow of firelight. The window curtains were thick and no street illumination penetrated them, and the familiar, cheerful sounds of pedestrian and wheeled traffic came in muffled. I was at the side of the table towards the door; Louis was opposite me, for I could see his figure dimly solhouetted against the glow from the smouldering fire.

" 'Put your hands on the table,' he said, 'quite lightly, and—how shall I say it—expect.'

"Still protesting in spirit, I expected. I could hear his breathing rather quickened, and it seemed to me as odd that anybody could find excitement in standing in the dark over a large mahogany table, expecting. Then, through my finger-tips, laid lightly on the table, there began to come a faint vibration, like nothing so much as the vibration through the handle of a kettle when water is beginning to boil inside it. This got gradually more pronounced and violent till it was like the throbbing of a motor-car. It seemed to give off a low humming note. Then quite suddenly the table seemed to slip from under my fingers and began very slowly to revolve.

" 'Keep your hands on it and move with it,' said Louis, and as he spoke I saw his silhouette pass away from

in front of the fire, moving as the table moved.

"Then Louis spoke, and his voice was trembling with excitement.

"'Are you there?' he said.

"There was no reply, of course, and he asked it again. This time there came a rap like that which I had thought during dinner to be the postman. But whether it was that the room was dark, or that despite myself I felt rather excited, too, it seemed to me now to be far louder than before. Also it appeared to come neither from here nor there, but to be diffused through the room.

"Then the curious revolving of the table ceased, but the intense, violent throbbing continued. My eyes were fixed on it, though, owing to the darkness I could see nothing, when quite suddenly a little speck of light moved across it, so that for an instant I saw my own hands. Then came another and another, like the spark of matches struck in the dark, or like fireflies crossing the dusk in southern gardens. Then came another knock of shattering loudness, and the throbbing of the table ceased, and the lights vanished.

"Such were the phenomena at the first séance at which I was present, but Fielder, it must be remembered, had been studying, 'expecting' he called it, for some years. The knockings would come when his mind, as far as he knew, was entirely occupied in other matters, and sometimes he had even been awakened from sleep by them. The lights were also independent of his volition.

"Now my theory at the time was that all these things were purely subjective in him, and that what he expressed by saying that they were out of his control, meant just that they had become fixed and rooted in the sub-conscious self, of which we know so little, but which, more and more, we see to play so enormous a part in the life of a man. In fact, it is not too much to say that the vast majority of our deeds spring, apparently without volition, from this subconscious self. All hearing is the unconscious exercise of the aural nerve, all seeing of the optic, all walking, all ordinary movement seem to be done without the exercise of will on our part. Nay, more, should we take to some new form of progression, skating, for instance, the beginner will learn with falls and difficulty the outside edge, but within a few hours of his having learned his balance on it, he will give no more thought to what he learned so short a time ago as an acrobatic feat than he gives to the placing of one foot before the other.

"I knew that I was myself extremely sensitive to suggestion, and my part in it this evening I believed to be purely that of the receiver of suggestions so vivid that I visualised and heard these phenomena which existed only in the brain of my friend.

"We talked over what had occurred upstairs. His view was that the Thing was trying to communicate with us. According to him it was the Thing that moved the table and tapped, and made us see streaks of light.

"'Yes, but the "Thing",' I interrupted, 'what do you mean? Is it a great-uncle—oh, I have seen so many relatives appear at séances, and heard so many of their dreadful platitudes—or what is it? A spirit? Whose spirit?'

"Louis was sitting opposite to me, and on the little table before us there was an electric light. Looking at him I saw the pupil of his eye suddenly dilate. To the medical man that meant only one thing, terror. But it quickly resumed its normal proportion again.

"Then he got up, and stood in front of the fire.

"'No, I don't think it is a great uncle anybody,' he said. 'I don't know, as I told you, what the Thing is. But if you ask me what my conjecture is, it is that the Thing is an Elemental.'

"'And pray explain further.'

"Then once again his eye dilated.

"'It will take two minutes,' he said. 'But listen. There are good things in this world, are there not, and bad things. Cancer, I take it, is bad, and—and daffodils are good; honesty is good; lying is bad. Impulses of some sort direct both sides, and some power suggests the impulses. Well, I went into this spiritualistic business impartially. I learned to 'expect,' to throw open the door into the soul, and I said, 'Anyone may come in.' And I think Something has applied for admission, the Thing that tapped and turned the table and struck matches, as you said, across it. Now the direction of evil is in the hands of a power which entrusts its mission to what is called Elementals. Oh, they have been seen; I doubt not that they will be seen again. I did not, and do not, ask good spirits to come in, I don't want "The Church's one foundation" played on a musical box. Nor do I *want* an Elemental. I only throw open the door. I believe the Thing has come into my house, and is establishing communication with me. Oh, I want to go the whole hog. What is it? In the name of Satan, if necessary, what is it? I just want to know.'

"What followed I thought then might easily be an invention of the imagination, but what I believe to have happened was this. A piano with music on it was standing at the far end of the room by the door, and a sudden draught entered the room, so strong that the leaves turned. Next the draught troubled a vase of daffodils and the yellow heads nodded. Then it reached the candles that stood close to us, and they fluttered, burning blue and low. Then it reached me, and the draught was hot, and stirred my hair. Then it eddied, so to speak, and went across to Louis, and his hair also moved, as I could see. Then it went downstairs towards the fire, and flames suddenly started up in its path, blown upwards. The rug by the fireplace flapped also.

"'Funny, wasn't it?' he asked.

"'And has the Elemental gone up the chimney?' said I.

"'Oh, no,' said he, 'the Thing only passed us.'

"Then suddenly he pointed at the wall just behind my chair, and his voice cracked as he spoke.

"'Look, what's that?' he said. 'There on the wall.'

"Considerably startled, I turned in the direction of his shaking finger. The wall was pale gray in tone, and sharp-cut against it was a shadow that, as I looked, moved. It was like the shadow of some enormous slug, legless and fat, some two feet high by about four feet long. Only at one end of the Thing was a head shaped like the head of a seal, with open mouth and panting tongue.

"Then even as I looked it faded, and from somewhere close at hand there sounded another of those shattering knocks.

"For a moment after there was silence between us, and horror was thick as snow in the air. But somehow neither Louis nor I was frightened for more than one moment. The whole thing was so absorbingly interesting.

"'That's what I mean by its being outside my control,' he said. 'I said I was ready for any—any visitor to come in, and by God we've got a beauty!'

"Now I was still, even in spite of the appearance of this shadow, quite convinced that I was only taking observations of a most curious case of disordered brain accompanied by the most vivid and remarkable thought transference. I believed that I had not seen a slug-like shadow at all, but that Louis had visualised this dreadful creature so intensely that I saw what he saw. I found also that his spiritualistic trash-books, one must say instead of text-books, mentioned this as a common form for Elementals to take. He, on the other hand, was more firmly convinced than ever that we were dealing, not with a sub-

jective but an objective phenomenon.

"For the next six months or so we sat constantly, but made no further progress, nor did the Thing or its shadow appear again, and I began to feel that we were really wasting time. Then it occurred to me to get in a so-called medium, induce hypnotic sleep, and see if we could learn anything further. This we did, sitting as before round the dining-room table. The room was not quite dark, and I could see sufficiently clearly what happened.

"The medium, a young man, sat between Louis and myself, and without the slightest difficulty I put him into a light hypnotic sleep. Instantly there came a series of the most terrific raps, and across the table there slid something more palpable than a shadow, with a faint luminance about it as if the surface of it was stirring. At the moment the medium's face became contorted to a mask of hellish terror; mouth and eyes were both open, and the eyes were focused on something close to him. The Thing, waving its head, came closer and closer to him, and reached out towards his throat. Then with a yell of panic, and warding off this horror with his hands, the medium sprang up, but It had already caught hold, and for the moment he could not get free. Then simultaneously Louis and I went to his aid, and my hands touched something cold and slimy. But pull as we would we could not get it away. There was no firm handhold to be taken; it was as if one tried to grasp slimy fur, and the touch of it was horrible, unclean, like a leper. Then in a sort of despair, though I still could not believe that the horror was real, for it must be a vision of diseased imagination, I remembered that the switch of the four electric lights was close to my hand. I turned them all on. There on the floor lay the medium. Louis was kneeling by him with a face like wet paper, but there was nothing else there. Only the collar of the medium was crumpled and torn, and on his throat were two scratches that bled.

"The medium was still in hypnotic sleep, and I woke him. He felt at his collar, put his hand to his throat and found it bleeding, but, as I expected, knew nothing whatever of what had passed. We told him that there had been an unusual manifestation, and he had, while in sleep, wrestled with something. We had got the result we wished for and were much obliged to him.

"I never saw him again. A week after that he died of blood-poisoning.

"From that evening dates the second stage of this adventure. The Thing had materialised—I use again spiritualistic language which I still did not use at the time. The huge slug, the Elemental, manifested itself no longer by knocks and waltzing tables, nor yet by shadows. It was there in a form that could be seen and felt. But it still—this was my strong point—was only a thing of twilight; the sudden kindling of the electric light had shown us that there was nothing there. In his struggle perhaps the medium had clutched his own throat, perhaps I had grasped Louis's sleeve, he mine. But though I said these things to myself, I am not sure that I believed them in the same way that I believe the sun will rise to-morrow.

"Now as a student of brain-functions and a student in hypnotic affairs, I ought perhaps to have steadily and unremittingly pursued this extraordinary series of phenomena. But I had my practice to attend to, and I found that with the best will in the world, I could think of nothing else except the occurrence in the hall next door. So I refused to take part in any further séance with Louis. I had another reason, also. For the last four or five months he was becoming depraved. I have been no prude or Puritan in my own life, and I hope I have not turned a Pharisaical shoulder on sinners. But in all branches of life and morals, Louis

had become infamous. He was turned out of a club for cheating at cards, and narrated the event to me with gusto. He had become cruel; he tortured his cat to death; he had become bestial. I used to shudder as I passed his house, expecting I knew not what fiendish thing to be looking at me from the window.

"Then came a night only a week ago, when I was awakened by an awful cry, swelling and falling and rising again. It came from next door. I ran downstairs in my pyjamas, and out into the street. The policeman on the beat had heard it, too, and it came from the hall of Louis's house, the window of which was open. Together we burst the door in. You know what we found. The screaming had ceased but a moment before, but he was dead already. Both jugulars were severed, torn open.

"It was dawn, early and dusky, when I got back to my house next door. Even as I went in something seemed to push me, something soft and slimy. It could not be Louis's imagination this time. Since then I have seen glimpses of it every evening. I am awakened at night by tappings, and in the shadows in the corner of my room there sits something more substantial than a shadow."

Within an hour of my leaving Dr. Assheton, the quiet street was once more aroused by cries of terror and agony. He was already dead, and in no other manner than his friend, when they got into the house.

LOVE'S PRAYER

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

BELOVED, this the heart I offer thee
Is purified from old idolatry,
From outworn hopes and from the lingering stain
Of passion's dregs by penitential pain.

Take thou it, then, and fill it up for me
With thy unstinted love, and it shall be
An earthy chalice that is made divine
By its red draught of sacramental wine.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THERE is never smoke without a fire, and the attempts of the Liberal newspapers to deny the existence of any dissension in the Cabinet over the question or armaments may be regarded as a good example of the economy of truth. It is impossible to conceive of any body of men such as those who compose the Cabinet being at one on all questions that arise. The British Unionists are certainly not a united family, and it is equally true that differences of opinion also exist among the Liberals. Compromise is one of the essential features of the system of party government, and it may be laid down as a general rule that the causes that combine to hold a party together are greater than those that tend in an opposite direction. This is true at the present time of both the great historic parties in Great Britain. Tariff reform has been overshadowed by the Parliament Act and the Home Rule Bill, and there is no longer the danger that formerly threatened a Unionist disruption on the tariff question. The same thing applies to the Liberal party. While there is a serious cleavage in the ranks, over the increasing expenditure on armaments, it is scarcely reasonable to conclude that Mr. Lloyd George and those who think with him are disposed to jeopardize the important domestic legislative programme before Parliament and the country by subordinating every issue to that of naval expenditure. In this as in other important matters of a highly controversial character Mr. Asquith may be relied upon to maintain a proper perspective regarding public questions.

The quarrel between Mr. Lloyd Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill is of long standing; it dates back to the time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a violent attack upon the First Lord's kinsman, the Duke of Marlborough. The time probably will come, as I have indicated more than once in these pages, when Mr. Churchill will find no rest for the sole of his foot in the ranks of aggressive Liberalism, but the time is not yet. So long as Churchill's naval policy has the support of Mr. Asquith and others in the Cabinet, it would be reckless folly on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to force a fight on the naval estimates. Mr. Lloyd George is an adroit politician as well as a great statesman, and he can have no desire to imperil the Government, and with it the hope of carrying the legislation it has in hand and for which he himself is largely responsible.

Mr. Asquith has been remarkably successful as a parliamentarian, and has falsified all the gloomy predictions made concerning him when he succeeded Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister. Throughout a period of great difficulty he has been able to unite all sections of his party and to carry with him the democratic forces outside the Liberal ranks. This achievement has added immensely to his popularity, and to the confidence of his followers that he will be able to

compose any differences that may arise, as he has in the past. Mr. Asquith has always been regarded with respect, because of his towering intellectual powers, but his masterly conduct of affairs during the constitutional crisis in 1910 and 1911 secured for him the confidence and devotion of his followers. He is now known to be not only an able man, but a great statesman who will rank in history with Gladstone and Peel.

Mr. Winston Churchill is obviously chafing at the bit. One hundred Liberal members have stated in plain terms to Mr. Asquith their alarm and disgust at the announcement by the First Lord that another big increase in the naval estimates is contemplated. The opposition to this proposed increase in expenditure is based upon the depression in trade and the consequent fall in revenue. The dearth of money and capital throughout the world, the shrinkage of gilt-edged securities and the weakness of Consols are held to be sufficient reasons for maintaining a rigid economy in the national spending departments. Last year the German building programme fell from four to three Dreadnoughts, and this year a further reduction has been made from three to two battleships. His opponents point to the fact that Mr. Churchill in 1904 seized upon the question of national expenditure as an excuse for deserting the Unionist party. "His quarrel with the Government," he then declared, "was solely and entirely on the question of finance," and he contended: "That when expenditure increases waste increases." It would be unfair to rest the Liberal case against Mr. Churchill solely on these early speeches. There are few statesmen whose speeches could not be used against them with effect. What has been described as "the naval megalomania" of the British Admiralty is criticized on the ground that Mr. Churchill is committing the country to a new formula regarding the relative strength of the British fleet. The Two-Power standard was in force when Britain was arrayed against France and Russia, and a ratio of sixteen Dreadnoughts to ten was the standard set by Mr. Churchill when the Anglo-German war scare was agitating the British people.

This standard Mr. Churchill seeks to modify and to build, not against Germany alone, but against the Triple Alliance. The emergency has moved from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It is urged by the Liberal revolters that Mr. Churchill takes no account of two important factors: the conflicting interests of Italy and Austria in the Mediterranean and the existence of the Triple Entente. He leaves out of account the possibility of war between Italy and Austria and ignores the existence of the Russian and French fleets when estimating the risks in the Mediterranean.

The Spanish navy is also an important consideration when fixing the standard of safety in the matter of British naval defence. The feeling among Liberals is undoubtedly strong, but the possibility of the Unionists making party capital out of the affair is remote.

Mr. Churchill is one of the most brilliant men in public life in Great Britain, but he has failed to establish himself in the confidence of the Liberals. His mind is not of the creative type. He is wonderfully acquisitive, absorbs and makes his own of other men's ideas, and gives them out with a wealth of forceful and picturesque language that is mistaken sometimes for originality of thought. He deals only in grand issues and lifts to a high plane every question he touches. He has few equals in the presentation of a case, and his election speeches rank, in purity of style and loftiness of thought, with those delivered by Gladstone during his Midlothian campaigns. He is a tireless worker, and carries himself seriously, but is not regarded as a man who is afflicted with principles, or

who has found his feet in politics. He has ceased to spout Radicalism and finds the society of Tory friends more congenial than that of his Liberal colleagues. It is significant that opposition to his return for Dundee at the next elections is gathering strength, and that the verdict of this Radical stronghold may have a decisive influence upon Mr. Churchill's career.

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A correspondent in a British weekly tells a good story about his visit to Goldwin Smith at *The Grange*.

"I was accompanied on this occasion," he says, "by a friend who, although a prominent and influetnial business man in Toronto, had never met 'the Professor.' Smith was at his best, laying down the law and delivering final judgment on all persons and subjects that came up for discussion with that unhesitating fluency and with that icy precision which were characteristic of him. Coming down the Avenue afterwards, my friend (whose knowledge was more of business than of books) was unusually silent for a spell, but at last gave me his impression as follows: 'Well, that's the easiest way of earning a living that I know.'

"The real tragedy," he adds, "of Goldwin Smith's life was his crossing the Atlantic. He left England a red-hot democrat and reformer, and his experiences on the other side soured him and developed a kind of reactionary frenzy. But those who knew him will prefer to remember his splendid abilities and his unfailing courtesy, helpfulness, and genuine kindness of heart to all who sought advice and guidance."

*

The land campaign in Great Britain is to be caried on with renewed vigour. Political campaigns to-day differ greatly from those of a generation ago. The latest adjunct is the cinematograph, and moving pictures and the gramaphone are now pressed into the service as political auxiliaries. Greater care is also taken to ensure a good supply of effective speakers. For the Liberal land campaign a large staff of speakers have been specially trained and instructed and let loose upon the constituencies. A central literature committee supplies ammunition for the front, and altogether the modern political machine is a highly organized and powerful agency for the education of the electors.

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The cost of living in Canada is being investigated by a Commission, and results no doubt will follow in due course. In the family budget meat ranks next to bread in importance. The working classes are no longer confined to a vegetarian diet. Meat is one of the necessities of the working man. The steady rise in the price of meat is an alarming fact and various causes have been assigned. The United States has now ceased to be a beef exporting country. The growth of population has overtaken production, and the Argentine and Australia are now sending in beef to the United States. A huge 13,000 ton freighter with modern refrigerating equipment was placed on the Sydney-Vancouver service last year, and other boats of a similar type will be added soon. American meat interests are spending a large sum in the erection of refrigerating plant on the Brisbane River in Australia, the immense possibilities of that country as a meat exporter now being fully recognized. American beef interests also control a large part of the Argentine supply. Canada has ceased to export beef to the United Kingdom, the American market taking any available surplus. Australia, the Argentine and South Africa will, for some time to come, be the chief sources of supply for the world. Great Britain is practically dependent on Argentina for her foreign supply of beef, and about ninety-five per cent. of the world's supply of frozen meat is shipped to the

United Kingdom. The problem will become more acute when the workers of France, Belgium and Austria-Hungary succeed in obtaining the free entry of foreign beef, for the 150 million consumers will be added to those who are already competing for the world's supply of beef. The question is one that must be faced in Canada, where the slaughter of female calves goes on unchecked.

*

The home rule settlement is not yet in sight. For all parties it is a policy of drift. Meantime there are 100,000 rifles in the hands of the Ulster Volunteers, and the Nationalists are armed with revolvers. The situation is not without peril, and it can serve no good purpose to prolong indefinitely the day of general agreement. The Liberal Government has made one important change in the Irish Bill. It has removed the Post Office from the control of the Irish Government, a change that seems to point to a settlement of the whole problem on federal lines.

One of the Unionist objections to the Bill was that the control of the Post Office was not in accordance with the federal idea, and that it would militate against the success of a Home-Rule-all-round scheme to grant Ireland control over affairs which in Canade are in the hands of the Federal Government.

There is a wide impression that Ireland, under the Bill, also gets control of the Customs. This is not so. The collection of customs revenue at Irish ports remains as at present in the hands of the British authorities. All that an Irish Parliament has power to do is to add to her revenue by increasing the duty within the limits prescribed, but the revenue is under Imperial control and allocated to the Irish Exchequer in accordance with the financial provisions of the home rule bill. A federal solution is the ultimate goal for which the Liberal party is working.

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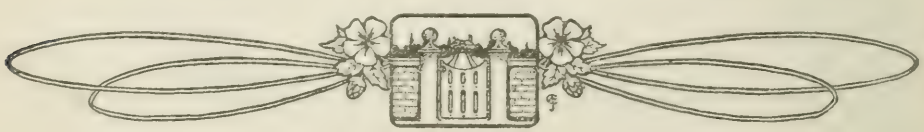
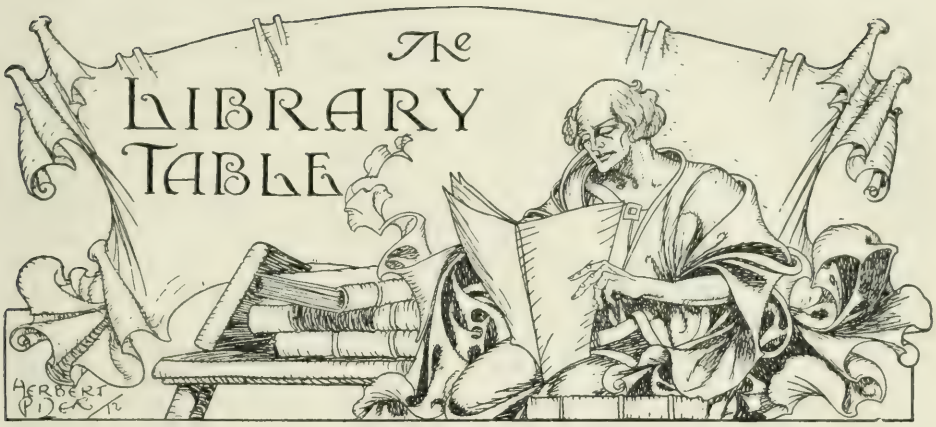
Sufficient attention has not been directed to the joint resolution of Congress at Washington in November last touching the proposed transfer by sale or exchange, of southeastern Alaska to Canada. Speaking in the House, Hon. Frank O. Smith, of Maryland, explained the reasons that induced Congress to urge the transfer. The panhandle strip is 536 miles long, eight to thirty-five miles wide, shutting off Yukon territory, the northern half of British Columbia and the entire Mackenzie Basin from free access to the Pacific. It runs southeastward as far as the parallel of 54° 4'0. The Canadian territory thus shut off from the sea measures some 600,000 square miles, three times as much as Germany. It has the same climate as Europe, in the same latitude. An equal area in Europe in the same latitude contains twenty-five million inhabitants. It is rich in natural resources. The transfer of this panhandle strip to Canada would be an earnest of the good relations between the two nations which the approaching centenary celebrations will help to cement.



LADY ANN FITZPATRICK AS "SYLVIA"

From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Exhibited by the Art Association of Montreal

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



GOLDWIN SMITH: HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS.

By Arnold Haultain. Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild.

TO many readers this book by Dr. Goldwin Smith's private secretary will be found more interesting than the Professor's own "Reminiscences." For there is in this, much more new and unexpected material, and one catches glimpses of the "Sage of the Grange" just as if at moments when he is not aware of one's presence. For that very reason some readers might accuse Mr. Haultain of being indiscreet, but Goldwin Smith himself used to say that there were some things that might be better told after he had passed away. While Mr. Haultain's remarks as regards scraps of conversations are intimate and oftentimes very personal, they, however, have been discreetly held until they could be published with good result and without any damage. For with this book we seem to bring together into complete form, a lot of hitherto conglomerate impressions.

The book is in two parts: the first, an introduction; the second, "Conversations and Comments," "U. S. Notes," "Index," "Index to U. S. Notes." The "Conversations and Comments" is the most important and indeed the most interesting part of the volume, because it is a result of careful notes, made whenever the occasion prompted them, of spontaneous utterances by Goldwin Smith in the course of his daily life as a journalist and observer of passing events. For instance, a correspondent had raised the question of the cause for the antagonism between the Professor and Disraeli. "He talked on that subject pretty freely and openly—giving me the impression that he would like to leave with me the facts of the case as he interpreted them. 'I only met Disraeli once,' he said. 'Dizzy attacked me more than once in the House . . . .my letters had brought me very prominently forward, and when my policy was so signally endorsed by the cession of the Ionian Isles to Greece, it was almost like a direct blow to Disraeli, who had strenuously taken the other

side. I got the better of him, and he never forgot that sort of thing. We took opposite sides on the land question too, and again on the objects and results of the Oxford Commission —there too I got the better of him. Dizzy never forgot such things, and even some time afterwards, in that novel of his, which was it?' ' "Lothair?" ' I asked. 'Yes, "Lothair," he called me a social sycophant. I hope I am not a "social sycophant." There was not a particle of foundation for that. The Duke of Newcastle and I were great friends, intimate friends, when I was in London. He took me up when I was in London. Perhaps he thought I was intending to enter public life. But I didn't. I liked being with him, and it was pleasant to meet leaders in politics and society and statesmen. But our friendship was open and intimate. I was often useful to him, in a way, my historical information and that sort of thing. The only difference we ever had was my refusal to accept his many invitations to go to Clumber with him—London was pleasant, and I enjoyed my club life. That is the whole history of the affair.' He spoke, poor old gentleman, as if the topic were painful to him, and walked about the room, faced me and looked me full in the eyes, sometimes with the movements both of features and of hands . . . ." While we have always been convinced that Mr. Haultain keenly admired and even loved his venerable "chief," we read, with some feeling that they must have been written at a time when the duties of his position had seemed irksome or the results of the Professor's grumblings of but little consequence, these critical words: "Of political influence the Professor has little. He is no orator. Indeed, his speech has no more motive power than a pretty purling rill. The man lacks something. He lacks that personal effluence without which speech is but a tinkling cymbal. His intellect has been developed at the expense of his heart. Even when he is bemoaning the lot of slaughtered Chinese, defeated Boers, or unenfranchised Hindus, you feel that it is the brain, not the heart, that is at work. The horrors and sufferings of war he paints admirably; but you feel that the colours have been mixed with the coldest and most calculating skill. His writings are as ineffectual as his oratory. They glitter; they do not warm. They are not suffused with wholesome optimism, hopeful conviction. Conviction is apparent enough; but it is the conviction of the intellect, not of the emotions. A page of Carlyle sends you away thrilled; a page of Goldwin Smith sends you away chilled . . . .Yet his ideas are arid and windy as the desert. Disraeli well called him the 'wild man of the cloister,' and I think he added, 'going about the world maligning men and things.' And so on. The volume will increase greatly the general knowledge of the "Sage of the Grange."

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IN THE HEART OF OLD CANADA

By William Wood. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS volume brings together happily in one collection a number of essays in description and studies in history, by Colonel Wood of Quebec, as well as two new chapters—"The Fortress City", a chronological statement of the seventeen fortresses built at Quebec, beginning with the first built in 1535, and ending with the latest, built in 1911; and "The First Five-Nations War", a brief impression of the departure from Quebec of the First Canadian Contingent to South Africa, with an appreciation of Jack Ogilvy, one brave lad who fell under Boer bullets. The other chapters are: "The Landmarks of Canada," a plea for the preservation of those relics of history that keep a nation from "seeking the whole mere

world of riches", "A Quebec Chronology", "The Quebec Battlefields", "Wolfe and Gray's Elegy", in which Colonel Wood disputes the claim that on the eve of the capture of Quebec Wolfe recited this famous poem; "The Second Dominican Invasion", "Tercentennial Quebec", "An Ursuline Epic", "The Habitant", "French-Canadian Folk-Song", and "A French-Canadian Poet"—Nérée Beauchemin.

"An Ursuline Epic" is the most noteworthy contribution to the volume, and it is indeed a fine piece of historical work, a result of the recent beatification of Marie de l'Incarnation. It tells why this first superior of the Ursulines was at Rome elevated to the sainthood, and what she actually did for Canada. Colonel Wood possesses a keen sense of the significance of events in history, and everything he considers seems to grow in importance under his pen. The volume should be in every library in Canada.

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HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green and Company.

THE death of Mr. Lang, some months ago, added fresh interest to the publication of this scholarly and almost personal appreciation of English literature from Beowulf to Swinburne. Andrew Lang had attained eminence for his scholarly and his encyclopædic knowledge of certain studies in which he was particularly interested. English literature was one of these studies, and one would almost come to the conclusion that he had read everything on record in the English language At any rate, he had an astounding acquaintanceship with English letters, particularly from the Elizabethan period onward to the present time. While he deals with the period prior to the time of Chaucer, there his consideration really begins. Like most students of English literature, he accepts Chaucer as its so-called father, and it is interesting in this connection to note that the eminent French critic, Emil Lègouis claims that Chaucer was greatly influenced by the French, indeed, that it was in his French style and manner that he pictured contemporary society in England. But it is when Mr. Lang comes down to recent times that we find him most interesting. He pronounces a eulogium on Tennyson, but looks askance at Browning. He can abide Thackeray, but Meredith, to use a popular phrase, gets on his nerves. Withal the book is a brilliant piece of work by a brilliant mind, an intensely interesting and entertaining book for all who wish to know more about English literature.

*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Theodore Roosevelt. An Autobiography. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

SOME of the chapters of this more than interesting autobiography have appeared from time to time as individual contributions to current literature, particularly to the New York *Outlook,* to which publication Mr. Roosevelt is a contributing editor. One reads the volume as if the personality of Mr. Roosevelt himself were back of every word. The work is enthusiastically personal, and indeed in places it is delightfully egotistical. The author seems to have a frank appreciation of his importance as an individual and he deals with the various episodes of his life with the commendable seriousness of one who knows that he is handling big things. Of course to rise, as most United States Presidents do rise, from a position of obscurity in youth to one of great public prominence, is no small achievement, and as Mr. Roosevelt has led a particularly active life in a public way, what he has to write in his autobiography is in

itself significant. Some idea of the contents of the volume may be formed from the following chapter headings: "Boyhood and Youth", "Vigor and Life", "Practical Politics", "In Cowboy Land", "The New York Police", "Outdoors and Indoors", "The Presidency", "Making the Old Party Progressive", "The Big Stick and the Square Deal", "The Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal", "The Peace of Righteousness."

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POEMS

By R. C. Phillimore. With an Introduction by John Masefield. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

DEBASING as this comparison may seem, it is nevertheless true that the test of a poem is in the reading just as the familiar test of a pudding is in the eating. Write as much as one likes about a poem, the reader actually knows but little about it until he has read it. This is especially true of poems that display the quality of personality or an individual point of view or treatment. And these poems of Mr. Phillimore's are above all things personal and individual. In "The Boy's Lament" the first two stanzas read:

I would no birds were singing,
I would no plants could grow,
I would that everything did wear
A solemn dress of woe.

For, ah is me, my love is dead,
My love is dead,
And it makes me sorry so.

In "The City Dustheaps" there is something more than whimsical rhyming:

It is bitter, bitter cold to-day,
And the ice is out to sea;
Therefore the gulls are in to-day,
And over the river grim and gray,
And under the granite walls they play—
Play like children and scream and fight,
Not altogether from pure delight,
But watching, perchance, if down the tide
Some part of a fish that once was fried,
Or a tasty bit from a pig's inside,
Or, failing that, some meat or bread
May escape from the plates of the quite well-bred,
To where, by God's grace, the poor are fed.

And could anything more individual be encountered than this stanza from "To the Cushendun Corncrake"?

Pardon me, bird, if I did you a wrong,
If I cursed you over loud and long!
Pardon, if your lovely song
Seemed to me a little long;
In fact, if I longed to do you a wrong,
Even perchance your neck to break
For making such a hateful scrake,
Saying: "Crake, crake, crake,
Is my love awake?"
Till your sweet love answered you out of the brake:
"Crake, crake, crake,
My heart is awake,
And watches ever, for my true love's sake!"

*

VAN CLEVE

By Mary S. Watts. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS is a tremendously real and vivid story of the life of Van Cleve Fenwick and that of his family and associates written by the author of "Nathan Burke" and "The Legacy." One might expect in it something more than the commonplace novel, and indeed there is no disappointment. Van Cleve is a business man; he has ideals above those of the ordinary man of business, but he has to struggle against great odds. In helping himself, he does not forget his friends, and slowly but surely he makes his way and a name for himself in a modern world. The book is stimulating and uplifting.

*

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

By Jack London. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE purpose of this book seems to be to depict the struggles of the working classes in great cities and

to follow the course of two in particular who strive to get away from their enervating conditions into a more hopeful environment. It is also a study of the struggle that young working girls frequently wage in order to maintain their honour and yet live in apparent respectability and enjoy some of the pleasures of life. "The Valley of the Moon" is the name of a ranch where the young couple from the city at length take refuge, with a brighter outlook for the future. The book contains a good deal of London's crude force and primitive chivalry, but those who are acquainted with his former successes will perhaps be disappointed in this his latest novel.

POETRY AND DRAMA

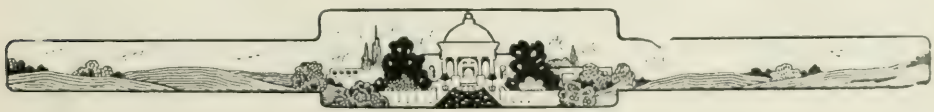
The Poetry Bookshop: 35 Devonshire St., Theobald's Road, London, W. C.

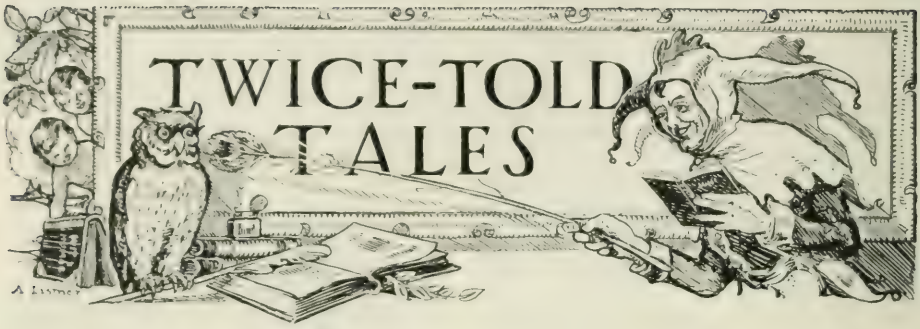
THE December number of this most excellent quarterly is recommended to every person interested in the very best of present-day poetry and the drama. In the department called "Varia" there are some illuminating comments, particularly the chapter on "The Origin of Futurism." The importance of the publication on its purely poetical side is determined by the appearance in this number of poems by Robert Bridges, the poet-laureate; Thomas Hardy, Walter De La Mare, Francis Macnamara, Rupert Brooke, W. A. E. Davies, Harold Munro, to mention only some of those whose names appear. There is a one-act drama entitled "The Golden Doom" by Lord Dunsany, with "Study" and "Appreciation" by Basil Dean and J. E. Squire—Squire's being an appreciation of Francis Thompson. In "Chronicles," there are contributions by Dickson Scott, Gilbert Cannan, S. S. Flynn and John Alford, the last being a paper on "American Poetry." The reviews toward the end are in themselves enough to keep one in touch with the passing pageant of poetry. There is also an annotated list of recent books. This publication, which is even a delightful volume to take into one's hands, is edited by Mr. Harold Munro, himself a poet of distinction.

IN THE WAKE OF THE EIGHTEEN-TWELVERS

By C. H. J. Snider. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

A SAILOR by instinct and training and steeped in the lore of the naval engagements between British and American vessels on inland lakes during the War of 1812, Mr. Snider undertook with enthusiasm the work of writing this book. The result is much more than a mere historical account, for upon the facts of history the author has conceived a narrative that rises almost to the dignity of romance. Were it not based upon fact, one would say that it is romance. Some of the incidents, happily for the reader, are imaginary, as well as some of the characters introduced; but this has been done in order to realize more clearly the stirring events of that time. Being a sailor, Mr. Snider's paragraphs bristle with nautical expressions, so that the whole narrative reads as if it were written by one who actually had passed through the war. There are numerous illustrations from photographs and drawings. The line drawings by the author are exceedingly graphic.





Taking Orders

Miss Hogabust (of Chicago)—"And what profession is your son in, Lord Hightop?"

Lord Highttop—"Oh, when Algy leaves college I expect he will take orders."

Miss Hogabust (surprised)—"You don't say! Well, poppa has got some real nice gentlemen travelling for him."—*London Opinion.*

*

One and a Half Each

"Another young couple have started intensive housekeeping."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Three rooms and a bath."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

*

Justifiable Imitation

A young man, who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day, "My dear, I wish you could make bread such as my mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble:

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."

An Exchange of Courtesies

When J. W. Mitchell was the Russian correspondent of the Associated Press, the head of the German branch of the house of Rothschild visited St. Petersburg, and it became Mitchell's business to find out what had brought the great financier to that city. Mitchell, who is famous for his brilliant brain and his dull-looking clothes, found and interviewed Rothschild.

At the close of the talk the money king, thinking that Mitchell was a poor fellow on the verge of starvation, fished out of his vest pocket a sovereign, and, with a patronising air, handed it to him.

Whereupon the newspaper writer, producing a five-dollar piece, extended it to Rothschild and said, in a bored manner:

"Have one of mine."

*

Keeping Up With Them

He and she arrived in the fifth inning.

He (to fan)—"What's the score?"

Fan—"Nothing to nothing."

She—"Goody! We haven't missed a thing!"

VISITOR: "But surely you believe that women should vote?"
MOTHER: "Oh, I s'pose it's all right if ye haven't nothing better to do."—*Harper's*

GROWS DARK QUICKLY

A Scotsman landed in Canada not long ago. The very first morning he walked abroad he met a coal-black negro. It happened that the negro had been born in the Highland district of Scotland and had spent the greater part of his life there. Naturally, he had a burr on his tongue. "Mey, mannie," said the pink Scotsman, "can ye no tell me whaur I'll find the kirk?"

The darky took him by the arm and led him to the corner. "Go richt up to yon wee hoose an' turn to yer richt, and up the hill," said he.

"Happens yer frae Scotland yersel'?" said the new arrival, amazed.

"R-richt ye ar-re," said the darky, "Aberdeen's ma hame."

"And hoo long have ye been here?"

"About twa years," said the darky.

"Lord save us and keep us!" said the new arrival. "Whaur can I get the boat for Edinbro?"

A FALLEN ANGEL

Old Lady—"Well, here's a shilling for you, my poor man.

Tramp—"A shillin', Lor' bless yer, lydy, if there ever was a fallen angel, you're it."—*London Opinion.*

*

A woman entered Cossitt Library in Memphis the other day and solicited the assistance of a loan-desk clerk. "I am searching for a book called 'The Dentist's Infirmary'," she said. "The president of our library club told me to get it." "'The Dentist's Infirmary?'" repeated the clerk with a rising inflection, vainly trying to associate such a book with such a study class. "Yes," replied the woman; "it's all about devils and angels and such like." The light of understanding dawned on the puzzled face of the clerk. "Oh, you mean Dante's 'Inferno!'"

His Last Chance

An old Scottish gravedigger was remonstrated with one day for making a serious overcharge for digging a grave.

"Weel, ye see, sir," said the old man, in explanation, making a motion with his thumb towards the grave, "him an' me had a bit of a tiff two or three years syne ower a watch I selt him, and I've never been able tae get the money oot o' him yet. 'Noo,' I says tae ma'sel, 'this is ma last chance, an' I'll better tak' it.' "

Thrift With a Vengeance

"Eh," said Sandy to the minister, "yon was a powerful discourse on 'Thrift' ye preached the Sabbath!"

"A'm glad ye were able to profit," said the minister.

"Profit! Why, mon, I would have pit ma saxpence into the plate wi'out a thought if it had not been for your providential words. They saved me fourpence there and then."

"I say what about that quid I lent you last year?"
"Laddie, I am an actor-r and a man of honour-r. It shall be paid."
"Yes; but when?"
"Laddie, I said I was an actor-r, not a prophet."—*Tatler*

The Canny Scot

Sir Thomas Lipton, having made his fortune out of tea, tells some good stories about the beverage. One of them, illustrating the "canniness" of the Scot, is as follows:

An old farmer of Dumfriesshire was the guest of a fine lady in that country. When the afternoon tea was served the hostess observed that the old man gulped down his before she could serve the other guests. Again and again the farmer passed his cup to be refilled. At the ninth cup the lady, becoming uneasy as to the supply on hand, ventured to ask:

"How many cups of tea do you take, John?"

"How many do ye gie?" asked John warily.

A Tart Critic

The Abbé d'Aubignac, who wrote admirably on dramatic composition and had instanced many living examples of failure in that direction, was so imprudent after thirty years' silence as to write a tragedy himself. In the preface he boasted that he, of all dramatists, had most scrupulously observed the rules of Aristotle, whose inspiration he had followed! To this it was replied by one who had suffered from his criticism, "I do not quarrel with the Abbé d'Aubignac for having followed the precepts of Aristotle, but I cannot pardon the precepts of Aristotle that caused the abbé to write such a tragedy."

An Essay on Man

A little girl wrote the following composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the woman sprung farther than the man."—*London Opinion.*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

LE DÉJEUNER

From the Painting by W. H. Clapp. Exhibited by the Canadian Art Club

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

XLII TORONTO, MARCH, 1914 No. 5

THE OLD BYTOWN CANAL

BY WILFRED CAMPBELL

Where the splendid Chateau Laurier
On the old canal looks down;
And the ghost of the crowding future
On the fading past doth frown.

IN the very heart of modern, twentieth century Ottawa, with its cement bridges, paved streets, and gorgeous railway station and hotel, there yet lingers, though slowly but surely being crowded out, a bit of that old, early nineteenth century Bytown, with its old-world suggestion of solidity and romantic reminiscence.

To him who prefers the secluded, quiet and winding by-paths to the glare and noise and feverish pavements of a modern city, there yet remains in Ottawa such a manner of approach to Connaught Place—from Cartier Square by way of the Canal bank. This way leads down under the west end of the Laurier Bridge, under what was once called Maria Street, and along the wharf-lined, meandering bank of the Canal, and the wide basin which has been to Ottawa in a small way what the old Indian dock yards were to London.

Here, over not always clean or mudless roads, past grimy and dilapidated coal sheds and decayed wharfs and buildings, one reaches a place of shipping and water-side warehouses of the commercial conditions now long past, conditions which were in their zenith and prime in the middle years of the century past and gone.

Once this place is entered, the modern twentieth century Ottawa is left behind and time seems to slip back through intervening decades. Here are old, solidly-built rough stone warehouses, with gloomy and rude, but sincerely constructed interiors, reminiscent of the old canal trade and the ancient commerce of Bytown. All around one sees all manner of canal craft, some representing in their structure the boat building of over a third of a century ago, and carry the mind back to a period of our history whose pages are long since closed. There is a charm and a suggestion of the past and its associations that seems to penetrate these old canal-side warehouses. But nothing can be more suggestive of the vast change which divides one period from another, than the class of craft found

on our old canal and inland water-ways. Sad to say, the world of to-day has moved with tremendous strides, in its changes of the last half century; and there is no greater gulf in the whole history of shipping than that which lies between the wooden and the iron ship; and with the vanishing of the former a poetry and a charm have vanished from the world and an influence for good upon human society which never can be replaced.

The real value of the ship as an ocean home for myriads of humanity, lay in the masts and shrouds, and the wooden hull. On the world's oceans to-day these have largely vanished, giving place to those hideous iron prisons of the mimes and helots of modern machinery. But on our inland water-ways the old order still lingers and among them all the most ancient, primitive and veritably ark-like vessel is the old, and quaintly appearing canal boat, which moves slowly and methodically, but mysteriously on its way; being here to-day and away to-morrow; on its tranquil, never-hurrying rounds of a thrifty and regulated system of inland marine conveyance.

Here, on a bright April morning, after the long frosty sleep of the winter months, the northern Canadian spring and approaching summer is heralded by the sharp, quick ring of caulking mallets, on the decks and sides of ancient and modern vessels, building or repairing by the wharf-sides, and the smell of boiling tar, and new clean paint—with a myriad other signs and, pictures of opening navigation. These sounds and scenes have periodically recurred here, each returning springtime for well-nigh a hundred years, and the mode of building and repairing has changed little; for the ship-yards of the Rideau are for the most part still primitive and simple.

It seems strange when passing this place, to linger and get the smell and sound and suggestion of the marine life, and the wide water, and ships and surf and distant climes, so far inland. For here indeed, is in epitome, a little port or haven of the water-farer, with its power of bringing the ocean-life back to the imagination.

There is always a certain poetry and mystery in any kind of water-craft, be it a trim, snug schooner or a snub-nosed, square-sailing scow, a tug or even a lake steamer. There is something primitive and picturesque in the very shape and build of a ship or boat, alien from the land while its bird-like suggestion of eternal movement, leads the thought to unknown regions of the undiscovered round the remote edges of the far sky-line.

Down by these wharfs, the entry to the water-side through the stone arches in the old warehouses, suggests the comings and goings of generations of commerce, and the long journeys by water-ways ere the necessaries and luxuries of daily life could reach their destination. Here is an old warehouse that grew up out of, and maintained its existence with, the life of the canal-trade, before the more prosaic railway had proved so great a competitor. Upon these old rotting wharf-sides have landed coals from Pennsylvannia; building-stone from the south; and all sorts of commodities coarse and fine, from the outside world. The imagination revives memories of the old Muscovado sugars and syrups, the coffees and spices of the West and East Indies the Young Hyson and Ceylon teas from the far East and the raisins and other delights so dear to our vanished childhood, and that of our parents and grandparents.

Here, in the slow-going sturdy commerce and trade of the early and middle years of the last century, there toiled a couple of generations of men of a slower, surer, more exact, more thrifty and careful type than exists to-day.

There yet lingers, in those few solid, low, less pretentious, old build-

ings, with their plain, but useful interiors, the memory of the old-time office clerk now quite obsolete, in his alpaca coat, quaint dignity and scorn of haste, methodical and exact and still true to his high wall-desk and high office stool; who wrote in his fine clerkly hand, with his steel pen his daily dole of strictly honest accounts. To recall all this is to revive the memory of an era and a condition as dead and gone as that of Athens, but which had the making for weal or woe of the larger portion of this present people.

The world of to-day, with its speed, and haste, its utter contempt for all suggestion of thrift and forethought, may sneer at the old, slower, surer and harder ways, when everything was more difficult of attainment; it may scorn the slow saving, the small salaries, the self-sustaining methods, the careful housekeeping and the simpler surroundings; and look askance at the necessarily strange, stronger, narrower, more competent, and perchance bigotted character it produced. But they had, as we realize, their uses, and great results, in the production of character in men and women—such as is lacking in these more loose, less responsible and more feverish days.

During the slow and sure progression of almost a century of time—what drama of human life has not played its part here? All sorts of men have come and gone with their tragedy and comedy, lofty and sordid, of human destiny. Here have striven, honesty and greed, covetousness and folly. Determination and recklessness toil and sloth have made or marred many a dole of years where life and death in turn have animated or desolated these old purlieus of a community's activities.

That was a period largely of the skilled workman, of the man who toiled in a simple, sincere way with his hands and those tools and inventions which the master workman of the past had won from the hard resources of grim necessity and need.

That artist-destroying tyranny of machinery had not yet eclipsed the personal pride that a man had in producing a good boot or in sewing a fine seam, or in developing the rare finish of the old-time ship or house carpenter.

Here on this water-side toiled By's and Bolton's sappers and miners and engineers—men of a great capacity, of a hundred devices for the execution of fine and sincere work; also builders and carvers of solid, dignified and enduring masonry, which is yet revealed in the splendid locks which lead down to the Ottawa. They were the constructors of those simple, plain and modest, but well-built old stone and wooden houses, ere the hypocrisy of brick veneer had intruded its insincere and pretentious conditions.

They were a generation of plodding, staid, careful and contented, exact, and honest toilers and artisans from the old-land, of the slower but more solid methods and controlled by a class of military officers who were for the most part skilled engineers and artists who could draw a map or plan or sketch a picture with an equal exactness and idealism that would shame our general incapacity and astonish our arrogant ignorance of old-world and early nineteenth century knowledge and character in all classes.

That was an era of the strong and simple hinge and lock, of the closely-mated, well-seasoned, and well-wrought panel, and small but picturesque window-pane with a similar condition in individual character and national and religious outlook. It was an age, inimical to anything shoddy, for as all was done by hand the reputation of both master and man was constantly at stake.

But, in the days when shipping and commerce on the canal-side were at their prime, the Ottawa of the last three decades was not even dreamed of. Those who read of the

discovery of layers of cities below cities in the old-world, such as those of Asia Minor, would be surprised to be told that such a process has been rapidly going on in such places as the Capital of Canada—and it is curious how building may succeed building, in turn to be replaced even in the short space of a couple of generations. In those days, not far from the canal, up what is now a side street, stood the old wooden building, used as the Bytown Grammar School presided over by a scholarly old Scottish dominie and divine.

It is now a place of paved streets, many storied office buildings and the clang of street cars.

But then the conditions were more primitive and idyllic. Near this place, we are told, there ran a brook or stream, across what is now Elgin Street, out of a sort of swamp below two graveyards. This brook found its sinuous passage by all sorts of declivities, mysteriously into the old Canal. In this brook fish of a kind were said to have been caught. The dreamer may, perchance, imagine the small boy of that period, weary of much study in the dingy walls of the old school and fain for the outdoors, and the sun and wind's companionship, on his way loitering eager for the gleaming and hurrying bass or perch that flashed under the amber water of a sunny pool; or we may stray with him down to the rude wharf-side, in wonder at some strange craft just arrived from the outside world, bearing those cargoes, delightful and mysterious to the boy mind; and with him watch the slow, old-time process of unloading and storing in the equally mysterious gloom of the, even then, dingy and cobwebby old warehouses.

At that time there were few houses in what was called Middle Town; and from near what is now Connaught Place a pathway wound over the hill to Upper Town. At each end of this path was a turn-stile, and this was the only means of approach for many a year. North, on the cliff, were the Soldier's Barracks, and the town gaol—while on the East side of the Sapper's Bridge was a lodge and gate, which was the entrance to Mayor's Hill, where was the residence of the Millitary Commander. That certainly was a diffierent environment from what exists to-day. It is indeed a place now long dead and gone, a mere memory and a dream vanished with the youth, and vague longings or imaginings of the schoolboy of that period, now, perchance like the old Bytown a part of what is dust and ashes.

Still each recurring springtime I love to pass here, and linger, and view once more the old, eternal revival of life in this old-time water-side commerce. Here is a new vessel on the stays, all wooden ribs and keel. There an old hulk is undergoing complete renewal ere she once more ventures forth on the deep she has plowed so often. Another old craft, a passenger boat and freighter combined, is being modernized, in the vain attempt by means of paint and trimmings to hide the evident ravages of time, which makes vessels as well as men obsolete. Up the shore, an old veteran lies brazenly, the worse for wear, without any attempt to disguise the broken rails, and seams and patches, and faded paint that proclaim the ancient tug or canal freighter.

Day by day the work goes on, each balmy morning the din of mallet and hammer and voices recommences, until, in a few weeks, they will, one by one, slip out and disappear in the gray of the dawn down the Ottawa, or up the Canal to Kingston and beyond out on the great lakes, some of them to join the great host of the foundered or wrecked, never to return. There they go: with their quaint, haunting names: the *Kingston Maid* or the *Jenny B. Greene* the *Water Witch* or the *Rideau Belle*, relics of a kaleidescopic, vanishing dream, in the insurgent ever-onrush-

ing wave of the grimly commonplace.

One by one, the old craft disappear, one by one, the old buildings come down to make room for the crowding present and the perilous future. One by one the old veterans, drop off the office stools, or decayed wharf-tying posts, where they have toiled or loafed through many years. Of course, who can stay the hands of chance and time, eternally busy weaving the meshes of change and death. But what of this change, called progress, which slowly but surely destroys the past, and shrivels it up as the ashes in an urn. Where is it leading and to what triumphant end?

Meanwhile, the old Bytown of the canal-side still lingers in a few old vessels and dingy warehouses. If the lover of the past and old associations cares to wander there on an auspicious April morning, he may perchance, if his soul be vibrant, recapture once more a slight tang of the old-time inland seaport, in the smell of oakum and the merry ring of the caulkers, and the redolence of the spices and muscovados of the old warehouses, which bring back the romance of the past, the blue ocean and faw-away days and land of youth and youths' migratory imagination now:

> Blown by that gust, oblivion,
> From the futile thoughts of men.

THE POOL OF SILOAM

By MAY AUSTIN LOW

WITHOUT thy friendship, life is nothing worth;
The world has moved on sadly since there grew
The cause to part us. There has been a dearth
Of dear delight. What happy hours we knew,
What rapturous dreams encompassed all God's earth;
What pure expectancy in heaven's blue
Stirred me to music 'mid the joy and mirth
In all the blessed years I knew you true!
True thou wert always—I it was that fell
From faith in thee. Oh, cruel, craven hour
That cast me bruised in a prison cell!
Had I not heeded the accursed power
Of stinging tongues, I still had kept for aye,
The dream of joy that gladdened all my way.

CANADA'S CONQUEST OF ASTORIA

HOW MONTREALERS PEACEFULLY SECURED AMERICAN FORT ON PACIFIC COAST DURING THE WAR OF 1812

BY HAROLD SANDS

AT this time, when so much is heard in Canada of one hundred years of peace between the English-speaking people of North America, it is interesting to recall that a century ago, in October 1813, the representatives of a Montreal fur company secured for the British Crown, without the firing of a shot, the newly established American fort and port of Astoria and held it for a number of years under the name of Fort George.

This Canadian occupation of Astoria was one of the most curious incidents in connection with the war of 1812. It shows that the conflict between Great Britain and the United States, in which Canadians played so notable a part, was not entirely confined to the East.

Established by John Jacob Astor of New York and by Montreal partners who joined him in starting the Pacific Fur Company, Astoria had as romantic a birth as any city on the Pacific Coast. With Duncan McDougal, a former partner in the Northwest Fur Company, in charge, the new post in the extreme West began its career under distressing circumstances. The second terrible massacre of whites in the history of the Pacific Northwest happened shortly after the foundations of the fort were laid. This was when the crew of the *Tonquin,* all members of the Astoria establishment, were slain by treacherous redskins on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

Quickly following this tragedy came the outbreak of the war of 1812. A small squadron of British vessels was sent to the Pacific with orders to capture Astoria, which it would have done had not Canadians forestalled the action by obtaining possession of the post without the shedding of a drop of blood.

News of the war was first brought to Astoria in January, 1813, by Donald MacTavish, an intrepid servant of the Northwest Fur Company of Montreal, who led an expedition overland. He told Astor's Canadian partners that British war vessels were on the way to capture the fort and that when it had fallen the Northwest Company would get it as a Pacific base. Although McDougal could have driven MacTavish and his followers away, he allowed them to establish themselves under the fort's guns. No sooner was MacTavish well settled than he offered to buy the fort, lock, stock and barrel, and McDougal agreed to sell, despite the remonstrances of Americans who were with him.

Possession in the name of the

Northwest Company was taken on October 16, 1813, and but for this peaceful occupation the place would have been seized by the British war sloop *Racoon,* which arrived in the Columbia River just six weeks later.

The transfer of Astoria to the Canadian company was displeasing not only to John Jacob Astor but to the British naval officers on the sloop. Astor denounced the sale because it was made before the fort could be said to have been seriously threatened by the British. The English were grievously disappointed at the turn of events because the Canadians robbed them, as they put it, of the honour and glory of capturing the only port of any importance in the North Pacific belonging to the United States a century ago. Captain William Black, who commanded the British expedition, roundly reproached McDougal and his associates for "defrauding him, the officers and crew of the *Racoon* of the reward due to their exertions."

Captain Black went through the usual ceremony of "taking possession of the country in the name of His Britannic Majesty," a ceremony which had little effect later on when the Oregon boundary trouble came up for disposition. He ordered that the name Astoria be blotted out and rechristened the post Fort George, in honour of his King, which also was a futile act. Then thoroughly disgusted at being cheated of fame by Canadian civilians, he sailed to the South Pacific and left Astoria to its fate. John Jacob Astor lost no time in approaching the Government at Washington in an effort to induce it to take notice that the war had extended to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Munroe, of Munroe Doctrine fame, was then Secretary of State, and Astor wrote him asking him to send fifty men to man the fort at Astoria.

"I think that number will be sufficient for its defence until I can send reinforcements overland," wrote in effect the founder.

Munroe did not reply, but several months afterward President Madison awoke to the fact that the transfer of Astoria to the Canadians might prove a severe blow to United States claims in the region through which the mythical Oregon was supposed to flow, hearing no sound but its own dashings. He determined to send the frigate *Adams* to the mouth of the Columbia River with instructions to retake this fort. When the war vessel was ready to sail from the Atlantic urgent word came from Lake Ontario that more United States seamen were badly needed there, and the crew of the *Adams* was sent north instead of to the Pacific, much to the disgust of Astor.

After the war the millionaire fur-trader sought to re-establish his colony. He informed the Government at Washington that he would renew his enterprise if the United States would establish a military post at Astoria. No action being taken in this direction he abandoned Astoria to the Canadian fur-traders. Subsequently, when the Northwest Company was merged with the Hudson's Bay Company the post became the Pacific headquarters of the Company of Adventurers. By the treaty of Ghent, Astoria was formally restored to the United States but was not actually given up until the Hudson's Bay Company abandoned its operations in Oregon.

This, in brief, is the history of a remarkable Pacific Coast enterprise in which Eastern Canadians played leading parts. The centenary of the capture of Astoria by Canadians serves as a reminder that men from this country were as prominently concerned in opening up what are now the wealthy States of Oregon and Washington as they were in laying the foundations of civilization in British Columbia. The entire Pacific Northwest owes no small debt to Eastern Canadians who braved a thousand perils in first penetrating the country.

Another fact worth remarking is that the more notable men of this gallant band of pioneers were first connected with the enterprising Northwest Fur Company during the period of its ferocious rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company. The Mackenzies, Frasers, MacTavishes, McDougals' McKays, McDonalds, McLeods, and MacGillivrays who left their mark on the great West wore the gray of the Northwest Company as distinct from the blue of the great chartered company whose amazing history has been imperishably written by Dr. Bryce.

Glorious and romantic as are the annals of the "H.B.C.," those of the Northwest Company are equally splendid and inspiring. The Hudson's Bay Company started its career under the auspices of "the nobility and gentry" of the mother country, with some solid goldsmiths and other Londoners of wealth admitted on the ground floor to provide the necessary working capital. The Northwest Company, on the other hand, owed nothing to princes, potentates, and powers, but was established by sturdy Canadian colonists. The men of Montreal who founded the new concern did far more for Canada than all the princes, counts, dukes, and knights who figured in the charter of the more ancient company.

It may be remarked that one of the objects of the Hudson's Bay Company was to exploit the Northwest Passage connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, which navigators had sought for centuries. Neither "our dear, entirely beloved Prince Rupert," as cousin Charles II. described the first Governor, nor any of his noble friends evinced any overwhelming desire to search for that passage.

With the charter granted to the company went a hugh slice of Canadian soil, which formed the world's greatest fur-producing country. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Hudson's Bay Company had to reckon with "poachers on its preserves." In its earlier days the "H.B.C." undoubtedly was the biggest monopoly in the universe. The "poachers" were the independent fur-traders. They couldn't fight the monopoly singly, so they combined. Thus was born the famous Northwest Fur Company, described by the historian Bancroft as "the most daring, dashing, audacious, and ultimately successful" rival that the great chartered company ever had.

Ruled by bold and fearless Scotch-Canadians who had their headquarters in Montreal, the new company infused into its business the spirit of adventure and enterprise, a mixture which accompanies empire-making. On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company, governed from London, reached at this time a state of comparative apathy. The vigour of the Northwest Company served to awaken the ancient corporation, but by the time the sleep was out of its eyes the Montrealers had pushed their fur trade beyond Ontario to the backbone of the continent and their resourceful representatives were well on their strenuous way to the Pacific. They were the first to burst into the silent realms of the West and the first to put the vigorous touch of civilization upon the vast and rich interior of the magic Province beyond the Rockies. Englishmen and Spaniards who dared fate in tiny vessels started the fur trade on the Pacific Coast, but the Scotch-Canadians from Montreal were the pioneer cross-country traders. They spanned the continent with posts and forts and opened up for the enjoyment of the present generation the marvellous heritage of the West.

Formed in the winter of 1783, the Northwest Company was made up of the choicest of Canadian fur-traders, men whose ability was quickly shown and whose energy knew no bounds until the Pacific was reached. The great Alexander Mackenzie, one of the leaders of the company, performed the remarkable journey from Mon-

treal to the Pacific Coast, which won for him the admiration of the world and knighthood. Three of the mightiest rivers of the West were discovered by men of the company, who were imbued with the "Sail on" spirit of Columbus. The mighty Mackenzie River is a perpetual reminder of Sir Alexander's unfailing courage and hardihood. The swift and yellow Fraser River will ever keep green the memory of the Ontario explorer, Simon Fraser. To that brave and gentle soul, David Thompson of Montreal, fell the honour of discovering the Thompson River and of being the first to navigate the majestic Columbia from its source to its mouth.

All these men were members of the Northwest Company. They and colleagues like them, gifted with the same resistless energy and Scotch shrewdness, as Bancroft puts it, "after absorbing the Canada (Eastern) trade, took possession of the Northwest coast, swept Astor from the Columbia and brought the immense monopoly itself (the Hudson's Bay Company) upon its knees."

Marvellous was the growth of this company. So great it waxed that its principal stockholders lived in Montreal in more than baronial magnificence. Its factors and "wintering partners" who travelled far into the wilderness were spoken of as veritable lords of the rivers and forests. Within thirty years of its establishment the Northwest Company had extended its scope to both the Pacific and Arctic oceans. By the purchase of Astoria in 1813, it entrenched itself on the Columbia River and meanwhile it had also moved southward into United States territory on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Where furs and adventure were, there also was the Northwest Company.

Its success at Astoria was not as great as the sacrifices entailed justified. This was due to the fact that it became engaged in a life and death struggle with the Hudson's Bay Company. Owing to the bitter feeling between the two companies, which finally led to open war, the men left in charge at Astoria, or Fort George, had to carry on their work without much assistance from the Montreal headquarters. However, operations were extended far up the Columbia River and the Thompson River and a chain of forts built, the sites of some of which are thriving cities to-day.

A Scotch-Canadian, James Keith, was in charge of Astoria when the settlement was restored to the United States in 1818 in accordance with the treaty of Ghent. Although "restored" the fort was not transferred in that year to the United States. The Northwest Company was left in possession of the property, and when that company united with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, Astoria was taken over by the monopoly. The Hudson's Bay Company, under its new, young and energetic Governor, Sir George Simpson, the world's first globe-trotter, retained possession until 1846, when the Oregon treaty between Great Britain and the United States fixed parallel 49 as the boundary line between the two countries.

Before that day, however, Astoria's glory as the fur company's seat of government on the Pacific Coast had departed. Its descent from the primary position it occupied in those history-making days was due to one of the giants of the West, Dr. John McLoughlin, the good and great doctor.

McLoughlin, a native of Riviere du Loup, Quebec, was appointed the first chief factor of the western department of the Hudson's Bay Company after the union with the Northwest Company. He arrived at Astoria in 1824. Being a man of great discernment, the "White-Headed Eagle", as the Indians called him, quickly realized that Astoria was a disadvantageous location for the company's coast headquarters. Accordingly he established a new central post for the division at a beautiful

site on the north bank of the Columbia River near the confluence with the Willamette. This he called Fort Vancouver, after the celebrated British explorer.

Later, in 1845, the far-seeing Hudson's Bay officers on the Pacific Coast realized that a further change must be made. Under Sir James Douglas, Victoria, at the southern end of Vancouver Island, was selected as the new Pacific post. This abandonment of the Columbia River was the beginning of a new regime fraught with important consequences to Pacific Canada. Infinitely superior in every way to Astoria or Fort Vancouver, Victoria has become the queen of the British possessions on the North Pacific Coast. It is not too much to say, however, that but for the energy of the Northwest Company at Astoria and elsewhere, followed later by the activities of the Hudson's Bay Company, Canada might have been shorn of a large and rich slice of what is now British Columbia.

THE SONG OF THE LATHE

By R. C. READE

Oh, this is the song of the lathe,
And this is the song of the loom,
We are young in the workshops of nations,
But the nations have found us room.

THIS is the law of the builders: "Ye must make, if ye would have fame,
Else ye stand, at the forge of the Titans, with pigmy blushes of shame."
Yea, this is the age of the Titans, but have *our* hands shown their worth?
De we beg from the spindles of others, seek we alms in the workships of Earth?

Are we drones in the hive of the world, are our talents all buried in words?
Are we clad with the fleece of *our* sheep, are we shod with the hides of *our* herds?
Are we housed in the castles of Spain, are we couched on the carpets of Turks?
Lo, here are our works made known, and we are made known by our works.

Lo, here are the things that we make, yea, here at the works of our hand!
For we are heirs of the nations and the skill that the nations command.
Ask, and it shall be created; demand, it shall not be denied;
We have covered the land with our mills, but our strength is yet to be tried.

For the iron and the coal obey us, and all things bow us the knee,
Where the prairies call to the mountains, and the lakes flow into the sea.
We have paved the prairies with cities, we have furrowed the lakes with prows:
But we are not ploughmen alone, we are the *makers* of ploughs.

Oh, the broad axe rings through the forest, and the ploughshare cuts through the plain,
But this is the song of the makers of the reapers that reap the grain.
Oh, this is the song of the lathe, and this is the song of the loom,
We are young in the workshops of nations, but the nations have found us room.

ON THE LITTLE SLAVE RIVER

THE FIFTH OF A SERIES OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

Gitchie Manito, the Mighty,
Mitchie Manito, the bad;
In the breast of every Redman,
In the dust of every dead man,
There's the tiny heap of Gitchie,
And a mighty mound of Mitchie—
There's the good and there's the bad.
—Cy Warman.

FROM Soto Landing, the Lesser Slave River bends its course to the north and west till it empties into Lesser Slave Lake at Sawridge. It is a small river, being about a hundred and fifty feet wide and about thirty deep. Owing to its sharply curving banks much care is required in its navigation. Its banks are heavily wooded, and as we pass down its quiet reaches we seem to have sailed into a dreamful world, where just to breathe is a delight. I account it sinful to talk in these surroundings, but one may not hope to enjoy solitude for any considerable time in a country where women-travellers are sufficiently rare to arouse a raging curiosity in the breast of every male entity who comes within reach of woman. People like these northmen, who live out of doors most of the year, are not easily bored. They are interested in things; they are perennially young, and this, I take it, is the secret of Pan.

Now, the trouble about having a man near is that he is always picking up your things and so making you nervous. I prefer to wait till ready to move before regaining my handkerchief, my back-comb, my hand satchel and my scarf. This is why I pretend not to notice the iron-built person with strong white teeth who has seated himself nearby and who is watching a chance to restore something. He is what the Irish call "bold-like." I know what he is thinking about and understand his motive perfectly. He wants to know if I have ever been north before. He is the thirteenth man so to wonder. I am, however, severely purposed not to tell him.

There is a belief, common in the cities, that no questions are asked in the bush; that people may travel for days together, without divulging ends. Here is a good place to spend an arrow on this widely droll deception. An uninquisitive man is as hard to find here as an unsociable cockerel. Goodness Divine! the chief use of a stranger in the woods is to keep the denizens of it from dying from *ennui* and lack of news. They would consider it the essence of uncordiality not to show an interest in the affairs of a stranger, especially as the stranger might possibly have succeeded in smuggling a flask or two past the police on the prohibition line.

This bush-ranger catches me off my guard when a bull-dog fly takes a piece out of my ear. It is his opportunity to produce a vial of collodion for the wound. As he pulls out the cork and finds a match to dip in the mixture, he tells me that the bull-dog fly is no sweet angel and equal

to ten thousand times its weight in prize-fighters—a statement which I do not think it fit to disbelieve. The collodion having eased the hurt, this impudent gentleman draws up his chair and talks with an immense volubility concerning the species, genera, and habits of these flies till one might take him for a professor of entomology.

The long winter nights in this province enable the denizens of it to become well posted in any subject which they may elect to pursue. This was how the late Bishop Bompas, who lived here for over half a century, became the first authority in the world on Syriac, so that the savants of Europe were wont to refer their mooted points to this lonely old prelate for decision, waiting a year, or often longer, for the answer which was carried by Indians for hundreds of miles down the out trail to Edmonton. My new friend declares that, like Montaigne, the bull-dog fly has only one virtue and that this one got in by stealth.

"Yes?" say I, with a rising inflection which delicately hints at an answer.

He does not seem to hear me, this cold-chilled, case-hardened northener, and goes on stuffing his pipe with cut-plug and searching through pocket after pocket for a match as if my remark were of no concernment. He is trying to pretend he has known me for a long time, and that I was the one who took the initiative in this acquaintanceship. This is why I became dumb, and why he repeats his statement. Still I am wordless, whereupon he vouchsafes, with an exasperating drawl, that the fly's one virtue lies in the fact that it prefers picturesque food which is very eatable.

Our parliament should legislate against the cunning arts of these designing northeners, against which no town-bred woman may hope to set up an adequate defence, however perfect may be her poise, or fertile and calculating her brain.

This person tells me that all a man needs to succeed in the Northwest Provinces is to keep his head hard and his eyes open—a recipe, no doubt, equally applicable in the more southerly regions, and one which I am supposed to deduct he himself has proved with very happy success.

He has been down south getting people to come to the Peace River Country, the new unpossessed empire where there are twenty-two hours of daylight and which will, one day, be belted by a string of cities and gridironed by a score of railways. It is good to listen to this fellow talk, for, in his calculations lineal or intellectual, he can measure nothing less than a mile. He is typical of the great and splendid body of Canadian and English pioneers who have absolutely no truck with pessimism. These men and women are opening up this empire and they are under no misapprehensions concerning it. They are people with a vision, which they are willing to endorse with the best years of their lives.

Kitemakis, the poor one, who intends writing the book about the white folk, has drawn near to us and is listening to our talk. We invite her to join us and, after awhile, she tells us curious legends of the North in which fear does many times more prevail than love; these and old superstitions which catch your fancy sharply and freshen the dusty dryness of your spirit.

Although they are in no great credit with historians, it is an odd idea of mine that the only true history of a country is to be found in its fairy tales. These seem to be the crystallization of the country's psychology. On the trail, on the river, in the woods, you may glean from the redmen and their mate-women tales that are well veined with the fine gold of poetry but which, as a general thing, are inconclusive and do not serve aright the ends of justice. As you search into the untaught minds of these Indian folk and pull

on their mental muscle, you must perforce recall the amazing sensation of the gentleman who took the hand of a little ragged girl in his and felt that she wanted a thumb.

Or again, in your Anglo-Saxon superiority you may feel like that Merodach, the King of Uruk, of whom a philosopher tells us. This Merodach wished to make his enemies his footstool, so, as he sat at meat, he kept a hundred Kings beneath his table with their thumbs cut off that they might be living witnesses to his power and leniency.

And when Merodach observed how painfully the kings fed themselves with the crumbs that fell to them, he praised God for having given thumbs to man. "It is by the absence of thumbs" he said, "that we are enabled to discern their use."

Listen now to this tale of the North: Once there was a smiling woman in this land and wherever she went she brought warmth with her and light, so that even the ice melted in the rivers. Her eyes were blue like the flowers and her skin was white like the milk of a young mother. As she passed through the land the fish swam out of their caves, the birds rested on their nests, and even the dead women who were in the clay stirred themselves when she passed over, for once they had known lovers and had carried men children. She was vastly kind, this woman, and was known even to the dear God and the Holy Virgin in the country of the beautiful heaven.

Now, there was also in this river-land an evil man of impetuous appetite who was part bear, and had seven tongues, and his arms had claws instead of hands. And it befell that when he saw the woman and heard her voice that was sweet like the singing voice of an arrow when it leaves the bow, he yearned to her with a vehement love and wooed her with cunning words and with drum songs that she might come to him and be his mate-woman.

"So strong am I," he said, "that my blow can break any skull. My skin is flushed, and my flesh is warm with thoughts of you. My bed is of soft skins and I will feed you with yellow marrow from white bones. I am *Mistikwan,* the Head, and I have strength and skill to feed the mouth of any woman. I am *Askinekew,* the Young Man."

But the woman flouted him, for he was hateful with his hands of hair and his seven tongues, besides she knew, this woman, that there were matters of scandal against him and that the people of the Crees said *weyasekao,* "He is a flesh-eater," and hid themselves in trees as he passed by.

And because she thus flouted him, the dew stood out on his face like the juice on the fir tree, for he loved her most exceedingly.

But as he drew near and grasped her in his strong arms that could not be unloosed, the woman's heart became weak as the poplar smoke when it turns into air.

And thus he holds her for nine months, this *Askinekew,* the Young Man, who is strong and very mischievous, till she bears him a son, when it happens that for three months he falls asleep, so that the woman goes free to bring heat and light to the river-land and meat and fish to the kettles.

Thus does Kitemakis, the poor one, tell me the story of winter and summer and of the birth of the year.

And Kitemakis who has "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks," advises me to hold no converse with left-handed people, for it is well known in these parts that such have communion with the devils.

I am warned, too, that if I have a bad dream; that is to say, if I dream of small-pox, or of white people, I must cut a lock from over my ear and burn it in the fire.

Also, madam is instructed to throw away the wishbone of any bird she may eat, in order that it may grow

again and be food for other folk.

And Kitemakis tells me further that when the beaver dies its soul lives on. In the happy hunting-grounds the beaver was a carpenter who, through some distemper of the mind, kept working while the moose were on the runway, so that he frightened them away. This caused the chief hunter to become very angry and he said to the beaver, "Thou shalt build always, and men shall break down thy work and take thy pelt for covering. Also, thou shalt eat wood forever."

I cannot hear any more of these stories for my attention is drawn to a man who has come close to the ship in a small row-boat. The engine has stopped and a "permit" is handed to him over the side of the vessel. The man looks like a Scotsman, seems like an Irishman, but in reality is a German, an erstwhile soldier, who makes his livelihood in curing and smoking whitfish. He is indulging in a surly and wrong-headed paroxyism because Elise, his wife, is not on the boat. Elise went to the city to have her teeth filled and still lingers in the south. A certain rude fellow with a brass-throated laugh is suggesting to the soldier-fisherman that he is foolish to look for her under two months. "Better enjoy your permit before Elise gets home; that's my advice," enjoins the tormentor.

"About the viskey, not one tam I care," replies the irascible husband, "it's ma vife I vant. Ma vife she in Edmonton stays," a praiseworthy choice on his part which, to our way of thinking, nullifies the oft-urged but yet unproved claim that "A woman's only a woman, but a good cigar's a smoke."

As the man pushes off, "Baldy," a pucker-faced fellow, whose real name is Nathaniel, assures me that this German is considered "sorta queer" hereabouts and that it is nothing short of flat irreverence for a man to speak so lightly about his permit in a land of such inordinate thirsts.

This matter of leaving home for the treatment of sore molars has suddenly become an important one in the North. Hitherto, the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company and the missionaries did not need to go to the city "on business," or to "see their mother-in-law", their errand was "teeth." But this summer the Company seems to have waxed overwise, for the Inspector of Posts is bringing a dentist with him on his annual tour. Men and women alike consider this to be an ill courtesy and hold to the hope that the dentist may be drowned at Athabasca Landing. The woman who tells me of it believes that when she gives nine-tenths of her time to the Company, the church, and the household, it is not wicked to take one-tenth for herself. Indeed, there are times when she honestly desires to be wicked and to take several tenths for herself. The whole arrangement she stigmatizes as a graceless one and a blot on the Company's escutcheon.

Still, there are drawbacks in being so far from a dentist. It was only yesterday that a woman who was using the river as her wash-pot, dropped her new set of teeth overboard. She had not been "out" for five years and made the trip with her husband and her two youngest sons at the cost of much time and money. However amusing the incident might be to thoughtless onlookers, at the bottom it was almost tragic, and she, at least, is hoping that the Company's dentist will meet no dire or untimely fate before reaching Grouard. This is a healthful-bodied, healthful-minded woman with a temperment that adjusts itself to life. She is proud of the fact that she is educating her five sons at home; that she cooks for the ten men engaged in her husband's saw-mill, and that she has twelve hundred cabbages in her garden. I am glad she wears a hoop of diamonds on her finger and that her fur wrap would cost a fortune in Paris. It means that her husband is no stingy,

unappreciative curmudgeon and that all is well with her.

Sawridge is at the mouth of the Lesser Slave River where it enters into the lake of the same name. At present, it consists of a Hudson's Bay Company post and a telegraph office. Some day, by reason of its location, it will be a good-sized town. Farther on are the Swan Hills and the Swan River. This is the river referred to by Lever in "Charles O' Malley." The young gentleman whose affairs were in an ill posture had his choice, you may remember, between going to "Hell or Swan River." This was a libel on the place and an impudent falsity, for, if you omit the mosquitoes with their unhandsome manners, one might call it the trail to paradise. Besides if life cut too hard the young gentleman might have taken his last trail here. It would not have been a bad death either—a wide sky, a wide sea, and a sudden dip into immortality—or oblivion.

On the lower deck, the Indians who travel to Grouard for the Golden Jubilee of the great Bishop Grouard are whiling away the time by playing poker. The cards which they use weigh twice as much as when purchased, but why worry in a land where microbes are unheard of and so have no pernicious consequences. These Indians have the air of unambitious men; they have not cared to come into the big Canadian job. They appear to do little else than eat, sleep, and gamble. But, god of civilization, what else is there to do except to make love, and men cannot make love to preposterous women who work always. These fellows have, however, one saving quality, having never formed themselves into unions. Now that even the farmers have gone over to the enemy, the redmen would appear to be our last hope.

A doctor on the boat who knows all about the Indians, tells me of their misfortunes, peccadilloes, their thin, transitory pleasures and their love and practice of idleness. But this is not strange, for gossip is so common in the North that everyone knows "the carryings-on" of everyone else from the Arctic Circle clear up to the Landing. Indeed, if I have heard tell that these Northerners know what you are up to before you have done it.

The Indians, the doctor would have me notice, are beginning to chew gum and hence their teeth and gums are deteriorating.

The mildewed fellow who is dealing the cards is pestiferous with disease. His birth was a biological tragedy. The doctor thinks he could best serve his tribe by dying without delay.

André, the man who has just won the jack-pot, is not the prototype of the expression "Honest Indian." He is a bad Indian, a most bad Indian.

"His profession?" I ask.

"Oh, André is my camp-cook" is the reply, "and when he washes himself he uses quite a cupful of water." By way of amends, André affects a stupendous scarf-pin, a watch-chain, and two rings. Ah well! to quote Mr. Artemus Ward, "The best of us has our weaknesses, and if a man has jewelry let him show it." Besides, it is entirely thinkable that even a man like André might have to dress for those whose discernment goes no deeper than clothes and ornamentation.

The difference between an Indian and a half-breed lies in the fact that the Indian is in treaty with the Government and lives on a reservation. The breed is free to come and go, but his blood is just as pure as the Indians so far as its redness is concerned.

In most cases, the children look to their mother as the head of the family. The doctor says this is quite fitting. Take the case of Marie there—Yes! the little girl with the precise plaits—she is the daughter of old Henrietta and a Mounted Policeman. Jacqueline, her sister who in-toes so queerly,

is the result of old Henrietta's fancy for a fur trader. It can be readily seen how several masculine heads to the family would complicate matters and that it is wholly desirable the girls should look to their mother for their lineage. In the North, as yet, it has not been necessary to cover vices with cloaks.

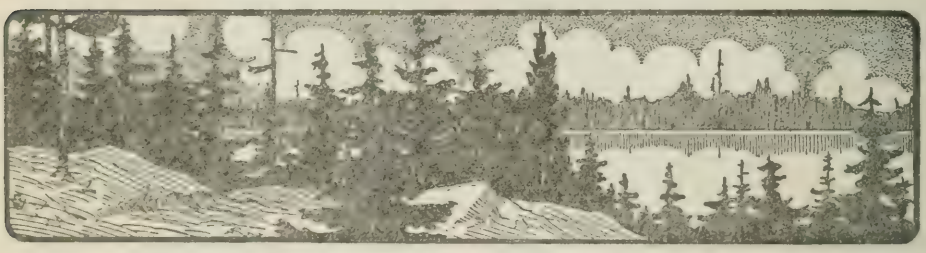
The Indian women have fallen on better days since the Government passed a law prohibiting the Indian from selling his cattle without a permit from the agency, and making it illegal for a white man to purchase. Previously, the Indian gambled away his animals, leaving his squaw and papooses to suffer from starvation.

"The old effigy" asleep in the sun is, I am informed, a chief of distinction. Like Froissart's Knights, the hereditary chieftain may be blind, crippled and infirm. His body foredone with age is by them considered to be "full of the spirit of wisdom." He is the giver of law and keeper of traditions. The Indians have no dead-line in their tribal codes, it being held in suspension north of 55 with the league rules and the game laws, a fact which leads to the deduction that what the world has gained by civilization is fairly balanced by what it has lost.

While we have been getting acquainted with the Indians, our ship has carried us into the finest duck grounds in the world, the teal and mallard rising from the rice beds in almost incredible numbers. It seems impossible that their numbers should ever be noticeably depleted, nor are they likely to be, until Grouard, which we have now reached, has become the splended metropolis its people have planned and which, no doubt, their best efforts will one day materialize.

"We believe," says my medical friend, "that anyone who says Grouard isn't going to be a large city hasn't got things properly sized-up. I hope you won't go south again, my interesting child," he further continues, "it would seem like being cut off in the flower of your days. While sometimes shadowed here, the days are never dull and if no one loves you in this burgh, believe me it will be entirely your own fault."

The sixth and concluding sketch of this series is entitled "Northern Vistas."



THE RED GOWN

From the Painting by Florence Carlyle. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE VILLAGE OF PANDY-RO-DYN, WALES

THE WELSHMAN AT HOME

BY FRANK YEIGH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NEVER again will I smile at the enthusiasm of a Welshman for his little Principality.

Tucked away on the western rim of Britain's map, it fails to make a brave showing in the matter of comparative area. Indeed, the very name is often left out when reciting a geography lesson of the King's world-circling possessions, and the voice of Wales, as articulated in the nation's parliament, is at times disregarded or depreciated because of its minority note when pitted against that of the rest of Britain's commoners.

It only needs a peaceful summer invasion of this Alpine realm of the United Kingdom—not to conquer it, but to be conquered by it, and he who does not lose his heart to it, even though alien to all that is distinctive of the land of the Cumry, should be banished ever more beyond its boundaries. He who, like Borrow, responds to its allurements will have shown only an obvious sense of appreciation for which no credit is due. Happy is the mortal who can claim such a sea-bordered and hill-crowned realm as his own, and who possesses the right of ownership that birth gives to glory in its history and scenery, to participate in its national aspirations and to be a sharer in its literature and folk-lore.

Wales has many gateways of entry. Landing at Liverpool one may soon plunge into the heart of the country on the north, and within a few hours find oneself transported from the great commercial city on

the Mersey to the quiet of a forest-environed retreat where nature still reigns supreme. Or entrance may be made at one of the Channel ports, where the curving beach stretches are crowded with holiday seekers, both in and out of the water, and where the breath of the Atlantic is bracingly felt.

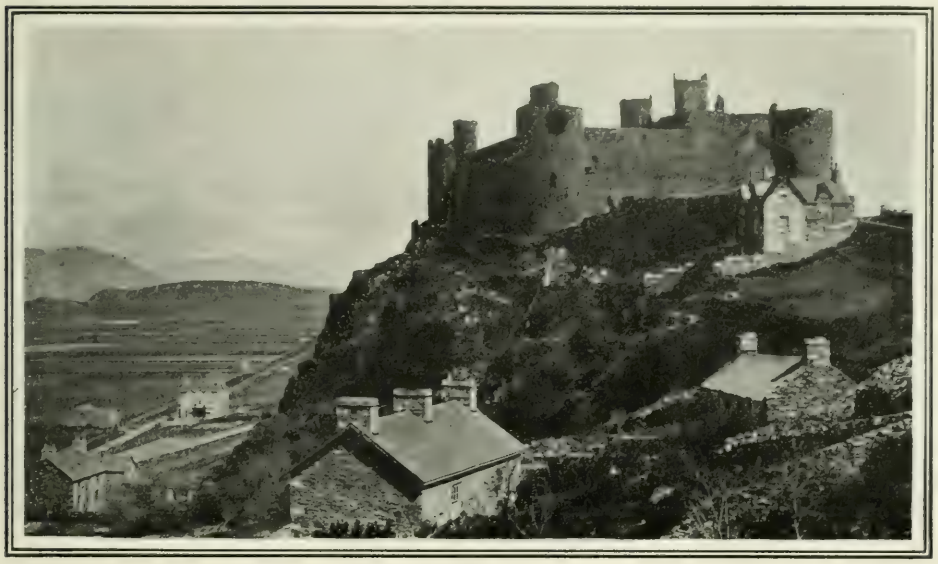
IN A WELSH MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Or, he who has the Welsh country as his objective may, if a start is made at Bristol, make a gradual approach through South Wales, and this route of entry has its advantages. The journey northward is varied and interesting. The delta of the Severn, separating England from Wales, is traversed by means of a long tunnel, bringing the traveller to a series of interesting centres in Newport, Cardiff and Swansea. Each has its own civic life and history, each is the centre of active industries, and the population of each shows a steady growth. One soon realizes that one is in a land of black diamonds. The endless coal trains emphasize the fact, but a more striking evidence is had in such a scene as meets the eye between Cardiff and Swansea. From an elevation long valleys are seen stretching away to the hills on the north or the sea on the south. Cuddled close together in the bed and on the slopes of the valleys are little miners' villages beyond number, and always hard by are the vast black heaps that help to tell the story of Britain's industrial supremacy.

As Swansea is neared a weird world comes into view, for a sweep of the eye includes a Dantesque realm of smoking chimneys and dusty coal pyramids. The air is thick with the black dust, turning the sun to a dull blood-red. The stone cottages of the toilers take on ghostly outlines through the smoke and mist and all looks as unreal as a mirage. But it is real enough. Sympathy is awakened for those who must needs labour amid such surroundings, and those others depending upon them, who must exist as best they can in a region where nature is scarred and the earth has lost much of its loveliness.

We later saw the miner in the concrete crowding the narrow streets of Swansea and overflowing into every

open space, for it was Bank Holiday and the Welsh miner was celebrating it in his own boisterous way, not always on steady legs, as the crowded public houses revealed.



HARLECH CASTLE, WALES

Farther north we wended our way through pretty little Carmarthen, with the blue waters of the Irish Channel filling in the canvas on the one hand, and the agricultural valleys and foothills creating an idyllic scene on the right, for the mining world has been left behind, and the tiller of the soil is in possession of the land. There is a crescendo in scenic effect along this southern method of approach to the heart of Wales. Gradually the hills swell into larger moulds, the face of the world takes on a wilder note, the sea-ward flowing streams have the greater momentum that tells of falls and rapids along the way from loftier heights, and at last in the far distance, and as the sun once more sinks to rest. a mountain takes form, dominating the landscape and turning the foothills into mere out-guarding heights.

Many varying scenes come within the range of vision as one wanders at random through the Welshman's land. Waiting at a little wayside station for a train connection, a group of young men on the platform treated their fellow-travellers to a delightful impromptu open-air concert. They formed part of a local male choir returning from the great National Eisteddfod and one caught an impression of the musical qualities of the Welsh voice, and of the fine effect that must be produced under leadership and training.

Driving through the winding streets of another Welsh village, the sound of muffled drums was heard above the quiet rumble of the street. In the distance a stately procession moved in slow cadence, while a riderless horse, a military firing party with guns reversed and a marching company of soldiers spoke of a military funeral, as the men laid to rest a fallen comrade.

Later in the day, and while penetrating other narrow lanes in the heart of the hills, an unusual sound struck upon the ear and arrested attention. A turn of the road revealed in the distance a highway

SOUTH SANDS, TENBY, WALES

crowded with marching soldiers. For an hour they passed by in solid ranks, hundreds of them, thousands of them —infantry, artillery, Red Cross Corps, baggage wagons, scouts on bicycles, mounted officers. It was a dramatic episode amid a quiet countryside. The note of war was struck amid a scene of prevailing peace. A whole campful of Territorials were on the march in connection with their annual manœuvres, and the dust-coated men, with perspiring features, told that they were having a testing day's work.

Farther along the same locality, a glimpse over a high hedge showed a field full of white tents, and in their midst hundreds of sturdy lads who were part and parcel of one of the many boy scout camps to be seen all through the United Kingdom.

Down in quaint little Dolgelly another and a different scene was observed by the flitting travellers. Again a little cluster of cottages under the shade of Cader Idris poured out their inhabitants as the parish church bell rang a joyous peal. Cupid had reached the quaint little Welsh centre, and a wedding was the tangible result. Toward the ivy-clad church, guests, villagers, and peripatetic tourists made their way through such a maze of crooked lanes as sadly to mix up the points of the compass. A very pretty picture bride and maids made as they moved in slow procession over the winding path and between the ancient gravestones to the equally ancient portal. Leaning on a bit of slate, that chronicled the last resting-place of a long-forgotten citizen, stood an old Welsh dame, whose only tongue was her native Welsh. One wondered how many weddings she had heard announced by the chimes and how many funerals she had heard the tolling bells proclaim. I forsook the wedding party for the wrinkled, shrunken bit of humanity, who the

NORTH SANDS, TENBY, WALES

while willingly submitted to face the camera, and my only regret is that the kodak had not the power to capture and hold in picture the dainty curtesy produced by the modest offering that fell into her hands.

Dolgelly, crowded in between the base of Cader Idris and the rippling Wnion, is picturesque enough when seen from the level of the many-arched bridge or the perspective distance of the road to Tyn-y-Groes. The chimney pots blend so perfectly into the background of trees and mountainside as to lose their identity, except when a thin blue wisp of smoke keeps its curl of individuality in a leisurely ascent. But the picture of the little Merionethshire town, as viewed from the upper reaches of the Precipice Walk, is more charming still. The genius who first planned a pathway around the steep slopes of Moel Cynwch is better deserving of a monument than the forgotten knight in effigy who sleeps in the village church. As the Precipice Walk it is known, and precipitous it in truth is. The approach to the first marked ascent is an illusive one as to distance, for many a stile must be overcome, many a pasture field crossed "on sufferance only," and the numerous wayside signs drove the truth home. Centuries-old farmhouses line the winding route—the farms of Tydden Bach and Maes-y-Brynar, the old Nannau mansion, and weather-stained barns with thatched roofs and deep recesses under the eaves that have housed many a generous harvest.

Ere many miles have been traversed, the green walk along the grassy hillside and by the shores of Llyn Cynwch is exchanged for a narrower path higher and ever higher up the mountain with each step—and the step must needs be carefully watched. Entrancing panoramas come as a reward for the exertion. You suddenly discover that Dolgelly, lost for a few miles, is far below, its gray stone houses crowded close

CONWAY CASTLE, WALES

together for seeming companionship, but, all combined, taking up a very circumscribed area of the valley. Cader Idris now asserts his lofty dignity, reducing his satellite foothills to their proper dimensions; the estuary of the Mawddach glistens under the full sunshine like a river of shimmering silver, and far in the west, between a cleft in the hills, the sea fills the remaining nature canvas with its sky blue. No wonder the Welshman loves with a passionate earnestness such a land, no wonder wild Owen Glendower fought with desperate bitterness in its defence: he who, turning rebel at sixty, was crowned king of Wales and for fourteen years held his own against the whole power of England.

Yet another stile marks a bend in the Walk, and there the Freckled Boy had stationed himself as a wayside merchant, displaying on a rickety table an abbreviated stock of refreshments, both liquid and solid. It was worth a few pennies to have the eye attracted from the world of beauty on every hand to the homely little laddie and to hear his strange speech. From his childhood he had conquered the double "ll" of his native tongue, and had caught the inflection of voice and twist of pronunciation that soon proved his nationality.

Almost sheer is the slope of the path at this point to the valley hundreds of feet below. A steady head and a sure foot are not to be despised, and if the scenery is to be enjoyed, a halt and a hugging of the mountain wall is necessary. Letting the eye sweep the horizon farther afield, as the northwestern slope of Moel Cynwch is rounded, a glorious vision of Snowdon, three leagues away, fills the cup of joy to over-flowing—the giant of the Welshman's world we are yet to encircle and climb.

It was the next day that the real Snowdonia was entered by the portal of the Aberglaslyn Pass. I only wish Tam O'Shanter had been one of the passengers in the motor-car, on that wild journey from Port Madoc to Beddgelert, to have heard his contrast of it with his own famous ride of olden days, or of Ichabod Crane in his fearsome flight over the Tarry-

AN OLD WELSH WOMAN IN AN OLD WELSH VILLAGE

TAL-Y-LLYN PASS, WALES

town turnpike. Night was fast falling, the twilight had lost its first misty glow, the air was chill, the chauffeur had his eye on his home at the end of the run, and a hot dinner awaited the hungry passengers.

It is possibly true that all concerned were parties to the speed of the run. If Wales has speed limit laws they were a dead letter for that one hour and well it was that no one took it into his head to travel in the same reckless fashion over the same twisting highway in the opposite direction. Little time and less light was left to drink in the solemn beauty of the noble Pass, the awesome fortress-like walls, towering to a height of eight hundred feet, the richly tinted rocks, and the sky-line of the cliff summit. At one's very feet ran the little Glaslyn stream, singing a song so quiet as scarce to be heard above the din of the car, and when the moss-garmented bridge suddenly swept into view and as suddenly lost itself in the gloom and the trees, we knew that Beddgelert was within honking distance and the record-breaking run was at an end and a safe end. At such a time the pilgrim from over the sea is constrained to sing the praises of a motherland inn where comfort is to be had, in bed and board, and where a real host greets the guest with a heartiness and cordiality strangely different from a similar experience in many a Canadian hotel.

The scenic description of North Wales as the Switzerland of England is a permissible one if the matter of relative height and grandeur is kept in mind. Snowdon cannot rival Ben Nevis, for it is a comparison of 3,560 as against 4,406 feet. The Welsh king among hills is a lonely monarch of a wide region aptly termed Snowdonia, and almost an object of nature worship by the Welsh people of the North. For days we had glimpses of its dominating crown—from the Precipice Walk, from the Aberglashan road, from Snowdon station, on the little toy railway, and from many a point on the coast. Like a towering magnet it attracts and holds the eye to its regal beauty, and yet it is true that only in recent times has alpine scenery such as Snowdon represents been appreciated.

A TYPICAL WELSH COLLIERY

In his "Life of Fox" Sir George Trevelyan tells of an eighteenth-century nobleman who crossed the Alps "in a chair carried by six men, shuddering at every step, and tortured by apprehensions for the safety of his dog, which, bolder than himself, ventured now and then to look over the edge of the precipice. The scenery of a fine pass inspired him with no ideas except those of horror and melancholy; and he never spoke of 'beauties' until he was safe and warm in the opera house at Turin." A Highland landscape, an Edinburgh contemporary reminds us, inspired similar feelings of disgust. Oliver Goldsmith, when commenting on Scottish scenery, complained that "hills and rocks intercept every prospect." But he who is privileged to gaze upon Snowdon, on a clear day, would surely be a Philistine and a blind one at that if the scene from a distance did not thrill him. And even more so when the view is reversed and, standing on its circumscribed summit, the wide sweep of sea and buttressing mountain, even to the Wicklow Range of Ireland, fill a mighty canvas. Twenty lakes and tarns reflect their banks, and scores of little hamlets, tucked away in narrow valleys, give a human note to the superb picture.

Beautiful as the panorama is under a cloudless sky, the effect under mist and fog is even more dramatic. At one moment the world was blotted out by a swirl of storm and a deluge of hail and cold, driving rain; at another, a sudden rift revealed unsuspected depths down the face of precipitous cliffs, or a square of farmstead in the bed of a vale. Descending the slopes, other delectable revelations came as thrilling surprises; now a shaft of sunshine, seen through a window of cloud, touched a distant peak with silver or cast an arrow of light across the face of a nearer hill,

and by the time the return journey was made, all traces of storm or tempest had disappeared and the deep-hearted Pass of Llanberis showed its winding and climbing road to Capel Curig and beyond.

another point of pilgrimage so popular as Bettws-y-Coed? Only a straggling village on a highway; only little trout streams crossed by Inigo Jones's bridges; only rose-smothered cottages and closely-knitted hedges,

SNOWDON, A WELSH MOUNTAIN PEAK, FROM LLYN LLYDAW

One was reminded of the ancient Day of Judgment tradition of Wales when "the brow of Snowdon shall be levelled with the ground, and the eddying waters shall murmur round it." But there were eddying wreaths of mist instead of waters around the brow on this August day, though a poet has vividly described a winter day on the crest of the great mountain:

Cold is the snow on Snowdon's brow,
  It makes the air so chill;
For cold, I trow, there is no snow
  Like that of Snowdon's hill.

A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,
  And wintry is his brow;
From Snowdon's hill the breezes chill
  Can freeze the very snow!

Llanberis, the wildest valley in a wild land, opens the way to another delectable corner in Wales. Is there

only pastures and farms, near-by hills and more hills, but the Chapel in the Wood, as the name signifies, gives vast content to the lucky traveller who includes it in his itinerary. Within walking distance are ancient churches, singing falls and rapids and fairy glens, mills that have ground grain for generations, and mountain paths under arches of trees. Dear little, dear old Bettws-y-Coed, may we live to look upon you again.

Many quaint ceremonies still survive in Wales. Such a one, known as "dressing" St. David's Well, was performed recently in a Welsh village, when the vicar, referring to the peculiarities of the well, showed how it had ceased to flow when some great calamity was going to fall upon them or upon the country. The well had, it was believed, foretold all the

dark days of the Boer War, and when it last ceased in 1909, it foretold the death of King Edward VII. Since then it has had a steady flow, which is consequently regarded as a happy omen.

Thus is given a traveller's brief chronicle of the Land where the Welshman lives.

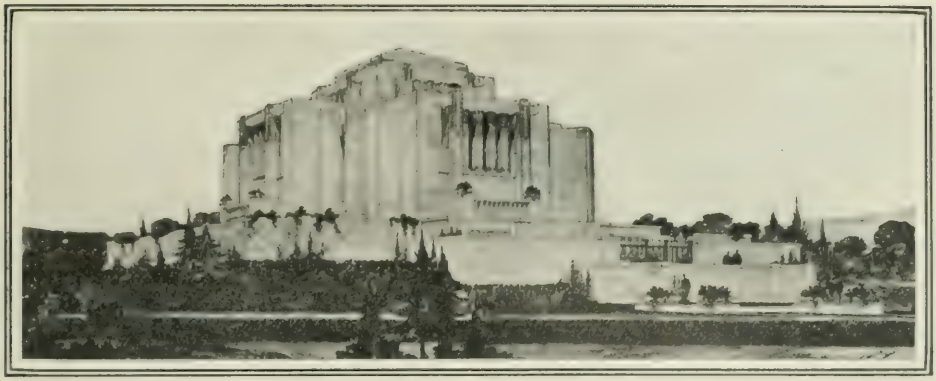
No other country in the whole world has been the scene of events more stirring and remarkable than those recorded in its history, no other country has been the scene of a struggle so deadly, so embittered and protracted as that between the Cumro and the Saxon—a struggle which only terminates at Carnarvon, when Edward Longshanks induced the Welsh chieftains to accept his young son as Prince of Wales. And when another Prince of Wales faced a multitude of Welshmen, from a parapet of Carnarvon Castle, a few years ago, the men of Glendower felt anew the thrill of an ancient patriotism and realized anew their ancient pride in this their native land.

WINTER NOCTURNE

By BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

WITH me is revelry and light,
A wind-blown world of circling rink;
With me is music and the clink
Of frosty steel on crackling ice;
With me the sweet seductive sight
Of gliding figures that entice
The watcher to pursue their flight
Through mazy whirls, alertly tense,
To steal swift passage left and right,
All thought o'erwhelmed in giddy sense.
With me is revelry and light—
With thee, the silence and the night.

Yet oh! could I be with you, dear,
In your rose-garden, wet with dew,
To pluck one perfect bud for you,
Or where the sands at Miramar
In starlit silence glimmer clear
Hold converse of the near and far —
No longer would I tarry here,
In these mad gaieties; I'd fly,
As from a desert lone and drear,
To that calm pleasure, chaste, and high,
Where souls commune in holy fear
That God should let them draw so near.



THE MORMON TEMPLE AT CARDSTON, ALBERTA, AS IT WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED

THE MORMON TEMPLE IN CANADA

BY W. McD. TAIT

CANADA is to have a Mormon temple. When completed it will compare favourably with the temples of Mormonism in Utah, and it will be the only building of its kind on British soil. At the last Conference at Salt Lake City, which was attended by the President of the Alberta Stake, E. J. Wood, an entirely new set of plans were presented showing a building much larger than at first proposed; it will cost at least a quarter of a million dollars.

Cardston, in the southern portion of Alberta, is the location of the proposed site. In sight of the Rockies, which begin twenty-five miles to the west, the surroundings are ideal. The town is about twenty-five years old. It was first settled by the Cards, Mormon pioneers, after whom it took its name. A meeting-house was erected shortly after the arrival of the little band in Canada, and since that time Cardstone has been the ecclesiastical centre of the church on this side of the line. The President resides there, as well as his staff of workers. A Bishop is also installed in an office in the central part of the town, and it is proposed to add another such officer to the Cardston ward.

A splendid tabernacle, costing upwards of $50,000, has duly been built on the Temple square, and it will be one of the edifices used in connection with the Mormon activities at Cardston.

The Canadian temple will not be built for the present alone. As one looks at the immense growth of the Mormon people and their spreading out to north and south and east and west, it will be evident that any building of the nature of a temple erected by them to accommodate present requirements would serve only a few years at the most.

But not only in size will the future be considered. In structure it will be stable and of the best construction skill and devotion can produce. In the interior its appearance will be strictly in keeping with the

walls and in harmony with the impressive and imposing appearance it will present without.

There will be no lavish or unnecessary expenditure in embellishment. The predominating intent has been that of appropriateness. There will be some rooms of plain design, furnished in simple style, and there will be others in which no effort will be spared nor cost considered to secure the essentials of grandeur and sublimity.

Every room has been planned and will be constructed for a definite purpose, and will be finished in strict accordance thereto. No mere display will be tolerated, no wasting of material, no over-ornamentation. The temple will be planned and built as believed to be most appropriate to the House of the Lord.

The architecture will not correspond to that of any temple erected by the church in Utah. The authorities seek utility in the Canadian building rather than adherence to any type or revealed plan. This refers to exterior only. The arrangement of interiors of Mormon temples is always uniform. Furnishings differ, but the general plan and relative location of the various rooms does not change.

Spires, domes and towers will be eliminated. No large auditorium such as is found in the Salt Lake temple will be needed. The general balance and beauty of the building will, however, be maintained. Utility has been sought in all the appointments, and nothing superfluous will be allowed to enter in.

The interior of the Mormon temple probably would never have been revealed to any but those who actually pass through in the ceremony of temple work, had not the great building at Salt Lake City been entered by a motion picture manipulator and photographs been made of all the main rooms. Up till this time nothing had been written of a descriptive nature regarding the interior of the temple, and all but that which could be seen from the outside was shrouded in mystery.

The authorities saw that an exposure would be made and they feared that much might be added to the pictures in the making which would misrepresent and give the world a very wrong impression of the secret work administered within. President Smith, therefore, ordered that authentic information be prepared for the public by church historians, giving a correct statement of the object of the ordinances performed in the temple. Official photographs were also made, and from these cuts were prepared, and as far as it is possible to make it the Mormon temple is open to the public.

The doors, of course, are closed even to members of the Mormon church who are not taking work in the building, and then are open only to persons presenting a signed statement given by the Bishop of his ward saying they are proper persons to receive the ordinances sought.

It is possible now to get even more information than that given in the official writings of the church from men in prominent authority. The writer of this article is greatly indebted to President Wood of Cardston for an accurate and willing description of the temple rooms and the appointed ordinances for which they serve.

The only ordinance room of interest in the basement of the Cardston temple will be the baptistry. This will be a much-used room, because of the belief of the church in baptism by immersion for the remission of sins and also in baptism for the dead. The font will be excavated to a depth of two or three feet below the floor, and in this depression will stand twelve life-sized oxen. On their backs will be placed the font. Facilities for quickly replenishing hot and cold water will be adequate and efficient.

The placing of the baptistry on

the basement floor is not a matter of convenience only. Most of the baptisms are on behalf of the dead, and the symbolism of the location is set forth by authority of the church. In the Doctrine and Covenants the following is set down: "The baptismal font was instituted as a simile of the grave, and was commanded to be in a place underneath where the living are wont to assemble." So the baptismal font is placed in the basement.

No distinction is made by Mormons between the living and the dead, as far as baptism is concerned. For the dead it is accomplished by a living proxy. The church believes that the dead of generations past may be saved from sin by the ministry of the present generation. So we find Mormons in the temple having ordinances administered for relatives dead hundreds of years. One southern Alberta Mormon will begin work as soon as the temple opens for his ancestry which he has traced as far back as William the Conqueror. It practically means that if William died in his sins his Alberta relative will work out his salvation in the temple service.

In the sealing-rooms, two in number, is performed rites for both living and dead, but here again work for the dead exceeds by a great preponderance work for the living.

In the sealing-room for the dead there stands a richly upholstered altar. Before this altar the living proxies, representing deceased husbands and wives, parents and children, kneel. The other sealing-room is for the living. It will be furnished in brighter colours and will be a counterpart of the sealing-room for the dead. In it will be solemnized the ordinance of marriage between parties who come to plight their vows of marital fidelity for time and eternity. Here also will be solemnized the ordinances of sealing or adoption of living children by their parents who were not at first united in the order of celestial marriage.

The Latter Day Saints affirm that perfect marriage provides for the eternal relation of the sexes. With them marriage is not merely a contract for this life, but reaches beyond the grave. In the temple service union is for time and eternity. This is known as celestial marriage; it is understood to be the marriage that exists in the celestial worlds. The ordinance of celestial marriage is known as the ceremony of sealing in marriage.

Husband and wife who have been married by secular or ecclesiastical ceremony may be sealed in marriage, provided they furnish proof of an existing union.

The church, of course, sanctions ordinary legal marriages and solemnizes such unions, but only in the temple are marriages solemnized for and in behalf of parties who are dead.

Children born outside celestial marriage, yet within the legally established bonds of wedlock, are, according to Mormon belief, the lawful and legitimate heirs of their parents in all affairs of life. They are the offspring of an earthly union that is in every respect a moral and proper relation under the laws of man. But that the children will belong to the parents in the hereafter, which the church desires, is as uncertain according to its reasoning as that parents not joined in celestial wedlock shall belong to each other. Children, the church holds, are for the period of the parent's contract only, which is for this life. So it comes about that children who have been born to parents married in other than celestial marriage must be sealed to their parents after father and mother have been sealed to each other in the order of celestial marriage. The church affirms the eternal perpetuity of all family relationships existing on earth under the seal and authority of the priesthood of the church, and husbands and wives who are dead are married or sealed to each other by proxy administration, and

their children are similiarly sealed to them in the family relationship.

So it may be seen that vicarious labour of the living for the dead, which will be performed in the new Canadian temple, will comprise more than baptism. The sealing ordinances will form almost as large a part as baptism. The work can be done, of course, only by those who themselves as living representatives have been baptised, confirmed, endowed, and sealed.

The "Garden" and "World" rooms depict to the candidate the world before and after the Fall. The "Garden" room is really the Garden of Eden room, while the "World" room is the world as it has been since Adam's sin.

All the appointments of the "Garden" room are of elaborate design. In the Cardston temple the best artists that can be found will do the decorating. Ceiling and walls will be embellished with oil paintings, the former to represent sky and clouds, with sun, moon, and stars; the latter to show landscape scenes of rare beauty. In every part and appurtenance it will speak of sweet content and blessed repose. There will be no suggestion of disturbance, enmity, or hostility. In the room will be an altar for prayer, and on it will rest a copy of the Bible.

The "World" room will be in striking contrast. It will depict the expulsion from Eden. Rocks will be shown, rent and riven. The earth-story is that of mountain uplift and seismic disruption. Trees will be gnarled and misshapen. The scenes will be typical of the world's condition under the curse of God. Struggle and strife, victory and triumph, defeat and death will constantly face the candidate in this room and remind him that his earthly home is in a fallen world.

In both these rooms the candidates will be seated, and a lecturer will inculcate the truths of man's estate before and after the Fall.

The "Terrestrial" and "Celestial" rooms are interesting, because between them is the Veil of the Temple, which must be rent in twain in order to allow the workers to pass through from one room to the other.

In the "Terrestrial" room lectures will be given pertaining to the endowments and emphasizing the practical duties of a religious life. At the east end of this room there will be an arch, supported by columns, between which will hang silken portieres to represent the Veil of the Temple. Through this Veil all must pass who would enter the "Celestial" room. This will be a large and lofty appartment, and the finish and furnishings will be the most magnificent of all the rooms within the walls of the Temple. The preceding room is suggestive of the terrestrial state. This will suggest conditions more exalted. Palms and living plants will be set in gorgeous jardinieres. These two rooms represent the degrees of glory as taught by the Mormon church. That the privileges or glories of heaven are graded to suit the various capacities of the blessed is, they believe, assured to them by revelation.

The "Holy of Holies" in the Mormon Temple is reserved for the higher ordinances of the priesthood, relating to the exaltation of both living and dead. This room will be between the sealing-rooms, with an entrance from the "Celestial" room. It is perhaps the least used of all.

There will be an elders' room, where this body may meet for council and prayer. The Seventy will also have a room allotted to them.

President Wood, of the Alberta Stake, and President Allen, of the Taylor Stake, with their officers and councillors, representing the High Council, will also have rooms in the new temple. They will meet elsewhere for business sessions, the temple rooms being for prayer and devotional service only.

Like the Salt Lake temple, and, in

fact, all the temples the Mormons have built in Utah, the Canadian structure will have an annex. In it will be the cloak room, well-equipped offices, with desk facilities for the extensive routine work of registration and record. In this building will be a small refectory, where a noon-day luncheon will be served to officials on duty for the day.

Entrance to the temple will be through the annex. This does not mean that the temple has no doors, but that the usual entrance will be through this detached building. Here also the janitor will have his quarters, and the heating apparatus of the temple will be placed.

This year will celebrate the ninety-first anniversary of the founding of the Mormon church, or, as they prefer to be called, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Ninety-one years ago Joseph Smith, who founded the sect, first beheld the plates upon which the Book of Mormon, the foundation-stone of the church, was engraved.

According to Mormon history, all night between the 21st and 22nd of September, Smith communicated with a heavenly messenger who appeared to him three times. It is one of the most remarkable visits on record from a being of the other world. After a period of prayer and supplication, prior to retiring, the prophet became aware of the cover of light by which the angel was surrounded. And then he saw the heavenly visitor himself.

Three times the angel appeared that night, each time with a special message in addition to that already given. The first time Smith tells that the angel made known to him that records were deposited in a nearby mound. The message is said to have been accompanied by quotations from the Scriptures, proving that the new epoch in the history of the world now about to be inaugurated was predicted by the ancient prophets. The second time the angel appeared he told Smith of great judgments that were to come upon the earth in the form of famine, sword, and pestilence. The third visit, Smith alleges, was to warn him that the treasures entrusted to him were not to be used for himself, but for the glory of God.

The visions occupied the entire night, and in the morning young Smith related his experience to his father, who was impressed that the visit was from God, and advised his son to do as the vision had directed. Accordingly, the story goes, he went to the Hill Cumorah and found the sacred treasures deposited as he had seen in the vision. Here, too, Maroni appeared and instructed him regarding the future work he was called upon to do.

Thus was born the church which after many years of persecution has secured temporal as well as spiritual control of one State of the United States and is rapidly extending its propoganda throughout the world.

Canada has given over a large tract of land in Southern Alberta to this rapidly growing sect. Seven years ago a deal was consummated by which they gained control of 67,000 acres of fertile farming and grazing land between the Waterton and Belly rivers. The tract was known as the Cochrane Ranch. This land has been subdivided into farms of 160 acres, and no Mormon is allowed to purchase more than one parcel till he has all his payments made to the church. The land was bought by the late Senator Cochrane of Montreal in the early days for $1.00 an acre. The Mormon church paid six dollars and by the prices at which it is being disposed of it will yield the treasury of Mormonism a large amount in profits. Towns have been built, roads and bridges constructed, so that the country presents the appearance of a district settled years ago. Mormon churches and meeting-houses abound, and the Church does everything. There is here, perhaps, the best example of Mormon community life outside Utah.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is the one modern organisation proclaiming the present need of temples. It believes that upon its members has been placed the commission to build and maintain these structures and to administer in them ordinances which they believe to be vital to a saving knowledge of God. These apply not only to the living but also to the dead.

Of the six temples built by the Mormon Church only four are still standing, and these are all in the State of Utah, which has come to be regarded as the stronghold of Mormonism.

The church had first established herself at Kirtland, Ohio, where in 1831, Smith and seven other elders of the church assembled on the Temple lot and dedicated the same to its sacred purpose. They met with much opposition, and after establishing themselves, with temples, in Illinois and Missouri, they went to the vales of Utah.

The people had pledged themselves collectively and individually to furnish as fast as it might be needed, all the money required to complete the temple and on April 6, 1893, the people of Utah presented to the Lord His finished House. The great temple is one of the outstanding attractions to tourists in the Utah capital.

While the great Salt Lake temple was in course of construction three other temples were proposed, planned, built, dedicated, and opened to sacred ordinance service. These are known from their locations as St. George, Logan, and Manti. All three are constructed on the same general plan, and for similar specific purposes.

It may be said of St. George in distinction to the others that in it Baptism for the dead and endowments were first administered by the Mormon church. Hardly had St. George temple been finished and opened, when in the city of Logan another building was begun. An interesting sidelight is thrown on the spirit of earnestness with which the people went to work. A saw mill was erected to prepare material, and even the mill was dedicated before it was set in operation. The temple was completed in 1884, seven years after work started.

While the people were putting forth strong efforts to complete the temple at St. George, and preliminary steps were being taken for the erection of one at Logan, the call of authority was heard directing another great undertaking of a similar nature. Manti, one hundred miles south of Salt Lake, was to be the site of the fourth Utah temple, and again the people responded with time and money in the building. In 1888 the last temple started was completed and opened for the ordinances of the Gospel as taught by the Latter Day Saints.

ALI BABA

From the Painting by John Hassall, R. I. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE PANAMA CANAL TOLLS*

BY THE HON. ELIHU ROOT

ARGUMENT BY AN EMINENT AMERICAN SENATOR IN FAVOUR OF SUBMITTING TO THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL FOR INTERPRETATION THE CLAUSE "THE COASTING TRADE" AS IT AFFECTS THE TOLLS OF THIS GREAT INTEROCEANIC WATERWAYS

MR. PRESIDENT, in the late days of last summer, after nearly nine months of continuous session, Congress enacted, in the bill to provide for the administration of the Panama Canal, a provision making a discrimination between the tolls to be charged upon foreign vessels and the tolls to be charged upon American vessels engaged in coastwise trade. We all must realize, as we look back, that when that provision was adopted the members of both Houses were much exhausted; our minds were not working with their full vigour; we were weary physically and mentally. Such discussion as there was was to empty seats. In neither House of Congress, during the period that this provision was under discussion, could there be found more than a scant dozen or two of members. The provision has been the cause of great regret to a multitude of our fellow citizens, whose good opinion we all desire and whose leadership of opinion in the country makes their approval of the course of our Congress an important element in maintaining that confidence in government which is so essential to its success. The provision has caused a painful impression throughout the world that the United States has departed from its often-announced rule of equality of opportunity in the use of the Panama Canal, and is seeking a special advantage for itself in what is believed to be a violation of the obligations of a treaty. Mr. President, that opinion of the civilized world is something which we may not lightly disregard. "A decent respect to the opinions of mankind" was one of the motives stated for the people of these colonies in the great Declaration of American Independence.

The effect of the provision has thus been doubly unfortunate, and I ask the Senate to listen to me while I endeavour to state the situation in which we find ourselves; to state the case which is made against the action that we have taken, in order that I may present to the Senate the question whether we should not either submit to an impartial tribunal the question whether we are right; so that if we are right, we may be vindicated in the eyes of the world, or whether we should not, by a repeal of the provision, retire from the position which we have taken.

In the year 1850, Mr. President, there were two great powers in possession of the North American Continent to the north of the Rio Grande. The United States had but just come to its full stature. By the Webster-

*A speech delivered by Senator Root in the United States Senate on January 21st, 1913.

Ashburton Treaty of 1842 our north-eastern boundary had been settled, leaving to Great Britain that tremendous stretch of seacoast including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Labrador, and the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, now forming the Province of Quebec. In 1846 the Oregon boundary had been settled, assuring to the United States a title to that vast region which now constitutes the States of Washington, Oregon, and Ihado. In 1848 the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo had given to us that great empire wrested from Mexico as a result of the Mexican War, which now spreads along the coast of the Pacific as the State of California and the great region between California and Texas.

Inspired by the manifest requirements of this new empire, the United States turned its attention to the possibility of realizing the dream of centuries and connecting its two coasts—its old coast upon the Atlantic and its new coast upon the Pacific—by a ship canal through the Isthmus; but when it turned its attention in that direction it found the other empire holding the place of advantage. Great Britain had also her coast upon the Atlantic and her coast upon the Pacific, to be joined by a canal. Further than that, Great Britain was a Caribbean power. She had Bermuda and the Bahamas; she had Jamaica and Trinidad; she had the Windward Islands and the Leeward Islands; she had British Guiana and British Honduras; she had, moreover, a protectorate over the Mosquito coast, a great stretch of territory upon the eastern shore of Central America which included the river San Juan and the valley and harbour of San Juan de Nicaragua, or Greytown. All men's minds then were concentrated upon the Nicaragua Canal route, as they were until after the treaty of 1901 was made.

And thus when the United States turned its attention toward joining these two coasts by a canal through the Isthmus it found Great Britain in possession of the eastern end of the route which men generally believed would be the most available route for the canal. Accordingly, the United States sought a treaty with Great Britain by which Great Britain should renounce the advantage which she had and admit the United States to equal participation with her in the control and the protection of a canal across the Isthmus. From that came the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Let me repeat that this treaty was sought not by England, but by the United States. Mr. Clayton, who was Secretary of State at the time, sent our Minister to France, Mr. Rives, to London for the purpose of urging upon Lord Palmerston the making of the treaty. The treaty was made by Great Britain as a concession to the urgent demands of the United States.

I should have said, in speaking about the urgency with which the United States sought the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, that there were two treaties made with Nicaragua, one by Mr. Heis and one by Mr. Squire, both representatives of the United States. Each gave, so far as Nicaragua could, great powers to the United States in regard to the construction of a canal, but they were made without authorization from the United States, and they were not approved by the Government of the United States and were never sent to the Senate. Mr. Clayton, however, held those treaties in abeyance as a means of inducing Great Britain to enter into the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. He held them practically as a whip over the British negotiators, and having accomplished the purpose they were thrown into the waste-basket.

By that treaty Great Britain agreed with the United States that neither Government should "ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the ship canal"; that neither would "make use of any protection" which either afforded to a canal "or any alliance which

either'' might have ''with any State or people for the purpose of erecting or maintaining any fortifications, or of occupying, fortifying, or colonizing Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, or of assuming or exercising dominion over the same,'' and that neither would ''take advantage of any intimacy, or use any alliance, connection, or influence that either'' might ''possess with any State or Government through whose territory the said canal may pass, for the purpose of acquiring or holding, directly or indirectly, for the citizens or subjects of the one, any rights or advantages in regard to commerce or navigation through the said canal which shall not be offered on the same terms to the citizens or subjects of the other.''

You will observe, Mr. President, that under these provisions the United States gave up nothing that it then had. Its obligations were entirely looking to the future; and Great Britain gave up its rights under the protectorate over the Mosquito coast, gave up its rights to what was supposed to be the eastern terminus of the canal. And, let me say without recurring to it again, under this treaty, after much discussion which ensued as to the meaning of its terms, Great Britain did surrender her rights to the Mosquito coast, so that the position of the United States and Great Britain became a position of absolute equality. Under this treaty also both parties agreed that each should ''enter into treaty stipulations with such of the Central American States as they'' might ''deem advisable for the purpose''—I now quote the words of the treaty—''for the purpose of more effectually carrying out the great design of this convention, namely, that of constructing and maintaining the said canal as a ship communication between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all, and of protecting the same.''

That declaration, Mr. President, is the cornerstone of the rights of the United States upon the Isthmus of Panama, rights having their origin in a solemn declaration that there should be constructed and maintained a ship canal ''between the two oceans for the benefit of mankind, on equal terms to all.''

In the eighth article of that treaty the parties agreed:

> The Governments of the United States and Great Britain having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection, by treaty stipulations, to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especialy to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove to be practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehuantepec or Panama. In granting, however, their joint protection to any such canals or railways as are by this article specified, it is always understood by the United States and Great Britain that the parties constructing or owning the same shall impose no other charges or conditions of traffic thereupon than the aforesaid Governments shall approve of as just and equitable; and that the same canals or railways, being open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms, shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford.

There, Mr. President, is the explicit agreement for equality of treatment to the citizens of the United States and to the citizens of Great Britain in any canal, wherever it may be constructed, across the Isthmus. That was the fundamental principle embodied in the treaty of 1850. And we are not without an authoritative construction as to the scope and requirements of an agreement of that description, because we have another treaty with Great Britain—a treaty which formed one of the great landmarks in the diplomatic history of the world, and one of the great steps

in the progress of civilization—the Treaty of Washington of 1871, under which the Alabama claims were submitted to arbitration. Under that treaty there were provisions for the use of the American canals along the waterway of the Great Lakes, and the Canadian canals along the same line of communication, upon equal terms to the citizens of the two countries.

Some years after the treaty, Canada undertook to do something quite similar to what we have undertaken to do in this law about the Panama Canal. It provided that while nominally a toll of twenty cents a ton should be charged upon the merchandise both of Canada and of the United States there should be a rebate of eighteen cents for all merchandise which went to Montreal or beyond, leaving a toll of but two cents a ton for that merchandise. The United States objected; and I beg your indulgence while I read from the message of President Cleveland upon that subject, sent to the Congress August 23rd, 1888. He says:

> By article 27 of the treaty of 1871 provision was made to secure to the citizens of the United States the use of the Welland, St. Lawrence, and other canals in the Dominion of Canada on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion, and to also secure to the subjects of Great Britain the use of the St. Clair Flats Canal on terms of equality with the inhabitants of the United States.
>
> The equality with the inhabitants of the Dominion which we were promised in the use of the canals of Canada did not secure to us freedom from tolls in their navigation, but we had a right to expect that we, being Americans and interested in American commerce, would be no more burdened in regard to the same than Canadians engaged in their own trade; and the whole spirit of the concession made was, or should have been, that mercandise and property transported to an American market through these canals should not be enhanced in its cost by tolls many times higher than such as were carried to an adjoining Canadian market. All our citizens, producers and consumers, as well as vessel owners, were to enjoy the equality promised.
>
> And yet evidence has for some time been before the Congress, furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury, showing that while the tolls charged in the first instance are the same to all, such vessels and cargoes as are destined to certain Canadian ports—
>
> Their coastwise trade—
>
> are allowed a refund of nearly the entire tolls, while those bound for American ports are not allowed any such advantage.
>
> To promise equality and then in practice make it conditional upon our vessels doing Canadian business instead of their own, is to fulfill a promise with the shadow of performance.

Upon the representations of the United States embodying that view, Canada retired from the position which she had taken, rescinded the provision for differential tolls, and put American trade going to American markets on the same basis of tolls as Canadian trade going to Canadian markets. She did not base her action upon any idea that there was no competition between trade to American ports and trade to Canadian ports, but she recognized the law of equality in good faith and honour; and to this day that law is being accorded to us and by each great nation to the other.

I have said, Mr. President, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was sought by us. In seeking it we declared to Great Britain what it was that we sought. I ask the Senate to listen to the declaration that we made to induce Great Britain to enter into that treaty—to listen to it because it is the declaration by which we are in honour bound as truly as if it were signed and sealed.

Here I will read from the report made to the Senate on the 5th day of April, 1900, by Senator Cushman K. Davis, then chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. So you will perceive that this is no new matter to the Senate of the United States and that I am not proceeding upon my own authority in thinking it worthy of your attention.

Mr. Rives was instructed to say and did say to Lord Palmerston, in urging upon him the making of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, this:

The United States sought no exclusive privilege or preferential right of any kind in regard to the proposed communication, and their sincere wish, if it should be found practicable, was to see it dedicated to the common use of all nations on the most liberal terms and a footing of perfect equality for all.

That the United States would not, if they could, obtain any exclusive right or privilege in a great highway which naturally belonged to all mankind.

That, sir, was the spirit of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. That was what the United States asked Great Britain to agree upon. That self-denying declaration underlaid and permeated and found expression in the terms of the Clayton-Bulwer convention. And upon that representation Great Britain in that convention relinquished her coign of vantage which she herself had for the benefit of her great North American empire for the control of the canal across the Isthmus.

Mr. Cummins. Mr. President—

The President pro tempore. Does the Senator from New York yield to the Senator from Iowa?

Mr. Root. I do, but—

Mr. Cummins. I will ask the Senator from New York whether he prefers that there shall be no interruptions? If he does, I shall not ask any question.

Mr. Root. Mr. President, I should prefer it, because what I have to say involves establishing the relation between a considerable number of acts and instruments, and interruptions naturally would destroy the continuity of my statement.

Mr. Cummins. The question I was about to ask was purely a historic one.

Mr. Root. I shall be very glad to answer the Senator.

Mr. Cummins. The Senator has stated that at the time of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty we were excluded from the Mosquito coast by the protectorate exercised by Great Britain over that coast. My question is this: Had we not at that time a treaty with New Grenada that gave us equal or greater rights upon the Isthmus of Panama than were claimed even by Great Britain over the Mosquito coast?

Mr. Root. Mr. President, we had the treaty of 1846 with New Grenada, under which we undertook to protect any railway or canal across the Isthmus. But that did not apply to the Nicaragua route, which was then supposed to be the most available route for a canal.

Mr. Cummins. I quite agree with the Senator about that. I only wanted it to appear in the course of the argument that we were then under no disability so far as concerned building a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

Mr. Root. We were under a disability so far as concerned building a canal by the Nicaragua route, which was regarded as the available route until the discussion in the Senate after 1901, in which Senator Spooner and Senator Hanna practically changed the judgment of the Senate with regard to what was the proper route to take. And in the treaty of 1850, so anxious were we to secure freedom from the claims of Great Britain on the eastern end of the Nicaragua route that, as I have read, we agreed that the same contract should apply not merely to the Nicaragua route but to the whole of the Isthmus. So that from that time on the whole Isthmus was impressed by the same obligations which were impressed upon the Nicaragua route, and whatever rights we had under our treaty of 1846 with New Grenada we were thenceforth bound to exercise with due regard and subordination to the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Mr. President, after the lapse of thirty years, during the early part of which we were strenuously insisting upon the observance by Great Britain of her obligations under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and during the latter part of which we were beginning to be restive under our obligations by reason of that treaty, we

undertook to secure a modification of it from Great Britain. In the course of that undertaking there was much discussion and some difference of opinion as to the continued obligations of the treaty. But I think that was finally put at rest by the decision of Secretary Olney in the memorandum upon the subject made by him in the year 1896. In that memorandum he said:

> Under these circumstances, upon every principle which governs the relation to each other, either of nations or of individuals, the United States is completely estopped from denying that the treaty is in full force and vigour.
>
> If changed conditions now make stipulations, which were once deemed advantageous, either inapplicable or injurious, the true remedy is not in ingenious attempts to deny the existence of the treaty or to explain away its provisions, but in a direct and straightforward application to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter.

We did apply to Great Britain for a reconsideration of the whole matter, and the result of the application was the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. That treaty came before the Senate in two forms: First, in the form of an instrument signed on the 5th of February, 1900, which was amended by the Senate; and, second, in the form of an instrument signed on the 18th of November, 1901, which continued the greater part of the provisions of the earlier instrument, but somewhat modified or varied the amendments which had been made by the Senate to that earlier instrument.

It is really but one process by which the paper sent to the Senate in February, 1900, passed through a course of amendment; first, at the hands of the Senate, and then at the hands of the negotiators between Great Britain and the United States, with the subsequent approval of the Senate. In both the first form and the last of this treaty the preamble provides for preserving the provisions of article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Both forms provide for the construction of the canal under the auspices of the United States alone instead of its construction under the auspices of both countries.

Both forms of that treaty provide that the canal might be—

> constructed under the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares—

that being substituted for the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty under which both countries were to be patrons of the enterprise.

Under both forms it was further provided that—

> Subject to the provisions of the present convention, the said Government—

The United States—

> shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal.

That provision, however, for the exclusive patronage of the United States was subject to the initial provision that the modification or change from the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was to be for the construction of such canal under the auspices of the Government of the United States, without impairing the general principle of neutralization established in article 8 of that convention.

Then the treaty as it was finally agreed to provides that the United States "adopt, as the basis of such neutralization of such ship canal," the following rules, substantially as embodied in the convention "of Constantinople, signed the 29th of October, 1888," for the free navigation of the Suez Maritime Canal; that is to say:

First. The canal shall be free and open . . . to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations "observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation

or its citizens or subjects in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic, or otherwise." Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Then follow rules relating to blockade and vessels of war, the embarkation and disembarkation of troops, and the extension of the provisions to the waters adjacent to the canal.

Now, Mr. President, that rule must, of course, be read in connection with the provision for the preservation of the principle of neutralization established in article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer convention.

Let me take your minds back again to article 8 of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, consistently with which we are bound to construe the rule established by the Hay-Pauncefote convention. The principle of neutralization provided for by the eighth article is neutralization upon terms of absolute equality both between the United States and Great Britain and between the United States and all other powers.

It is always understood—

Says the eighth article—

by the United States and Great Britain that the parties constructing or owning the same—

That is, the canal—

shall impose no other charges or conditions of traffic thereupon than the aforesaid Governments shall approve of as just and equitable, and that the same canals or railways, being open to the citizens and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal terms, shall also be open on like terms to the citizens of every other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford.

Now, we are not at liberty to put any construction upon the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which violates that controlling declaration of absolute equality between the citizens and subjects of Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. President, when the Hay-Pauncefote convention was ratified by the Senate it was in full view of this controlling principle, in accordance with which their act must be construed, for Senator Davis, in his report from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which I have already referred—

Mr. McCumber. On the treaty in it first form.

Mr. Root. Yes; the report on the treaty in its first form. Mr. Davis said, after referring to the Suez convention of 1888:

The United States can not take an attitude of opposition to the principles of the great act of October 22, 1888, without discrediting the official declarations of our Government for fifty years on the neutrality of an Isthmian canal and its equal use by all nations without discrimination.

To set up the selfish motive of gain by establishing a monopoly of a highway that must derive its income from the patronage of all maritime countries would be unworthy of the United States if we owned the country through which the canal is to be built.

But the location of the canal belongs to other Governments, from whom we must obtain any right to construct a canal on their territory, and it is not unreasonable, if the question was new and was not involved in a subsisting treaty with Great Britain, that she should question the right of even Nicaragua and Costa Rica to grant to our ships of commerce and of war extraordinary privileges of transit through the canal.

I shall revert to that principle declared by Senator Davis. I continue the quotation:

It is not reasonable to suppose that Nicaragua and Costa Rica would grant to the United States the exclusive control of a canal through those States on terms less generous to the other maritime nations than those prescribed in the great Act of October 22, 1888, or if we could compel them to give us such advantages over other nations it would not be creditable to our country to accept them.

That our Government or our people will furnish the money to build the canal presents the single question whether it is profitable to do so. If the canal, as property, is worth more than its cost, we are

not called on to divide the profits with other nations. If it is worth less and we are compelled by national necessities to build the canal, we have no right to call on other nations to make up the loss to us. In any view, it is a venture that we will enter upon if it is to our interest, and if it is otherwise we will withdraw from its further consideration.

The Suez Canal makes no discrimination in its tolls in favour of its stockholders, and, taking its profits or the half of them as our basis of calculation, we will never find it necessary to differentiate our rates of toll in favour of our own people in order to secure a very great profit on the investment.

Mr. President, in view of that declaration of principle, in the face of that declaration, the United States can not afford to take a position at variance with the rule of universal equality established in the Suez Canal convention—equality as to every stockholder and all non-stockholders, equality as to every nation whether in possession or out of possession. In the face of that declaration the United States can not afford to take any other position than upon the rule of universal equality of the Suez Canal convention, and upon the further declaration that the country owning territory through which this canal was to be built would not and ought not to give any special advantage or preference to the United States as compared with all the other nations of the earth. In view of that report the Senate rejected the amendment which was offered by Senator Bard, of California, providing for preference to the coastwise trade of the United States. This is the amendment which was proposed:

The United States reserves the right in the regulation and management of the canal to discriminate in respect of the charges of traffic in favour of vessels of its own citizens engaged in the coastwise trade.

I say, the Senate rejected that amendment upon this report, which declared the rule of universal equality without any preference or discrimination in favour of the United States as being the meaning of the treaty and the necessary meaning of the treaty.

There was still more before the Senate, there was still more before the country to fix the meaning of the treaty. I have read the representations that were made, the solemn declarations made by the United States to Great Britain establishing the rule of absolute equality without discrimination in favour of the United States or its citizens to induce Great Britain to enter into the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

Now, let me read the declaration made to Great Britain to induce her to modify the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and give up her right to joint control of the canal and put in our hands the sole power to construct it or patronize it or control it.

Mr. Blaine said in his instructions to Mr. Lowell on June 24, 1881, directing Mr. Lowell to propose to Great Britain the modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

I read his words:

The United States recognizes a proper guarantee of neutrality as essential to the construction and successful operation of any highway across the Isthmus of Panama, and in the last generation every step was taken by this Government that is deemed requisite in the premises. The necessity was foreseen and abundantly provided for long in advance of any possible call for the actual exercise of power. . . . Nor, in time of peace, does the United States seek to have any exclusive privileges accorded to American ships in respect to precedence or tolls through an interoceanic canal any more than it has sought like privileges for American goods in transit over the Panama Railway, under the exclusive control of an American corporation. The extent of the privileges of American citizens and ships is measurable under the treaty of 1846 by those of Columbian citizens and ships. It would be our earnest desire and expectation to see the world's peaceful commerce enjoy the same just, liberal, and rational treatment.

Secretary Cass had already said to Great Britain in 1857:

The United States, as I have before

had occasion to assure your Lordship, demand no exclusive privileges in these passages, but will always exert their influence to secure their free and unrestricted benefits, both in peace and war, to the commerce of the world.

Mr. President, it was upon that declaration, upon that self-denying declaration, upon that solemn assurance, that the United States sought not and would not have any preference for its own citizens over the subjects and citizens of other countries that Great Britain abandoned her rights under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and entered into the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, with the clause continuing the principles of clause eight, which embodied these same declarations, and the clause establishing the rule of equality taken from the Suez Canal convention. We are not at liberty to give any other construction to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty than the construction which is consistent with that declaration.

Mr. President, these declarations, made specifically and directly to secure the making of these treaties, do not stand alone. For a longer period than the oldest Senator has lived the United States has been from time to time making open and public declarations of her disinterestedness, her altruism, her purposes for the benefit of mankind, her freedom from desire or willingness to secure special and peculiar advantage in respect of transit across the Isthmus. In 1826 Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State in the Cabinet of John Quincy Adams, said, in his instructions to the delegates to the Panama Congress of that year:

> If a canal across the Isthmus be opened "so as to admit of the passage of sea vessels from ocean to ocean, the benefit of it ought not to be exclusively appropriated to any one nation, but should be extended to all parts of the globe upon the payment of a just compensation for reasonable tolls."

Mr. Cleveland, in his annual message of 1885, said:

> The lapse of years has abundantly confirmed the wisdom and foresight of those earlier administrations which, long before the conditions of maritime intercourse were changed and enlarged by the progress of the age, proclaimed the vital need of interoceanic transit across the American Isthmus and consecrated it in advance to the common use of mankind by their positive declarations and through the formal obligations of treaties. Toward such realization the efforts of my administration will be applied, ever bearing in mind the principles on which it must rest and which were declared in no uncertain tones by Mr. Cass, who, while Secretary of State in 1858, announced that "What the United States want in Central America next to the happiness of its people is the security and neutrality of the interoceanic routes which lead through it."

By public declaration, by the solemn asseverations of our treaties with Columbia in 1846, with Great Britain in 1850, our treaties with Niracagua, our treaty with Great Britain in 1901, our treaty with Panama in 1903, we have presented to the world the most unequivocal guaranty of disinterested action for the common benefit of mankind and not for our selfish advantage.

In the message which was sent to Congress by President Roosevelt on the 4th of January, 1904, explaining the course of this Government regarding the revolution in Panama and the making of the treaty by which we acquired all the title that we have upon the Isthmus, President Roosevelt said:

> If ever a Government could be said to have received a mandate from civilization to effect an object the accomplishment of which was demanded in the interest of mankind, the United States holds that position with regard to the interoceanic canal.

Mr. President, there has been much discussion for many years among authorities upon international law as to whether artificial canals for the convenience of commerce did not partake of the character of natural passageways to such a degree that, by the rules of international law, equality must be observed in the treatment

of mankind by the nation which has possession and control. Many very high authorities have asserted that that rule applies to the Panama Canal even without a treaty. We base our title upon the right of mankind in the Isthmus, treaty or no treaty. We have long asserted, beginning with Secretary Cass, that the nations of Central America had no right to debar the world from its right of passage across the Isthmus. Upon that view, in the words which I have quoted from President Roosevelt's message to Congress, we base the justice of our entire action upon the Isthmus which resulted in our having the Canal Zone. We could not have taken it for our selfish interest; we could not have taken it for the purpose of securing an advantage to the people of the United States over the other peoples of the world; it was only because civilization had its rights to passage across the Isthmus and because we have ourselves the mandatory of civilization to assert those rights that we are entitled to be there at all. On the principles which underlie our action and upon all the declarations that we have made for more than half a century, as well as upon the express and positive stipulations of our treaties, we are forbidden to say we have taken the custody of the Canal Zone to give ourselves any right of preference over the other civilized nations of the world beyond those rights which go to the owner of a canal to have the tolls that are charged for passage.

Well, Mr. President, asserting that we were acting for the common benefit of mankind, willing to accept no preferential right of our own, just as we asserted it to secure the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, just as we asserted it to secure the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, when we had recognized the Republic of Panama, we made a treaty with her on the 18th of November, 1903. I ask your attention now to the provisions of that treaty. In that treaty both Panama and the United States recognize the fact that the United States was acting, not for its own special and selfish interest, but in the interest of mankind.

The suggestion has been made that we are relieved from the obligations of our treaties with Great Britain because the Canal Zone is our territory. It is said that, because it has become ours, we are entitled to build the canal on our own territory and do what we please with it. Nothing can be further from the fact. It is not our territory, except in trust. Article two of the treaty with Panama provides:

> The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of a zone of land and land under water for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of said canal—

And for no other purpose—

> of the width of ten mines extending to the distance of five miles on each side of the centre line of the route of the canal to be constructed.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The Republic of Panama further grants to the United States in perpetuity the use, occupation, and control of any other lands and waters outside of the zone above described which may be necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal or of any auxiliary canals or other works necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said enterprise.

Article three provides:

> The Republic of Panama grants to the United States all the rights, power, and authority within the zone mentioned and described in article two of this agreement—

From which I have just read—

> and within the limits of all auxiliary lands and waters mentioned and described in said article two which the United States would possess and exercise if it were the sovereign of the territory within which said lands and waters are located to the entire exclusion of the exercise by

the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power, or authority.

Article five provides:

The Republic of Panama grants to the United States in perpetuity a monopoly for the construction, maintenance, and operation of any system of communication by means of canal or railroad across its territory between the Caribbean Sea and the Pacific Ocean.

I now read from article eighteen:

The canal, when constructed, and the entrances thereto shall be neutral in perpetuity, and shall be opened upon the terms provided for by section 1 of article 3 of, and in conformity with all the stipulations of, the treaty entered into by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

So, Mr. President, far from our being relieved of the obligations of the treaty with Great Britain by reason of the title that we have obtained to the Canal Zone, we have taken that title impressed with a solemn trust. We have taken it for no purpose except the construction and maintenance of a canal in accordance with all the stipulations of our treaty with Great Britain. We can not be false to those stipulations without adding to the breach of contract a breach of trust which we have assumed, according to our own declarations, for the benefit of mankind as the mandatory of civilization.

In anticipation of the plainly-to-be-foreseen contingency of our having to acquire some kind of title in order to construct the canal, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty provided expressly in article four:

It is agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the before-mentioned canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization or the obligation of the high contracting parties under the present treaty.

So you will see that the treaty with Great Britain expressly provides that its obligations shall continue, no matter what title we get to the Canal Zone; and the treaty by which we get the title expressly impresses upon it as a trust the obligations of the treaty with Great Britain. How idle it is to say that because the Canal Zone is ours we can do with it what we please.

There is another suggestion made regarding the obligations of this treaty, and that is that matters relating to the coasting trade are matters of special domestic concern, and that nobody else has any right to say anything about them. We did not think so when we were dealing with the Canadian canals. But that may not be conclusive as to rights under this treaty. But examine it for a moment.

It is rather poverty of language than a genius for definition which leads us to call a voyage from New York to San Francisco, passing along countries thousands of miles away from our territory, "coasting trade," or to call a voyage from New York to Manila, on the other side of the world, "coasting trade." When we use the term "coasting trade" what we really mean is that under our navigation laws a voyage which begins and ends at an American port has certain privileges and immunities and rights, and it is necessarily in that sense that the term is used in this statute. It must be construed in accordance with our statutes.

Sir, I do not for a moment dispute that ordinary coasting trade is a special kind of trade that is entitled to be treated differently from trade to or from distant foreign points. It is ordinarily neighbourhood trade, from port to port, by which the people of a country carry on their intercommunication, often by small vessels, poor vessels, carrying cargoes of slight value. It would be quite impracticable to impose upon trade of that kind the same kind of burdens which great ocean-going steamers, trading to the farthest parts of the earth, can well bear. We make that distinction. Indeed, Great Britain

herself makes it, although Great Britain admits all the world to her coasting trade. But it is by quite a different basis of classification—that is, the statutory basis—that we call a voyage from the eastern coast of the United States to the Orient a coasting voyage, because it begins and ends in an American port.

This is a special, peculiar kind of trade which passes through the Panama Canal. You may call it "coasting trade," but it is unlike any other coasting trade. It is special and peculiar to itself.

Grant that we are entitled to fix a different rate of tolls for that class of trade, from that which would be fixed for other classes of trade. Ah, yes; but Great Britain has her coastin gtrade through the canal under the same definition, and Mexico has her coasting trade, and Germany has her coasting trade, and Columbia has her coasting trade, in the same sense that we have. You are not at liberty to discriminate in fixing tolls bebetween a voyage from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, by an American ship, and a voyage from Halifax to Victoria in a British ship, or a voyage from Vera Cruz to Acapulco in a Mexican ship, because when you do so you discriminate, not between coasting trade and other trade, but between American ships and British ships, Mexican ships, or Colombian ships. That is a violation of the rule of equality which we have solemnly adopted, and asserted and reasserted, and to which we are bound by every consideration of honour and good faith. Whatever this treaty means, it means for that kind of trade as well as for any other kind of trade.

The suggestion has been made, also, that we should not consider that the provision in this treaty about equality as to tolls really means what it says, because it is not to be supposed that the United States would give up the right to defend itself, to protect its own territory, to land its own troops, and to send through the canal as it pleases its own ships of war. That is disposed of by the considerations which were presented to the Senate in the Davis report, to which I have already referred, in regard to the Suez convention.

The Suez convention, from which these rules of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty were taken almost—though not quite—textually, contained other provisions which reserved to Turkey and to Egypt, as sovereigns of the territory through which the canal passed—Egypt as the sovereign and Turkey as the sovereign over Egypt —all of the rights that pertained to sovereigns for the protection of their own territory. As when the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was made neither party to the treaty had any title to the region which would be traversed by the canal, no such clauses could be introduced. But, as was pointed out, the rules which were taken from the Suez Canal for the control of the canal management would necessarily be subject to these rights of sovereignty which were still to be secured from the countries owning the territory. That is recognized by the British Government in the note which has been sent to us and has been laid before the Senate, or is in the possession of the Senate, from the British Foreign Office.

In Sir Edward Grey's note of November 14, 1912, he says what I am about to read. This is an explicit disclaimer of any contention that the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty exclude us from the same rights of protection of territory which Nicaragua or Colombia or Panama would have had as sovereigns, and which we succeed to, *pro tanto,* by virtue of the Panama Canal Treaty.

Sir Edward Grey says:

> I notice that in the course of the debate in the Senate on the Panama Canal Bill the argument was used by one of the speakers that the third, fourth, and fifth rules embodied in article 3 of the treaty show that the words "all nations" can not include the United States, because. if the United States were at war, it is

impossible to believe that it could be intended to be debarred by the treaty from using its own territory for revictualling its warships or landing troops.

The same point may strike others who read nothing but the text of the Haypauncefote treaty itself, and I think it is therefore worth while that I should briefly show that this agrument is not well founded.

I read this not as an argument, but because it is a formal official disclaimer which is binding.

Sir Edward Grey proceeds:

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1901 aimed at carrying out the principle of the neutralization of the Panama Canal by subjecting it to the same régime as the Suez Canal. Rules 3, 4, and 5 of article 3 of the treaty are taken almost textually from articles 4, 5, and 6 of the Suez Canal Convention of 1888. At the date of the signature of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty the territory on which the Isthmian Canal was to be constructed did not belong to the United States, consequently there was no need to insert in the draft treaty provisions corresponding to those in articles 10 and 13 of the Suez Canal Convention, which preserve the sovereign rights of Turkey and of Egypt, and stipulate that articles 4 and 5 shall not affect the right of Turkey, as the local sovereign, and of Egypt, within the measure of her automony, to take such measures as may be necessary for securing the defence of Egypt and the maintenance of public order, and, in the case of Turkey, the defence of her possessions on the Red Sea.

Now that the United States has become the practical sovereign of the canal. His Majesty's Government do not question its title to exercise belligerent rights for its protection.

Mr. President, Great Britain has asserted the construction of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of 1901, the arguments for which I have been stating to the Senate. I realize, sir, that I may be wrong. I have often been wrong. I realize that the gentlemen who have taken a different view regarding the meaning of this treaty may be right. I do not think so. But their ability and fairness of mind would make it idle for me not to entertain the possibility that they are right and I am wrong. Yet, Mr. President, the question whether they are right and I am wrong depends upon the interpretation of the treaty. It depends upon the interpretation of the treaty in the light of all the declarations that have been made by the parties to it, in the light of the nature of the subject matter with which it deals.

Gentlemen say the question of imposing tolls or not imposing tolls upon our coastwise commerce is a matter of our concern. Ah! we have made a treaty about it. If the interpretation of the treaty is as England claims, then it is not a matter of our concern; it is a matter of treaty rights and duties. But, sir, it is not a question as to our rights to remit tolls to our commerce. It is a question whether we can impose tolls upon British commerce when we have remitted them from our own. That is the question. Nobody disputes our right to allow our own ships to go through the canal without paying tolls. What is disputed is our right to charge tolls against other ships when we do not charge them against our own. That is, pure and simple, a question of international right and duty, and depends upon the interpretation of the treaty.

Sir, we have another treaty, made between the United States and Great Britain on the 4th of April, 1908, in which the two nations have agreed as follows:

Differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration established at The Hague by the convention of the 29th of July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honour of the two contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties.

Of course, the question of the rate of tolls on the Panama Canal does not affect any nation's vital interests. It does not affect the independence or the honour of either of these contracting States. We have a differ-

ence relating to the interpretation of this treaty, and that is all there is to it. We are bound, by this treaty to arbitration, not to stand with arrogant assertion upon our own Government's opinion as to the interpretation of the treaty, not to require that Great Britain shall suffer what she deems injustice by violation of the treaty, or else go to war. We are bound to say, "We keep the faith of our treaty of arbitration, and we will submit the question as to what this treaty means to an impartial tribunal of arbitration."

Mr. President, if we stand in the position of arrogant refusal to submit the questions arising upon the interpretation of this treaty to arbitration, we shall not only violate our solemn obligation, but we shall be false to all the principles that we have asserted to the world and that we have urged upon mankind. We have been the apostle of arbitration. We have been urging it upon the other civilized nations. Presidents, Secretaries of State, Ambassadors, and Ministers—aye, Congresses, the Senate, and the House, all branches of our Government have committed the United States to the principle of arbitration irrevocably, unequivocally, and we have urged it in season and out of season on the rest of mankind.

Sir, I can not detain the Senate by more than beginning upon the expressions that have come from our Government upon this subject, but I will ask your indulgence while I call your attention to a few selected from the others.

On the 9th of June, 1874, the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported and the Senate adopted this resolution:

> Resolved, That the United States having at heart the cause of peace everywhere, and hoping to help its permanent establishment between nations, hereby recommend the adoption of arbitration as a great and practical method for the determination of international differences, to be maintained sincerely and in good faith, so that war may cease to be regarded as a proper form of trial between nations.

On the 17th of June, 1874, the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House adopted this resolution:

> Whereas war is at all times destructive of the material interests of a people, demoralizing in its tendencies, and at variance with an enlightened public sentiment; and whereas differences between nations should in the interests of humanity and fraternity be adjusted, if possible, by international arbitration; Therefore,
>
> Resolved, That the people of the United States being devoted to the policy of peace with all mankind, enjoining its blessings and hoping for its permanence and its universal adoption, hereby through their representatives in Congress recommend such arbitration as a rational substitute for war; and they further recommend to the treaty-making powers of the Government to provide, if practicable, that hereafter in treaties made between the United States and foreign powers war shall not be declared by either of the contracting parties against the other until efforts shall have been made to adjust all alleged cause of difference by impartial arbitration.

On the same 17th of June, 1874, the Senate adopted this resolution:

> Resolved, etc., That the President of the United States is bereby authorized and requested to negotiate with all civilized powers who may be willing to enter into such negotiations for the establishment of an international system whereby matters in dispute between different Governments agreeing thereto may be adjusted by arbitration, and, if possible, without recourse to war.

. . . . . .

Mr. President, in pursuance of those declarations by both Houses of Congress, the Presidents, and the Secretaries of State, and the diplomatic agents of the United States, doing their bounden duty, have been urging arbitration upon the people of the world. Our representatives in The Hague conference of 1899, and in The Hague conference of 1907, and in the Pan-American conference in Washington, and in the Pan-American conference in Mexico, and in the Pan-American conference in Rio de Janeiro were instructed to urge and

did urge and pledge the United States in the most unequivocal and urgent terms to support the principle of arbitration upon all questions capable of being submitted to a tribunal for a decision.

Under those instructions Mr. Hay addressed the people of the entire civilized world with the request to come into treaties of arbitration with the United States. Here was his letter. After quoting from the resolutions and from expressions by the President he said:

> Moved by these views, the President has charged me to instruct you to ascertain whether the Government to which you are accredited, which he has reason to believe is equally desirous of advancing the principle of international arbitration, is willing to conclude with the Government of the United States an arbitration treaty of like tenor to the arrangement concluded between France and Great Britain on October 14, 1913.

That was the origin of this treaty. The treaties made by Mr. Hay were not satisfactory to the Senate because of the question about the participation of the Senate in the make-up of the special agreement of submission. Mr. Hay's successor modified that on conference with the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, and secured the assent of the other countries of the world to the treaty with that modification. We have made twenty-five of these treaties of arbitration, covering the greater part of the world, under the direction of the Senate of the United States and the House of Representatives of the United States and in accordance with the traditional policy of the United States, holding up to the world the principle of peaceful arbitration.

One of these treaties is here, and under it Great Britain is demanding that the question as to what the true interpretation of our treaty about the canal is shall be submitted to decision and not be made the subject of war or of submission to what she deems injustice to avoid war.

In response to the last resolution which I have read, the concurrent resolution passed by the Senate and the House requesting the President to enter into the negotiations which resulted in these treaties of arbitration, the British House of Commons passed a resolution accepting the overture.

. . . . . .

Mr. President, what revolting hypocrisy we convict ourselves of, if after all this, the first time there comes up a question in which we have an interest, the first time there comes up a question of difference about the meaning of a treaty as to which we fear we may be beaten in an arbitration, we refuse to keep our agreement? Where will be our self-respect if we do that? Where will be that respect to which a great nation is entitled from all other nations?

[The Honourable Mr. Root, to show further the American disposition towards arbitration, here quoted from President Grant's annual message of December 4, 1871; from the resolution proposed by United States delegates to the first Pan-American Conference at Washington, April 18th, 1890; from the address of Mr. Blaine, the presiding officer at that conference; from President Arthur's annual message of December 4, 1882; from President Harrison's annual message of December 3, 1889; from President Cleveland's message of December 4, 1893; from President McKinley's message of Dec. 6, 1897; and from President Roosevelt's message of December 3, 1905].

Oh, Mr. President, are we Pharisees? Have we been insincere and false? Have we been pretending in all these long years of resolution and declaration and proposal and urgency for arbitration? Are we ready now to admit that our country, that its Congresses and its Presidents, have all been guilty of false pretense, of humbug, of talking to the galleries, of fine words to secure applause, and that the instant we have an interest we are ready to falsify every declar-

ation, every promise, and every principle? But we must do that if we arrogantly insist that we alone will determine upon the interpretation of this treaty and will refuse to abide by the agreement of our treaty of arbitration.

Mr. President, what is all this for? Is the game worth the candle? Is it worth while to put ourselves in a position and to remain in a position to maintain which we may be driven to repudiate our principles, our professions, and our agreements for the purpose of conferring a money benefit—not very great, not very important, but a money benefit—at the expense of the Treasury of the United States, upon the most highly and absolutely protected special industry in the United States? Is it worth while? We refuse to help our foreign shipping, which is in competition with the lower wages and the lower standard of living of foreign countries, and we are proposing to do this for a part of our coastwise shipping which has now by law the absolute protection of a statutory monopoly and which needs no help.

Mr. President, there is but one alternative consistent with self-respect. We must arbitrate the interpretation of this treaty or we must retire from the position we have taken.

O Senators, consider for a moment what it is that we are doing. We all love our country; we are all proud of its history; we are all full of hope and courage for its future; we love its good name; we desire for it that power among the nations of the earth which will enable it to accomplish still greater things for civilization than it has accomplished in its noble past. Shall we make ourselves in the minds of the world like unto the man who in his own community is marked as astute and cunning to get out of his obligations? Shall we make ourselves like unto the man who is known to be false to his agreements; false to his pledged word? Shall we have it understood the whole world over that "you must look out for the United States or she will get the advantage of you"; that we are clever and cunning to get the better of the other party to an agreement, and that at the end—

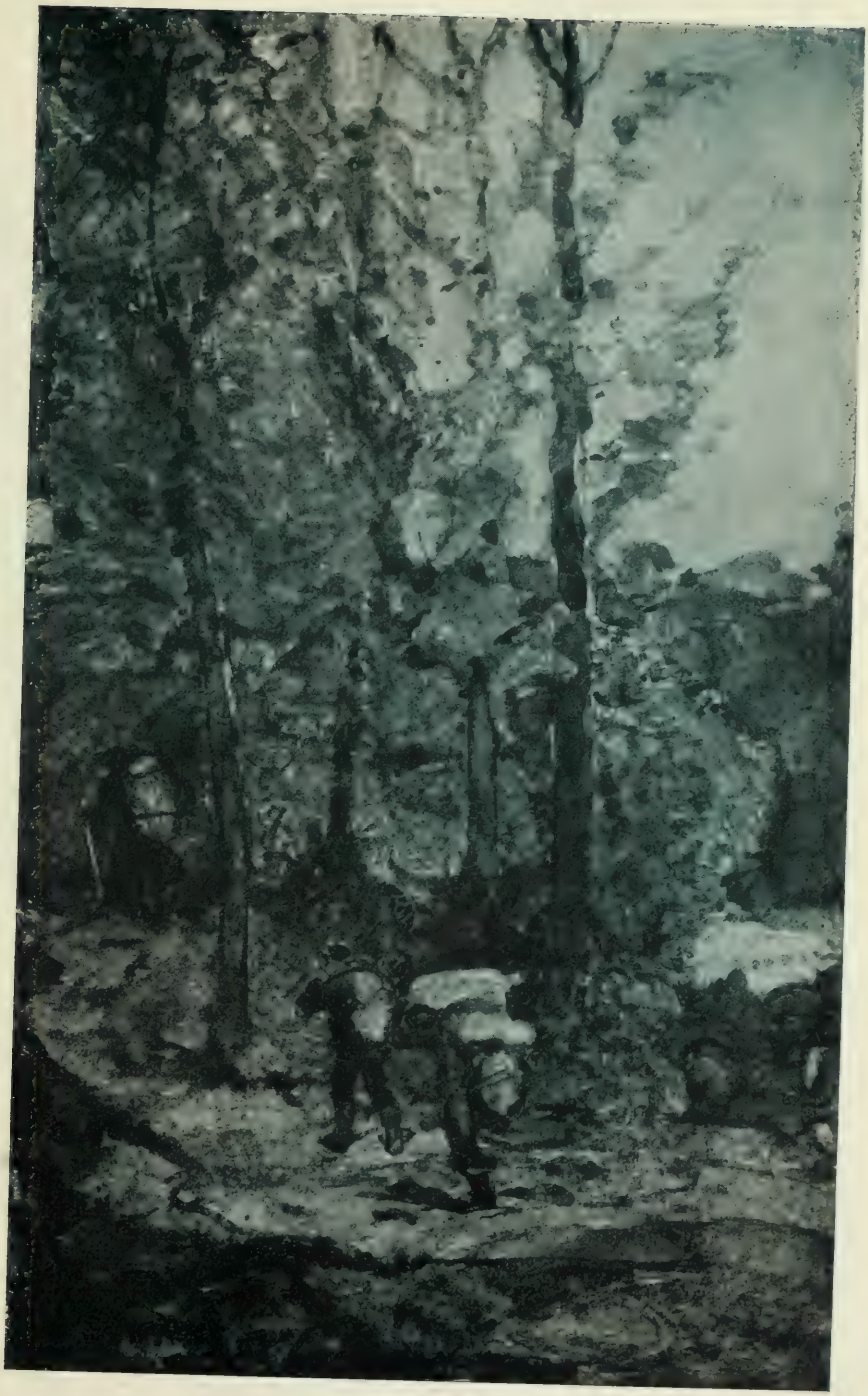
Mr. Brandegee. "Slippery" would be a better word.

Mr. Root. Yes; I thank the Senator for the suggestion—"slippery." Shall we in our generation add to those claims to honour and respect that our fathers have established for our country good cause that we shall be considered slippery?

It is worth while, Mr. President, to be a citizen of a great country, but size alone is not enough to make a country great. A country must be great in its ideals; it must be great-hearted; it must be noble; it must despise and reject all smallness and meanness; it must be faithful to its word; it must keep the faith of treaties; it must be faithful to its mission of civilization in order that it shall be truly great. It is because we believe that of our country that we are proud, aye, that the alien with the first step of his foot upon our soil is proud to be a part of this great democracy.

Let us put aside the idea of small, petty advantage; let us treat this situation and these obligations in our relation to this canal in that large way which befits a great nation.

Mr. President, how sad it would be if we were to dim the splendour of that great achievement by drawing across it the mark of petty selfishness; if we were to diminish and reduce for generations to come the power and influence of this free Republic for the uplifting and the progress of mankind by destroying the respect of mankind for us! How sad it would be if you and I, Senators, were to make ourselves responsible for destroying that bright and inspiring ideal which has enabled free America to lead the world in progress toward liberty and justice!



THE PORTAGE

From the Water-colour Drawing by Frederick S. Challener

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE CHEF D'ŒUVRE OF THE BRISTOL POTTERIES

This Teapot was sold for $2,500 by auction. It is from the Burke set

THE TRAPNELL COLLECTION

BY PHIL IVES

There's a joy without canker or cark,
  There's a pleasure eternally new,
'Tis to gloat on the glaze and the mark,
  Of China that's ancient and blue,
Unchipped all the centuries through
  It has passed, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashioned it, figure and hue,
  In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
—Andrew Lang.

IN view of the fact that Mr. Alfred Trapnell has disposed of his remarkable and unique collection *en bloc* to a dealer in London, and that it is now being dispersed to the four quarters of the globe (the writer saw two of the cups and saucers in a well-known Toronto collector's cabinet the other day), a few notes might serve to inform the amateur ceramic collector who has not studied the peculiar history of Bristol porcelain why specimens are so scarce and so highly prized.

Mr. Trapnell took forty years to gather this collection together. He had the "pick of the market" of all important sales, and was always on the alert for any fine specimens which were offered privately from time to time.

One can safely say that at the present time, outside this collection, it would be impossible to spend, say, five thousand dollars in buying old Bristol china, even if the would-be investor travelled all over the British Isles. It simply does not exist in the market. He would hear such a remark as, "Yes, I did have such and such a piece, but I sold it to Mr. Trapnell years ago."

The Schreiber collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum contains some excellent specimens, and owing to Mr. Trapnell's liberality there are some representative examples in the

A BRISTOL PLAQUE

With Bust of Benjamin Franklin

Museum of Bristol. Private collections contain a few specimens, but they are hard to get.

The manufacture of porcelain was started at Bristol in 1750, but the enterprise was only of short duration and was not a financial success. Chaffers, the standard authority on porcelain, has quoted from an old diary of a certain Dr. Pococke, in which the following passage occurs: "They make white sauce boats adorned with reliefs of festoons, which sell at six shillings a pair," and some further particulars are given as to materials of which this early English porcelain was made. Some soap rock found at Lizard Point was used, the work was carried on in a small way at the "Lowris China-house," and is supposed to have ceased about twelve years after its inception, that is, in 1762. Some examples of this early Bristol were included in the Trapnell collection. Some of the specimens bear the word "Bristoll" in slight relief, and the date 1750.

The next important event in the history of making hard paste porcelain in England from native materials, was the enterprise of William Cooksworthy, who found suitable clay on Lord Camelford's estate, and the date of this venture is generally considered to be 1768, some six years after the failure of the "Lowris House" undertaking. Cookworthy carried on his Plymouth factory under great difficulties, want of capital being the chief of these, and in 1774 sold his whole plant, trade secrets and models to his friend Richard Champion, of Bristol, who had been making experiments in porcelain with clays from South Carolina.

Cooksworthy retired from business in 1774, and the factory was moved to Castle Green, Bristol, and worked by Champion until 1780, when, beaten by the ever-increasing competition of the Staffordshire potters, who were turning out much cheaper wares, he closed his factory and sold by auction the whole of his stock-in-trade. This important sale was conducted by Messrs. Christie & Ansell, in Pall Mall (the forerunners of the present King Street firm, and lasted three days (February 28th to March 2nd, 1780), and comprised three hundred and three lots, which realized very small prices, seventy-five cents and a dollar and a quarter being common figures and twenty-five dollars an unusually high one for a lot.

The following sale catalogue is still in the possession of the Christies: "A catalogue of a valuable collection of Bristol Porcelain, consisting of an extensive variety of elegant patterns in Dessert Services, Tea and Coffee Equipages, Cabaret and Caudle Cups, etc., etc., in the newest and most approved Taste. Likewise, an Assortment of Medallions of curious China Flowers accurately model'd and highly finished." The catalogue shows that tea services were the chief objects of manufacture.

Amongst the many and varied examples collected by Mr. Trapnell, the most notable are the tea services for which the Bristol pottery was justly noted. The following specimens of

sets either presented by Mr. Champion or made to order are the most celebrated:

(*a*) The famous Burke tea service (five pieces) decorated with the Burke arms, and presented by Champion to Edmund Burke on his election as M.P. for Bristol in 1774. The covers of this service have wreaths or groups of flowers in biscuit. It is hard to give justice to this beautiful historical example of Bristol porcelain; it stands by itself, unique, and has never been surpassed by any English manufacturer, so I shall quote Owen: "If the results of Champion's labours were of such excellence when he was urged by pride, he far surpassed them when he worked for love."

The most elaborately ornamented tea service was made by Champion as the joint gift of himself and wife to Mrs. Burke. Two figures, representing respectively Liberty, holding a spear surmounted by a Phrygian cap and shield bearing gorgon's head, and Plenty, with cornucopias, support a pedestal, emblazoned with the arms of Burke empaling Nugent, and is inscribed at the foot in Latin, which translated reads: "R. and J. Champion gave this as a token of friendship of J. Burke, the best of British wives, on the third day of November, 1774." The cups also bear on either side a wreath of roses from which hang the scales of Justice, crossed by a spear bearing the Phrygian cap and the flaming torch, and the hands of friendship clasping a caduceus. It has a rich border of Arabesque gold, enclosing spaces of Byzantine pattern work on a canary yellow. This was sold with the remainder of the service in 1870 for £535. The teapot sold separately in 1871 for £190 and resold by owners next day for £210 and again in 1876 for £215. At Christie's in 1907 it realized £441 and was then purchased by Mr. Trapnell for £500. A tea cup and saucer of this service sold at Christie's December 7th, 1911, for £178. There are four services, not so gorgeous in gilding as the Burk service but far more beautiful and refined, which have a similiar decoration.

(*b*) The first of these, the Burke-Smith service was given by Edmund Burke to Sarah Smith, the wife of Joseph Smith, of 19 Queen Square, Bristol, who entertained him during his election in 1774. The house has a further interest through it having been the residence of Captain Woodes Rogers, who in his privateering voyage around the world in 1708-1711, discovered Alexander Selkirk on the Island of Juan Fernandez, *vide* Robinson Crusoe. There are excellent specimens of this tea service. Each piece bears the initials "S. S." painted in bright blossoms with precision and delicacy and the arms of the Smith family beautifully emblazoned. The shape of the teapot is from a Meissen model and the painting also, and the festoons and wreaths are of

A BRISTOL VASE

laurel in green, making a good effect.

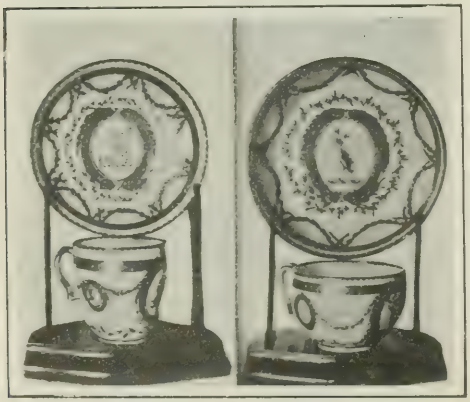
(*c*) The "R. S." (Sir Robert Smith) tea service of ten pieces which includes a Teapot with cover, of great rarity, with monogram enamelled in bright blossoms and a classic head in grisaille on a medallion on each side, also richly matted gilding very delicately wrought with a burnished pattern, the contrast of the deep green wreaths and festoons of laurel with the dead gold is charming.

(*d*) The Plummer service, a teapot cover and stand and a sucrier. These beautiful examples are part of a service made for Mr. William Plummer, M.P., a portion of which is now in the Liverpool Museum.

(*e*) The Chough service, the fourth of these similarly decorated services is a rare sucrier and cover, a teabowl, a large teacup and saucer and a chocolate-cup and saucer. These examples of this service are of fine quality, decorated with deep bands of matted gold and green laurel leaf festoons, two medallions painted with classic heads in grisaille, and a centre medallion with a crest of a Cornish figure holding an olive branch surrounded with a gilt border relieved with pink lines.

(*f*) The William Cowles service bears the monogram "W. C." twice repeated on the inside of the cup.

(*g*) A service made for Mr. Edward Brice, who advanced $5,000 to Champion, is decorated with the letter "B" painted with forget-me-nots and a circle over, in the same manner, the spaces filled in with gold. These specimens are exceedingly rare and mostly in private collections.



From the Chough Service From the Smith Service

BRISTOL CUPS AND SAUCERS

Fragments of other interesting services in the Trapnell collection are a tea pot and cover of fine quality with entwined bands of floral gold decorations, exquisitely painted with detached bouquets and looped festoons of flowers, the cover beautifully decorated with garlands of flowers; also a teacup and saucer decorated with the arms of the Bristol Carpenters Society (three compasses) on the front, festoons of flowers hanging from a rose and initials in the bottom of the cup surrounded with floral wreath, "P. A. M." made for Peter and Ann Morris; a teacup and saucer, finely painted with festoons of flowers suspended from gold rosettes. The inside of cup and bottom of saucer have the initials "J. A. C." surrounded with a green laurel border.

A teapot and cover with entwined bands of floral decorations, with detached bouquets and looped festoons of flowers; the cover decorated with garlands of flowers in raised white biscuit and initials in gold "W. I. E., 1777." And the service made for the Colston family. Of these were two exceedingly rare chocolate cups and saucers decorated with the letter "C" with a wreath over, painted in forget-me-nots, marked "X" in blue and "L" in gold. The only noted service of which Mr. Trapnell had no specimen was the one made for either Joseph Harford or Joseph Hickey, of which there are two cups in the South Kensington Museum and one in the British Museum. They bear the initials "J. H." and the date 1774.

It is the desire of every keen collector to be the happy possessor of cups and saucers from these and other good services. A well-known banker was fortunate enough to pick up a few years ago at the Gosling

THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE

Splendid Examples of Bristol Porcelain

sale in Toronto a rare cup and saucer for twenty-five dollars. The writer, like most journalists, was hard up at the time, otherwise he would have given him a run for his money. The paste and glaze of this cup and saucer are as good as anything in any collection and inferior to few in way of decoration. If offered for sale in London and not in Canada, it would probably fetch upwards of a hundred and fifty dollars.

A few words must be said here concerning the hexagonal vases made at Bristol. They are about twelve inches high, or, including the cover, sixteen inches. Some have a neck of open or perforated work. They very rarely have coloured or salmon scale grounds, but are enamelled with large trees in blue or green, with exotic birds, and occasionally a couple of large sprays of foliage in place of handles. The form of the vases and the style of the painting are good. It is not unlikely these large and sumptuous vases which are now extant were made partly as show pieces and partly for those friends who had helped to start the works. Some small but choice specimens were made for exhibition of the Committee of the Commons before which Champion's bill for the extension of Cooksworthy's patent was discussed.

There were some excellent statuettes in the Trapnell collection finely modelled and coloured. The best figures were modelled by an artist who seems to have worked for other potteries. His pieces are sometimes marked "To," probably a contraction for his name, Tebo. The set of beautiful female figures, emblematic of the four quarters of the globe, on scroll plinths, is admirable in every way and is an interesting set. These were made originally in the Plymouth factory. Europe is represented as a female holding a book in her right hand and a palette in her left hand, at her side a horse lying down and war trophies. Asia represented as a female with a diadem on her head, a spice vase in her hands and a camel at her side. Africa, represented as a negress wearing a headgear of feathers, in her hand a spear and a crocodile and lion at her side. America, represented as a huntress wearing a coronal of feathers, drawing an arrow from a quiver with her right

hand and in her left hand a bow and below a prairie cat. The average height of this singularly fine and rare series is thirteen and a half inches. The four Elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, are finely modelled and decorated and marked "To."

The four seasons exist in two sets, called by Owen, rustic and classic. They are most beautifully decorated, and one set in the collection is in white. There are many other figures, some fairly common, others extremely rare. The finest of all is the group of "Three Virgins with Torches" standing on a shaped base leaning against a column surmounted with an urn, fluted at base and top with goats' heads on either side draped, the whole covered with ornamentation, and the base draped with festoons of green leaves.

A speciality of Champion's work was the production of plaques, generally oval in shape of biscuit or unglazed porcelain. Some of these have portraits modelled in relief, others have heraldic devices and many are decorated with flower subjects. The modelling of these plaques is of the most delicate description showing a lightness of touch that must be seen to be appreciated.

The peculiarities of Bristol china are in the first place its paste, which is the only true hard paste porcelain ever made in England. In composition it differs from the so-called "artificial" porcelain of Chelsea, Bow, or Worcester, and its body and glaze come nearest to the composition of real Oriental china. It is harder and whiter than any other English porcelain. Another point is this; the pieces are frequently marked with spiral ridges or unevenness, due to the throwers imperfect skill. The glaze generally exhibits inequalities of surface and minute pittings or air holes.

In decoration, wreaths of bay leaves entwined with festoons in gold another group of flowers. In shape it is often out of proper form; that is to say, not quite symmetrical or quite perpendicular. The majority of Bristol pieces follow the decorations and forms of Meissen China, then one should notice the gold on the rims; this was nearly always scalloped. Under dishes and plates will often be found a ring or wavy ridge. Owen says "The peculiar glaze of the Bristol ware is rich and creamy as compared with the cold and glassy surface of the Meissen, and though marked as such cannot be mistaken for it." At the same time the Bristol has a peculiar style of ornamentation, rich though sober, brilliant though chaste, so characteristic that it can never be attributed to any other English factory. A large number of pieces however are decorated with quaint figures after the Chinese style.

The marks on the early "Lowris china house" is the word BRISTOLL or BRISTOL, in slight relief. This is rare. Upon one or two specimens in the Trapnell collection the Plymouth mark (the Alchemic symbol for tin) is found in combination with the Bristol mark. The impressed mark "To" stands for Tebo (exceedingly rare) which is impressed on some figures in the collection. The usual Bristol marks are across rectangles, the capital letter "B", and the crossed swords, either used alone or in combination, and these marks are not infrequently accompanied by a number, and in rare cases by a date. Several of these marks are so rare that Mr. Amor (the purchaser of the collection) allowed connoisseurs to examine them, for they have not yet been published in china books, and they are known to occur only in specimens in this collection. For instance, three crossed swords and the figure 1 is extremely rare.

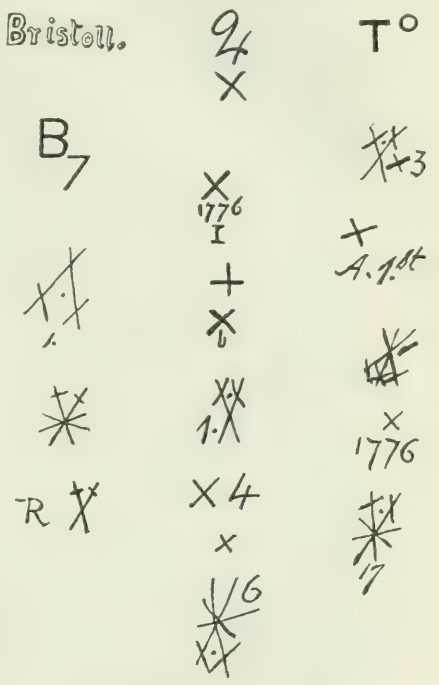
Henry Bone, the famous enameller and miniature painter, was Champion's first apprentice. He it was who decorated the large vases. His mark was probably figure 1, while the second apprentice, W. Stephens, a

painter of flowers and festoons, is known to have signed his work with the figure 2. Thomas Briant, of Derby, is supposed to have modelled the fine biscuit flowers and plaques. Naturally a good deal has to be granted in the identification of some mark on pottery, but experts usually know by the workmanship, even without the marks, where certain pieces were made.

The manufacture of real hard paste porcelain after the Chinese methods may be said to have begun and practically ended with the Plymouth and Bristol works. For the Staffordshire Company (Newhall) that bought Champion's patents seem to have made very little or no porcelain on the Bristol lines, but rather used their privileges in trading the materials.

Though the pitcher that goes to the sparkling rill
Too oft gets broken at last,
There are scores of others it's place to fill
When its earth to the earth is cast;
Keep that pitcher at home, let it never roam,
But lie like a useless clod,
Yet sooner or later the hour will come
When its chips are thrown to the sod.
It is wise, then, say, in waning day,
When the vessel is crack'd and old,
To cherish the battered potter's clay,
As though it were virgin gold?
Take care of yourself, dull, borish elf,
Though prudent and safe you seem,
Your pitcher will break on the musty shelf,
And mine by the dazzling stream.

—A. Lindsay Gordon.



Marks on Bristol Porcelain

THE HOMESTEADER

By LUCY BETTY McRAYE

HIS racing heart the racing wind outstrips,
From the unlovely street he drives alone,
The keen cold films his eyes and chills his lips,
On the dull, brutish men he turns his back,
The sad-eyed women, each unpainted shack,
The raucous music of the gramaphone.

He drives from town, wrapped in his bearskin robe,
Casting a violet shadow as he goes,
Westward to where the sun, a scarlet globe,
Hangs like a jewel in the flaming sky,
Ruby and amber when the short days die,
Over the flat, interminable snows.

The whipping wind lashes across the plains,
And scuds upon the ridges of the snow;
Benumbed, his fingers slacken on the reins,
In apathy he hears above the gale,
The runners purr along the snow-packed trail,
The bells' unending wrangle, harsh and low.

Across the level miles his heart beholds,
Where the mild rains and dews of England are,
Across the country where the reds and golds
Of maples burn, across the living sea,
Above the leaves of some star-silvered tree
A shy white crescent, cradling a star.

The dull red dusk over the roofs at dark,
The sweet warmth of the shining city street,
The lamps between the railings of the park,
A little May tree, green and rosy boughed,
The footsteps and the faces of the crowd,
In the great town, when spring and summer meet.

The shrieking buffet of the wind dispels,
The airy mirage of his waking dream;
He rouses to the jangle of the bells;
The sunset fire is dead upon the hearth
Of the illimitable and trackless path,
Darkening the outline of his straining team.

The dark dissolves, ripped by the tireless wind,
Pierced by the penetrating stars of steel.
The shadow of his shack is faintly lined
By the cold radiance of an unseen moon
In the chill circle of the snows; and soon
The world grows whiter, ghostly and unreal.

His spirit beats the bounds of wind-blown space,
As some poor exile beats his prison bars.
He sits a moment, with uplifted face,
Watching the pure and pallid moon arise,
On a bleak earth, cupped by the bleaker skies,
And God, so far, behind the grim, bright stars.

LADY MARY SULLIVAN

From the Painting by George Romney. Exhibited by the Montreal Art Association.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE GOPHER LIMITED

BY CHARLES STOKES

IN the company's yellow time folder it is effectually disguised as Number 915, so that transcontinental travellers, running their fingers down the column which indicates the day they are due to arrive (the day, mark you, not the mere hour) very easily overlook the inch and a half of condensed type its itinerary occupies, at the edge of the page. But we who use it in our more circumscribed journeyings have bestowed upon it the playful nickname of the "Gopher Limited," just as we have christened No. 886, which comes from the south, the "Blueberry Special."

Mariposa is not the only small town reached by a local. The Gopher Limited is a local, the objective of which is west of Mariposa by over two thousand miles; but there the comparison ends. The Mariposa Local, you will remember, runs from the big city to a small though famous town; the Gopher Limited runs between two cities on a transcontinental line, over which rattle no less than four transcontinental specials each way every day, so that its patrons are not accustomed to the physical sensations attendant on contact with real trains. They are familiar with the sight of observation cars—most familiar with the sight of observation cars receding rapidly in the distance, as the real limited crashes through the little wooden station without stopping—with glimpses caught of white-capped cooks peering out of kitchen windows, and with the semi-mysterious sleepers behind.

The Mariposa Local, again, takes you away, when you were blasé and dyspeptic, to the boyhood home which you had forgotten until you saw it through the haze of romance superinduced by a rebellion against city cooking; the Gopher Limited takes you into no one's boyhood home, because the points it serves had no tender boyhood, any more than a "newsy" can be said to have ever been young, but jumped precociously into the game of life. Their children will have no opportunity for indulging in fatted-calf reminiscences as the train carries them through the gathering dusk to the scenes of their innocent childhood for ten-twenty years more. Finally, the Mariposa Local runs through the woods and meadows of domesticated Ontario, the Gopher Limited, across the Western prairie.

The Gopher Limited's daily journey covers 180-odd miles—at one end a big, handsome city, like a young wife wearing out her bridal dress (in the shape of buildings) as an everyday frock; at the other, a smaller sister, more awkward, more audacious, more vociferous, which, to continue the simile, is the flapper of the family. Between them are some score tiny tots (that is, towns and villages) from one to five years in age. The Gopher Limited starts from one end at a quarter to five in the afternoon, and returns from the other at six-thirty in the early morning. At every point at which it stops (and it stops at every point spurned by the transcontinental, and on switches) it is

known as the 9.15 Local, or the 11.26 Local, or so on, as though that were the only important point. It is usually very punctual. It is a straight passenger train—herein lies its superiority over the Mariposa Local, which you will recollect is a "mixed"—and consists of two coaches and a baggage-car. The smoking-car is invariably crowded, and the other half-empty; from which you can deduce the fact that its patrons are mostly men. Sometimes they are drummers, occasionally they are store-keepers in the small towns, but most frequently they are farmers or farmers' hired men. Hence, perhaps, "Gopher Limited."

The Gopher Limited makes no great to-do when it leaves its point of origin—no clanging of bells, no shouting, no springing aboard of darkey porters who stand on the steps and hold by the rails till the train rounds the curve out of sight. Its passengers bring in no huge collection of impedimenta, grips bearing the hotel labels of two continents. No worried trainman is besieged by applications to find Lower Five or Upper Eight. It slinks away quietly, like a young man who kisses his sweetheart good-night at the back gate, in the gloaming.

But be sure it receives its due later. With its first stop, its greatness begins. I would not have you assume, for one instant, that a railway journey by the Gopher Limited is any remarkable event, to be handed down as a tradition to the next generation; our people, to start with, made a very long journey to get here, in some instances a long one following upon an ocean voyage, and the Gopher Limited inspires not awe in their breasts. Sometimes, they use it to go to the city for a night at the theatre, which everyone knows is the *ne plus ultra* of casualness. But they turn out in force to meet it, nevertheless.

During the afternoon, beginning approximately two hours before the train is scheduled to start from the city, the despatcher at the station receives a series of telephone calls: "Local on time, Steve?" The inquirers have no personal interest whatsoever in the punctuality or tardiness of the local, but they like to know. Should there be a stranger staying at the hotel, it puts one on an equality with him, as he sits in the midst of his grips in the lounge, to be able to observe, "Local's on time, I see."

About forty minutes before the train is due, the townspeople drift down the wooden sidewalk to the station. Bill, the baggage-man, and one of two of his cronies, engage in a game of hit-and-catch along the track; sometimes the ball falls on the station roof, causing much amusement to the others, who sit along the platform edge. Bob, the hotel "porter," staggers up under the weight of the solitary traveller's suit-case. Then there is a flash of a scarlet coat and the jangle of spurs, as the one mounted policeman joins the throng. Four or five buggies come jolting along, and hitch upon against the platform. One of the hotel waitresses, who is alleged to be on terms of intimacy with the day-despatcher (if it is possible for a hotel-waitress to be on any but frigid terms with anyone!) reads the tattered notices and ocean sailings in the waiting-room. In effect, and by types, the whole town is there.

The hands of the clock creep along. Will the Local be on time? The despatcher said so—the bulletin board's chalked surface says so; but there is no sign of it yet, and it has only five minutes left. Then, afar off, one hears the hoot of a siren. A thrill goes through everyone. The boys quit their baseball, and Bill trundles his truck up opposite to where he anticipates the baggage-car will stand; the hotel waitress comes out of the waiting-room; the mounted policeman comes out of his dignity; the folks who have driven in come out of their buggies; the one traveller comes out of the bar; the miscellanea

climb up off the platform. With its bell ringing, with its bell clanging, with the three trainmen on the steps, with its baggage-car door open, the Local comes up on time! Immediately ensues a scene of remarkable activity. No less than four passengers disembark, and are at once accosted by Bob. "Majestic Hotel?" The conductor runs up for his orders. The baggagemen on the train and on the platform exchange parcels, badinage, and O.C.S. mail. The one outgoing passenger climbs aboard, and disappears into the interior. The smoking-car windows are all open, and out of them lean shirt-sleeved men who, recognizing acquaintances on the platform, hail them with geniality. To the station agent, the newsman on the train delivers a package of city newspapers. For about four minutes, the platform is the centre of bustle and laughter. Then, "All aboard!" cries the conductor; the bell clangs again; the agile trainmen leap to the steps; the engine-wheels skid round, and the Local moves slowly out.

The ticket office closes for the day. The baggageman goes off to supper. Three of the newcomers go off to the "Majestic Hotel." The fourth whirls away in a buggy, and in ten minutes the station is deserted.

At one of its stops the train stays for twenty minutes for supper—fifty cents a ticket, you know, at the counter, with a menu long enough to frighten Lucullus, and only one girl to attend upon a clamouring score. If you doubt my assertion that hotel waitresses delight in keeping the hotel's customers at arm's length, just attempt a pleasantry with one of them under circumstances such as these. The only person she recognizes as a personality possessing other attributes than human stuffing machines is the conductor. It is a fortunate habit of the conductor to eat his supper here, because you can watch him; so long as he sits, you can't miss the train; but directly he rises, it is safer for you to rise, too. This is an advantage not enjoyed by the more frugal people who go to the Chinese lunch-counter on the opposite side of Main Street, and who frequently get left behind in consequence. The conductor, by the way, knows the Christian names and callings of all his passengers; so does the fat newsman, whose beat I should imagine is very unremunerative, because the "roughnecks" who travel by the Gopher Limited have no earthly use for chewing-gum, bananas, or fifteen-cent magazines.

On we go after supper, and twilight steals across the prairie. The setting sun leaves a rusty-red flush upon everything. The sky turns to a deep and then deeper blue; the thousand shades of green which make the prairie so wonderful to look upon in daytime merge into one. Lights begin to twinkle in the houses we pass, and the far prairie horizon grows dimmer. Overhead, in the car, the big lamp is lighted. The atmosphere is very still and very clear. You can belittle the prairies as much as you like, as being flat, unromantic, and unpicturesque; but to me, at any rate, and I think to all who have lived upon them in the summer, they have their peculiar fascination.

"The magnetic pole is nearest, in Alberta,
The skies are ever clearest, in Alberta,
But if you come this way, mark well what
I do say,
You are surely come to stay, in Alberta."

At every stop, our passenger list diminishes, until the smoking-car contains only half a dozen. At length comes our own station; and, Heavens, it has commenced to rain! But George is waiting there with the buggy and team. We greet him heartily, likewise our fellow townspeople whom we left in the dew of the morning of the day before, and who occupy the platform, wet or fine. We hand George our grip and the parcels and the newspaper and the new parts for the machinery which broke down.

"Local's on time, I see," says George.

"Yes," we say. "How's everything?"

"Oh, fine," says George. "Bud was over this morning. He says he'll be cutting next week. No mistake about it this time."

Bud has been going to cut "next week" for nearly a month, but still he announces it daily, as a novel item, and it still causes the sensation he intends. One gets used to that kind of way, in the country.

"Guess we'll go straight home?" says George, as we squeeze ourselves into the slicker he has brought, and draw the buffalo robe over our knees to keep the rain out. But it is always understood that he waits until the Local has gone. It is already on the move; it has but a short distance yet to-night before it finishes, and the conductor has no more tickets to collect. He cries to us "Good-night" from the steps of the rear coach, and we cry back a "Good-night" before we start the team.

Romance, indeed, brought up the Nine-fifteen. Might not even Romance sometimes bring up the Gopher Limited?

THE VOICE OF THE FALLEN

By WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

WHEN nations turn in wrath from studied lies,
And meet in that last argument of thrones,
Where sounds War's horrid voice in thunder tones
As bursts the shell death-dealing as it dies,
Where on a trampled hill Grim Battle plies
His ghastly trade in slaughtered men and brutes,
As some mad charge, half won, a chance transmutes
To awful fate told in those lifeless eyes,
There, prone on War's red fields, when ends the day,
Each over each lie those of either host.
And Death, exulting, hears one body say
To its dead foe, "Ah, we may bootless boast,
My lips of clay against your cold dead ear,
Your lord and mine fell out, and we are here."

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

KING STREET! How very different from what I remember as a youngster. Then it was the most fashionable of parades, up and down, from near Church Street to York Street. In winter, there were snowy pavements, ice-crackling roads, sleighs with high backs and coachmen's seats, most comfortable brand of vehicles, with their huge soft robes. Bearskin, black and brown, were considered the finest, with bright linings of blue and red, and narrow edges showing all round—generously patterned with pierced holes or pleated. These were used both inside and out, and with fur foot muffs or hot water tins fitted to the floor of the sleigh, then covered with a robe, nothing could be warmer or a more delightful method of getting the air, even at its coldest.

The military men, of course, had the smartest turnouts, and many a four-in-hand and tandem, driven by a first-rate whip, swept along King Street. Sometimes, from the middle of the street, a tandem leader would suddenly insist on trying to get round a lamp-post. I remember hearing that Captain (afterwards General) Moorsom, an excellent horseman, was seen driving a spirited tandem on King Street, he smoking a big cigar, with liveried groom up at the back. when something frightened the horses and away they ran, tearing down the street, and scattering everything in their path. Captain Moorsom calmly held the ribbons, as he best could, the groom clinging on for dear life, and when at last they pulled up far away he was still smoking his cigar! Also I can now think that it was a sight not to be forgotten to see Colonel Jengus, of the 13th Hussars, the *beau ideal* of a commanding officer, in splendid fur coat and cap, his great moustache curled up ferociously, on the box seat of the regimental four-in-hand, driving the four high-spirited horses, with rosettes of the regimental colours above each ear, silver bells ringing out, beautiful robes, and the Colonel handling his long-lashed whip with consummate ease, as he drove down King Street, to the admiration of all beholders. His wife was a superb horsewoman and could manage the roughest troopers with her tight hand and perfect seat.

The old St. Lawrence Hall, above the Market, was a great place for concerts, and though I cannot remember being there myself, I used often to hear of the different entertainments in which my mother, with her glorious voice, and many other ladies and gentlemen were associated. I have an old book-programme, printed and bound in black and gold, of a great concert given in aid of an "Industrial Farm," always a favourite idea of my mother's, and much the same as is only now being gradually accomplished by the Honourable Mr. Hanna.

Three hundred pounds was the sum realized by the concert, but the "Farm," having fallen through, the money was put away at interest, and while my father was in Government

House, it having by that time grown to a considerable sum, my mother, by permission, had it given to the Home for Incurables, and had an illuminated address of thanks presented to her, which now hangs below her portrait in the hospital. It became the nucleus of the building fund of that institution, and gave the board just the impetus wanted to further the splendid scheme of helping those unable to help themselves.

St. James's Cathedral, just opposite, was the great meeting-place on Sundays of Toronto's citizens, and it is associated with my earliest recollections. As a small child I stayed much with a very dear aunt, Mrs. James Strachan, my father's sister. She was married to Captain Strachan, eldest son of the Right Reverend John Strachan, the famous first Bishop of Toronto Diocese. Many of the pews of those days were square in shape, and the Bishop's own pew, in the east aisle, was heavily curtained with red damask on brass rods hung above the height of any person standing within the shut door. My aunt was a striking figure (I can see her now), in flounced silk dress, and the beautiful shawl, which she wore with such a wonderful grace, even in the days when "wearing the shawl" was taught as one of the attributes of gentle bearing; tall feathered bonnet, from which fell the lovely dark curls of wavy brown hair, fringed parasol, short gloves on braceleted wrists, and carrying the gilt-edged and gilt-cornered prayed-book so much used then. Thus she used to walk to the afternoon service, and I with her. We used to go into my grandfather's square pew, where I was relegated to a hassock, leaning back against the cushioned seat, the seats themselves being, I suppose, much too high for me. A great gallery ran round St. James's Cathedral on both sides, meeting at the choir, with its big organ, at the south end. The Bishop, always appearing to me like an old old man, occupied the special canopied pulpit-like seat arranged for him on the east side of the choir; and always, in the complete hush which followed the closing prayers, could be heard the quivering tones, in broad Scotch accent, of the famous divine as he invoked a blessing on the kneeling congregation. The pulpit was tremendously high, with a winding staircase, and after the ceremony of carrying up the great books and placing them within, on the crimson cushioned ledge, the Reverend Mr. Grasett, first Rector of St. James's, used to come out with flowing black gown, and narrow white bands, to hurl denunciatory truths from a black-covered manuscript, probably much longer than would be tolerated nowadays.

I can recall the Christmas decorations as being most primitive. In the top of each tall end to each pew was stuck an evergreen twig! And, on entering, the great number of twigs gave the appearance of a small wood. Hundreds of persons interchanged greetings after the service, and the streets were thronged with vehicles, though many walked miles to church then.

As to shops. "The Mammoth" was a huge clothing establishment below the Cathedral (I met, by accident, one of Mr. Thompson's sons last year, returning to Toronto, after thirty years spent in England); Mr. Scott had a well-known shop near Church Street, and farther west Merrick's and Arthur's held sway for the fashionables. At the great crossing of King and Yonge Streets was Bettey & Kay's, with its beautiful counters and small windows. Across the street was a curious, dark, square shop, kept by Mr. Dow, a dour Scotsman with pale, silent aspect, and never anything but grumpy words for his patrons. Mr. Staunton, a fine old gentleman, had the great wallpaper shop of Toronto, on the northwest side, a large place with two entrances, and indeed two businesses; for in charge of Miss Staunton there was a large counter and glass case given

up to wools, silks, fancy-work and embroidery patterns of every kind.

Farther west was Coleman's, the rival confectioner to Webb, who had an excellent ice cream and luncheon "parlour" in later days, but the early shop was small and one-sided, with some rather dingy-looking cakes, and funny little pastry mice with black currants for eyes. Hooper was the great chemist near Bay Street, and he sold also glass decanters, etc., always for forty years of precisely the same pattern. Mr. Nordheimer's establishment was, of course, in King Street, and he reminded my mother one evening at a large supper he gave for Madame Christine Nilsson, that she (as Miss Hagerman) had given him his first large order for music. The undertaking had been a venture, so much music having to be copied in those days, but she and her beautiful singing were so well known that it really established the business in this part of Canada.

My father was one of a number of gentlemen who undertook to get subscriptions towards building the first big hotel here, and I have some interesting lists of names of those who subscribed, with the amounts given, for the *Rossin House.* I just remember Mr. Rossin one day coming to *Sleepy Hollow* with a handsome presentation, a set of ornaments for my mother "Herself" of gold and mosaic, studded with coral, the long black case containing two brooches, bracelet, and ear-rings, which I still have; also a splendid bronze statue of "Night Holding a Torch," given in recognition of my father's services. Afterwards it reposed at the head of the staircase in Government House, with a gas jet on the torch, held aloft. Now it is in my brother's (Sir John Beverley Robinson's) home in New York.

Bansley's shop for toys was our one and only of that kind; and in King Street was Mrs. Swan, who had a charming shop for ladies and babies, and upstairs dwelt Mrs. Lyon, then a well-known dressmaker.

Upper Canada College is, of course, well remembered by thousands; all one's brothers, cousins, friends of the second generation went there. My father and his brothers were educated there. The prize days were great occasions for the young folk, and in the old Hall many of our present-day well-known judges, barristers and doctors were watched by mischievous eyes when, very shy as many were, they went through their recitations or received handsomely-bound books, with the well-known crest on the cover. One memorable day, we awaited with great interest the appearance of a pupil who was down on the programme for Marc Antony's famous oration. He was a young brother of a present Justice of the Supreme Court, and well known for his somewhat conceited opinion of his own superiority, a thing which fellow youngsters never forget or forgive! After a little delay he appeared from the crowd of pupils at a side door, walked to the platform, threw his arm out in what was supposed to be the correct attitude, and began! Before he well got through the opening salutation, "Friends, Romans, countrymen," he faltered, let his arm fall in an instant's breathless pause, turned—sprang from the low platform, and vanished amongst the crowd in the doorway! No doubt he was well jeered at! I heard afterwards that he exclaimed, as he made his way to the staircase, "If only that girl hadn't been at the front!" —meaning myself, with whom he often had wordy warfare. I wonder if the circumstance has stayed in his memory as in mine? I shall never forget his look of despair as his memory failed to recall the lines.

My father went every year when at Government House to the prize-giving at the college, and loved it; and his last visit to the old Upper Canada College was when my mother presented to the college a portrait of him, which hangs in the hall of the

present building, which is soon, alas, to be moved from the city with which it has been associated for so many generations. The many portraits of the bygone Principals always bring so many recollections to those whose relatives have been pupils.

Opposite the college there stood always the Government House of my earliest memory. I can just recollect once seeing Sir Edmund Head. I was invited to go down to Government House to play with the youngest daughter, Miss Anabel Head, and I have a distinct recollection of being taken by my nurse (Fannie), in at the big hall door, thence, I presume by some mistake, into the Lieutenant-Governor's office, where a gentleman stood in the military dress of the day—long coat with frogs, gold lace, and peaked, gold-laced cap. I thought, looking from my diminutive height, he was several yards away up! A few kind words were spoken to the shy child, then a bell was rung (not an electric button!) with a long bell-rope, such as was always in use then, and we were ushered by a footman into the long hall and up the broad staircase (much as it was in the Government House of my father's time) and to, no doubt, a happy day of play. The son of the house was alive then, and he had, to us children, a dreadful fad of having snakes in his room. The snakes were kept in a long box on a bureau, with holes covered with glass, through which we gazed in terror at them. Boy-like, he found our fright very amusing; so one day, with a couple of snakes in his hands, he chased us round the halls upstairs, and to the broad landing of the staircase, on and under the big sofa always there. Amidst shrieks and yells we got into a room and banged the door, to perceive in another moment that we were not rid of our tormentor, for through the empty key-hole (large as they were in those days), was protruded slowly the hideous head and body of his pet. I imagine our cries must have brought orders from Lady Head to stop the teasing, for we certainly were terrified.

Anabel rode a pretty pony, to my great admiration. I remember seeing her and her sister (Miss Head was a most accomplished horse-woman) riding in the Park on "Band Days," on which occasions all the fashionables assembled.

NORMAN ANGELL: APOSTLE OF PEACE

BY MAIN JOHNSON

AN English journalist at Paris, in 1909, when only thirty-five years of age and comparatively obscure, one whose name was not known to any extent outside his own circle of friends and business acquaintances, wrote a phamphlet on a subject in which he was particularly interested. This is by no means an unusual thing to do; some Canadian writers are doing the same thing; witness J. S. Ewart and his "Kingdom Papers," and J. C. Walsh with his "Moccasin Prints." This booklet in point, however, was rather too long, for it contained nearly 150 pages. To make the authorship still more obscure, the journalist adopted a pseudonym and sent out his work as the product of an entirely unknown author. He secured a list of the book critics of all the European dailies and sent each one a copy of his pamphlet for review purposes.

Enthusiastic readers of this article will doubtless expect the triumphant announcement in the next sentence that this pamphlet made its obscure writer famous over-night and that before a week passed his name was emblazoned on all the electric signs and in all the newspaper headings (such as they are) in Europe. To tell the simple truth, however, not a single paper published a word of comment, favourable or unfavourable. The work was ignored as completely as if it had never been written. Either it had been thrown into the waste-paper basket or had been treated just as effectively—placed in the pigeonholes of the reviewer's old-fashioned desks.

For six weeks, hoping against hope, the author scanned, at first eagerly and then more and more listlessly, the book columns of his exchanges, but never a mention of his pamphlet did he see. Then one morning he was startled to find in his personal mail, addressed to his assumed name, a letter from the King of Italy! It was a short note, complimenting him on his booklet,

At the time he had sent out the press copies, he also had had the audacity to mail a sample to each crowned head of Europe and to the leading statesmen in each country. He had almost forgotten by this time that he had done so; the silence of the press, he felt, revealed the absolute lack of interest. And now the King of Italy had read his work, and had liked it!

Two days later he received a similar letter from the Prince Consort of Sweden. The next afternoon a third congratulation came from Viscount Esher, famous as the confidential friend of Queen Victoria and one of the notable members of the English nobility. The author's most insistent thought was not self praise, but a query, "What about the reviewers?" He wrote again to each

critic, reminded him of the despatch of the pamphlet, and courteously suggested that the booklet either was poor and therefore to be censured, or it was exceedingly important.

Before these letters had time to reach their destinations, King Edward made an incidental reference to the booklet on a public occasion, and the French papers of the same date, in their account of the proceedings in the Chambre des Deputies, told of a reference to the pamphlet made in the debate.

The writer was "Norman Angell," whose real name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, and who until recently was manager of the Paris edition of *The London Daily Mail.* The booklet was "Europe's Optical Illusion." Its chief aim was to point out the economic futility of war. It did not emphasize the sentimental or moral objections; what it did set out to prove was that war did not pay. In its enlarged form, and under the revised title of "The Great Illusion," this book, first written only four years ago, has become a world classic, with ten English editions, ten American editions, six Canadian editions, and translations into eighteen different languages. Ten thousand copies of the book were sold in Germany in one week. The press of the world, secular, religious, literary, military and humorous have given it hundreds and hundreds of columns of comment.

Ten years ago Norman Angell, who was then plain Ralph Lane, wrote another book on the same subject, called, "Patriotism Under Three Flags." The author himself to-day considers this previous work better written in many respects than "The Great Illusion." It was a complete failure, however, as far as attracting attention was concerned, and the sales were very small. If reprinted now, it would have a widespread circulation, owing to the reputation of its author, but, according to Mr. Angell, its republication is unlikely. "Patriotism Under Three Flags" approached the subject of war from an angle different from that used in the second work. The emphasis there was laid on the moral rather than on the economic aspect.

When Norman Angell was in Toronto last summer, several people, including some University of Toronto graduates, spoke to him about the possibility of forming clubs in Canada to discuss the principles enunciated in "The Great Illusion," and to study international relations. Definite steps were taken along this line during the autumn and winter season, and one of the results is the International Polity Club of the University of Toronto, which is likely to be followed by similar organizations in other Canadian universities. This movement is an extension of a club system which already is widespread in Great Britain, and which is making headway not only in Anglo-Saxon countries but in "foreign" lands as well.

The story of this development is of interest. Norman Angell, in 1911, was invited by the Cambridge Union to debate with the President of the Navy League. Even at that time, two years after the publication of his book, he had not won the distinguished reputation he bears to-day. He had never appeared on the public platform nor in public debate. It was with a decided feeling of nervousness, therefore, that he accepted the invitation to try conclusions with such an influential figure as the President of the Navy League, a man who, a week before, at the Oxford Union, had won a brilliant victory in a similar encounter.

"Resolved, that the only effective means of securing the national safety is the two-to-one standard for the navy," was the subject arranged. The militarist was to take the affirmative, the young journalist the negative. The night of the debate brought out a large attendance of Cambridge men, for a "whole raft of admirals"

had come to the University to lend colour and dignity to the proceedings and to give moral support to their speaker. The navy advocate spoke for an hour and a half, and was the embodiment of eloquence and emotion. A storm of applause greeted him at the conclusion of his speech.

There is nothing pompous about Angell, nothing of the spectacular or the exaggerated. He speaks in a conversational manner, embellished with no rhetoric. On this occasion, his maiden speech, he talked for ten minutes, using a synopsis of arguments from "The Great Illusion." By a majority of twenty, when the vote came, he was declared victor over the President of the Navy League, admirals and all. The next morning the metropolitan papers gave considerable space to the debate, and Angell's reputation was firmly established. It became still more secure when a speech made by him was hailed with enthusiasm by the Institute of Bankers of Great Britain.

A society was established to spread his views. Prominent in the organization work were Viscount Esher, who, as a permanent member of The Committee of Imperial Defence, had been identified up to this time with militarism, the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, and Sir Richard Garton. In connection with this Foundation clubs of various names have been established. In Cambridge, for example, there is the War and Peace Society, whose objects are slated as follows:

To gather and distribute information with regard to the economic futility of armed aggression.

To consider the problem of defence.

To consider means of settling international disputes without war.

To discourage the use of misleading terminology in the discussion of international relations.

The list of Honourary members begins with the names "Norman Angell" and Viscount Esher.

In Glasgow under the presidency of the Lord Provost is the Glasgow International Polity Club. In Manchester, members of the Chamber of Commerce, co-operating with the Lord Mayor, formed the "Norman Angell League of Manchester." The general committee includes the names of many of the best known men in the English city. "The methods of the League," says the prospectus, "will be the equipment of lecturers to attend public meetings and debates, the arranging of courses of lectures, the awarding of prizes for essays, the encouragement generally of the widest possible consideration among all classes of the facts concerning international relations, and other means that will assist in forming public opinion in this and other countries? A subscription list is given, showing that three men in Manchester have promised $250 a year for five years, one man $125, two $100, three $50, and a large number have pledged smaller subscriptions.

The parent body, the Garton Foundation, which is supported by an endowment, issues a great quantity of literature. One of its little booklets is entitled, "The Case for War as stated by its apologists." Twenty-seven arguments for war are given, and are supported by quotations from modern standard works. These are answered not in the ordinary manner by dogmatic statements, but by suggestive questions. The method is remarkably effective. We can here give only one example:

Argument: That military efficiency is an expression of general national efficiency.

Authorities: National power is surely a legitimate factor in international settlements, for it is the outcome of national efficiency, and efficiency is entitled to assert its fair position and chance of exercise in world matters.—Mahan, "Armaments and Arbitrations," Page 84.

"Military efficiency is not a quality that stands alone or can be considered by itself; military efficiency is

but a symptom of national efficiency, —the decay of one quality merely symptomizes the decay of others—hence the warlike nation does inherit the earth."—A Rifleman, "Struggle for Bread," Page 179.

Questions:

"Give a list of the warlike nations of the earth, that is to say, the nations whose populations have fought much (in the New World as well as in the Old), and a list of those nations which during the last generation or so have fought little; then indicate why you regard the first list as expanding and rising nations and the second list as dying or decaying."

The real power behind the Garton Foundation, the International Polity Clubs and the whole anti-militarist movement in its most positive and common-sense form, based not only on sentiment but on facts, is Norman Angell himself, still a young man and one who lacks the outward dignity and weight of an imposing physical appearance.

A remarkable person, as you will admit. How to account for him? If you knew him personally, you would recognise even more fully that he does differ essentially from the majority of Englishmen. There is a clarion note of individuality in the man and his work. The reason? Will it not be found, partly at any rate, in these facts? He was born in England, was educated in France, and had newspaper experience in the Western United States. What better combination could a man possibly have, unless it would be to finish off by getting a flavour of Canadian civilization? Even as it is, however, the union of English, French and American influences has been very happy. As an Englishman, Norman Angell realizes the importance of the problem of defence and is endowned with that stability which characterizes the English race; as an American he has energy and vitality and "push"; as a Frenchman he has delicacy and keenness of perception and a method of logical thinking which is abundantly evident in his writings and in his speeches.

Would you like to know Norman Angell still better, by hearing what he thinks about subjects apart from his own speciality? A personal interview brought out the following side-lights.

Norman Angell is a critic of a type of public speaking rather in vogue in Canada and The United States. "Some men," he said, "apparently cannot talk about even exclusively business subjects without adopting rhetorical flourishes, using their throats in an artificial manner, and plunging into an interminable series of lofty perorations."

Norman Angell cannot understand why women do not realize the effectiveness of simplicity in dress. Women's clothes are a great source of controversy nowadays. The author of "The Great Illusion" asked with a smile, "Why do they go in so much for complexity?"

Norman Angell is not an admirer of "Blue Laws." "Legislation of an excessively restrictive kind only marks a moral cowardice," is his opinion.

Angell has promised to return to Canada this year. In the meantime he has been introduced to Canadians, and his views on international relations expressed in his book have been supplemented by addresses delivered in several clubs and through the press to the general public. Whether men agree with him or not, they have had some of their views on war and peace shaken to the foundations.

"Napoleon," writes an admirer, "made the world tremble; Norman Angell has done even more, he has made the world think."

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE PREMIER

A SKETCH OF THE HONOURABLE GEORGE HALSEY PERLEY, MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO IN THE BORDEN CABINET

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

SOME men go into politics to make money; others to make a career. George Halsey Perley is in it because he saw work to be done, and he did it. Though merely "Minister without portfolio," he is one of the hardest-worked men in the Cabinet. Yet he does not get a cent for it. But then, fortunately, he does not need it.

This unassuming but powerful man has had an astonishing life. "Born with a silver spoon in his mouth," he has never allowed good fortune to hamper him. He has always been a worker; and his quickness of perception has enabled him to accomplish at a comparatively early age success in two spheres of activity in a degree which is given to few even among earth's favoured. He found a fortune awaiting him. He built his father's businesses bigger yet; and then he launched out and set new industries on the high road to prosperity. His success in the world of manufacturing and commerce being unchallenged, he turned aside at his party's call into the paths of politics; and to-day he is recognized as a master spirit among those who sit about the throne.

Mr. Perley's prominence in the conduct of the Government, which is sometimes the subject of kindly jest in the press of the country, is no matter of accident. On the day when the members of the new Cabinet took the oath of office, Mr. Borden took care that his former chief whip should be sworn in immediately after himself. This course gave the Minister without portfolio precedence of every member of the Cabinet, except the Prime Minister and the Honourable George E. Foster, who held rank from his entrance into the Privy Council in 1885. Thus, in the absence of Mr. Borden, unless Mr. Foster is at home, Mr. Perley takes priority as acting-Premier and is the head of the Administration for the time being.

To some men such distinction would be fatal, either by way of collapse or inflation. But Mr. Borden knew the man in whom he was placing his trust. The last two summers, during the absence of the First Minister, the member for Argenteuil presided over the destinies of the Dominion and made a name for himself as an administrator. At times he added to the labours of the Prime Minister the headship of four or five other departments, and he evinced a capacity for work which kept the secretaries and higher officials much busier than they cared for in the parliamentary recess. Unworried, unhurried, unresting, he kept the machinery of the Government moving smoothly, and saw that

there was no blockade in the large functions which our system throws upon the political chiefs of the departments. And for all this he drew no more from the public exchequer than if he were a private member of Parliament. Of course, he did not need it; but it is not every wealthy man, even in Canada, who takes this view of his public obligations.

Neatness, efficiency, restrained power—these are the immediate impressions which the personality of George H. Perley makes upon you. A man of about medium height, slightly built, neatly garbed, usually in dark; a refined but keen face which looks pale against his abundant black hair and beard—that is the physical man. Welsh blood runs in his veins—the name being originally Apperley—and doubtless there is Celtic fire in it; but so far it has been allowed to escape only in an intense capacity for application. He is one of the most approachable and most unassuming of men. "Side" is an unknown element in life to him. But he is not a man with whom one would take liberties. He makes you conscious at once that he means business; and he makes you conscious, too, that you can trust him.

The Perleys—or the Apperleys, to give them their ancient name—have been in America since 1630, when Allan, of the Perley clan, arrived in Charleston, Massachusetts. A branch of the family was in the United Empire Loyalist movement and now has representatives in New Brunswick and in the West, the late Senator from Wolseley, Saskatchewan, being a member of that branch. There are also a large number of the members of the family scattered abroad in Uncle Sam's dominions still. The father of George H. Perley came to Canada in the bad year of 1857, and while the father was spying out the land of Canaan, the son entered the light at Lebanon, in New Hampshire. The "bad year" was a good year for the Perleys, father and son. William Goodhue, the father of the present Cabinet Minister, launched out into the lumbering business and prospered exceedingly. He built up big mills at Ottawa and became wealthy and took part in promoting the Canada Atlantic Railway, which is now part of the Grand Trunk System. In due course of time he became a naturalized subject of the British crown and in 1887 was elected to the House of Commons for the City of Ottawa.

His birth in the United States has led to some uncertainity as to the standing of George H. Perley as a British subject. His father was naturalized when he was yet an infant, and this may be held to have naturalized the young son as well. But as there were some doubts upon the point, Mr. Perley when he entered politics took out naturalization papers on his own account. Now under existing laws a foreign citizen naturalized in Canada is a British subject so long only as he remains in the Dominion. Consequently, if Mr. Perley depends upon his own naturalization papers, he is an American citizen whenever he leaves the confines of Canada. Thus a curious situation would arise, were he to be selected, as has been suggested, as the Canadian Minister on the Imperial Defence Committee. For while in London representing Canada, he would technically be an American citizen. Under the arrangements recently reached between the colonies and the home government on the subject of naturalization, however, this difficulty would vanish. Under that arrangement every naturalized subject who has been a resident within the Empire for five years, is a British subject all over the Empire.

George Perley the youth was the father of the Cabinet Minister. He was quiet and studious. His home—first down in "the flats" where Booth's lumber mills now stand and later on Wellington Street in the great house which is now the Perley Home for Incurables—was one of the

centres of social life in the capital; and the young man took his part in the gaiety but was by no means a leader among his "set." He was in no sense a "sport"; and the first game to which he was devoted was the dignfied pastime of walking after a golf ball, which he acquired in full manhood. He was away from Ottawa during nine years of his early life in attendance upon schools in New Hampshire and at Harvard. He studied for a while at the Ottawa grammar school and then went away to St. Paul's school in Concord, New Hampshire, where he led his class during four of his six years. At Harvard he had a brilliant record and achieved the degree of Bachelor of Arts in but three years.

To those who have known him only in his political phase, Mr. Perley's business career seems as a watch in the night. But there was a time when it took up most of his life. For fifteen years after graduation he was with his father in the old firm of Perley and Pattee which laid the foundation of the Perley fortune. Then after his father's death he took charge of the family interests and broadened them and built them up. The old association still exists; but its place in the manufacturing world is taken by J. R. Booth, who was once an employee in the Perley mills. The holdings of the old group of associates are now driven back farther into the woods and some of the funds have been invested in timber in far California. In the meantime the new head of the business established new industries in Calumet at the junction of the Ottawa and Rouge rivers in the county which he now represents in the House of Commons. The son too took over his father's interests in the Canada Atlantic and for a number of years grappled with railway problems as vice-president of the company. What he did he did then, as he does now, with his might. His railway interests have been taken over by the Grand Trunk. His lumbering and pulp interests have been consolidated with the Riordon concerns; he has withdrawn from the details of management, but still keeps a close watch upon the organization in his capacity as a director. He is a director also of the Bank of Ottawa; and only illness or absence from the city is allowed to interfere with his attendance at the regular meetings of the board. He is a director who directs.

While still in active participation in the lumbering business he was not content with merely piling up wealth. Like his father he had a mind open to the social uses and duties of wealth. Nor was he satisfied with giving money and allowing others to do the work. He did the work, and although undoubtedly he also gave largely, little was heard of the pecuniary side of the transaction. This was so of the forest fires in Prescott and Russell counties in 1897 when he administered relief funds of $50,000; and again in the Ottawa and Hull conflagration of 1900 he assumed the same arduous duties and gave a detailed account of his stewardship to the contributors to the fund. The Perley Home for Incurables, which has already been mentioned, was the gift of the Perley heirs; and only in March last was opened the Perley Memorial Hospital for incipient cases of tuberculosis, which was donated by Mr. Perley in memory of his first wife who had died some two and a half years earlier.

In politics, to which he is now devoting almost all his time and energies, the Cabinet Minister of to-day had no rose-strewn apprenticeship. Twice he tried to storm the citadel of the House of Commons in Liberal strongholds; and twice he found the enemy too strong for him. But to those who rallied him on his failure he merely said: "Give me another chance." His first effort was in Russell in 1900 and his second at a by-election in Argenteuil two years later. After his second defeat he

set himself to canvass the county from end to end, and in the general election of 1904 he ousted the veteran "Tom" Christie and has ever since held the county steadily in the Conservative column.

Behind this story of determined assault and success there is the tale of what has become an institution in Argenteuil—the Perley picnics. The scene of these picnics is at Lachute. The whole county is invited and the whole county comes *en masse*. There is no question of Liberal or Conservative. Everybody is welcome. There are big marquees where there is plenty to eat and drink—of the temperance kind. There are sports for those who care to join; and there is a general good time for everybody. George Perley is not what would be called a "mixer;" but these picnics have made him known and beloved among his constituents. In their success, as the member for Argenteuil is the first to point out, and in the success of his general campaign, a large share of credit is owing to his former wife, who was a daughter of the late Judge Bowlby of western Ontario. Mrs. Perley was a woman of charming personality and made herself beloved among the lumbermen and farmers throughout the constituency. The abilities of his present wife in the political sphere have not been tested; but she comes of good political stock, being a daughter of the late Honourable Thomas White, Minister of the Interior in the second Macdonald ministry.

For six years Mr. Perley sat in the House of Commons and studied the situation. Then suddenly he stepped to the front and has been among the leaders ever since. George Taylor, the veteran whip of the Conservative party, found it necessary under the burden of the years to lay down his office in 1910. George Perley was at once selected by the Conservative leader to succeed him. Through the long parliamentary fight over reciprocity the novice whip shepherded the forces of the Opposition and kept them in line with a master hand. He organized the Western tour of 1911 and sat at the signal house for the election campaign which followed. It was a trying position for a young politician, but his habits of hard work and his business training stood him in good stead. Seldom was he known to be even flustered by the problems which poured in upon him. When the fight was fought and won, he was a marked man in the party; and Mr. Borden's only hesitancy in placing him on the firing line in the Cabinet was that he thereby deprived the organization of a master whip.

His part in the anti-reciprocity campaign is typical of his attitude towards public questions. As a mere matter of private business the reciprocity agreement would have put thousands of dollars into his pocket. But he believed that nevertheless the agreement was dangerous to the best interests of Canada and dangerous to British connection. One may marvel at this attitude in a former American citizen. One may think that he was mistaken in his estimate of the tendencies of the agreement. But one must admit, if one knows the man, that he was sincere. Mr. Perley is not in politics with "an axe to grind."

This man who puts the public interest—or what he believes to be the public interest—before his own pocket, is a business man before he is a politician. He carries his business methods into his politics. He is not an orator. He lacks the gift of ready speech. His utterances on the stump or in the House—as when he piloted through some of Mr. Foster's estimates last year—are the utterances of a business man. He speaks both French and English; but his command of neither is ready. He can take care of himself very comfortably in his native tongue; but he talks his French as a compliment to his constituents and not as a weapon of political argument.

THE RIGHT HAND OF THE PREMIER

The Honourable George H. Perley, Minister without Portfolio in the Borden Government

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A CONTRAST IN ACADIANS

BY W. C. GAYNOR

THE Acadian of Louisiana—the Creole Acadian, let us for the moment call him—is blood-brother to the Acadian of ancient *Acadie,* to the Acadian of Maryland, Ohio, or Quebec, for that matter. The two are descendants of the same sires and equal inheritors of the tragic memories of 1755. Their family names are identical, their baptismal names are limited to the same eponymous saints and they speak the same peculiar *patois,* with its refrain of the sea. In a word, the two are of the same family, possessing the same inherited traits, and their blood currents run with congenital similtude.

Upon this background of racial and family identity it is quite feasible therefore to portray the contrast which time, separation, and the determinating influence of climate and government have worked on this people in these its two principal branches. The Canadian branch being the larger and more fully developed in what it is beginning to style its national life, offers us a fair subject for the study of a sane government along monarchical lines as it influences a retiring people of a different race; while the Louisiana branch, in turn, presents to us the same people as they have been guided and formed, in a civil sense, by a hundred years of republican government. Other influences there are, of course, which have had their share in effecting the contrast that exists between these two families of the same clan—I am at a loss for a better word. Quebec, on the one hand, and New Orleans, on the other, represent this influence. which in the nature of things is one of identity—the formative and guiding influence of the great Church to which both parties pay allegiance. Even in this, however, we shall discover a very material difference, the resulting effect of care and solicitude as contrasted with supine indifference and cold nonchalance.

Climate and climatic influences, too, must come in for their share of credit—or discredit—in effecting this contrast. The heats of a Canadian summer and the rigours of a Canadian winter must needs have a determining influence upon the northern Acadian, while a semi-tropical sun has for nigh a century and a half worked its pleasure with the Acadian of Louisiana. If it is true, as the poet says it is, that:

> "Southern climes were not made for northern men,"

then the deported Acadian who was forced to make his home in the South has suffered physically by the change. But more of this anon.

The contrasting influences therefore with which we have to deal in this article—the pigments we are to use— are principally environment, in the restricted sense of political surroundings and imitative effect of the other nationalities amongst whom both branches of the Acadian family have had to live; the tell-tale factor of climate and the physical character of the land each party occupies; and,

finally, in what should be a minor sense, the greater or less influence of the religion which both so unreservedly profess. It would be much more to the writer's wishes if he could, in an article of this kind, which is intended for general reading, refrain altogether from introducing this feature of the case; but no true picture of the Acadians, North or South, can be drawn from which their religion is eliminated. Moreover, a very considerable interest must accrue from the study of the differing views and practices in the actual exercise of their religion which distinguish both parties.

It is a noteworthy fact that, religion and its more intelligent practices apart, the Acadian of the South comes closer to our authentic conception of the original Acadian of the Expulsion than his brother of the North, although the latter did not leave the first seats of the race. In the nature of things, we should expect the latter to hold truer to type than his brother, whom travel and the vicissitudes of government have put into the turning lathe of fate. Yet it is not so. In so far as heredity and blood still exercise their predominating effect, the Canadian members of the family of course show their origin and resemble their ancestors; for, like their Creole brothers, in the matter of marriage they are a corporation close, but in their intertribal observances (again I must be pardoned for the word) the Southern Acadians retain more examples of the original, patriarchal customs than do the others. The pastoral picture which Longfellow drew can no longer be verified in the North, hence the exceptions so often taken to its truth and the doubts cast upon the veracity of the poet. In the South, however—in Louisiana—one finds the same patriarchal aspect in the life of a segregated Acadian community, the same unalterable attachment to custom.

Still our photograph must be a composite one, if we would picture the first Acadian. We must draw on northern sources for certain lights and shades and configuration of countenance; we must superimpose the real Land of Evangeline upon its southern namesake in order to bring out a satisfying picture. Because we need him as a background and limit to our perspective, we must first delineate this ancient Acadian. He was a fisherman who lived principally by the sea. Hence his lack of the more ambitious virtues, his aversion to tumult and strife, his peaceableness, his sturdy physique. Hence, too, his language overcrowded with metaphors borrowed from his seafaring. His nature was intensely religious—the sea ever draws men close to God when their nature is at all thoughtful; he came originally from a part of France where religious disputes and mayhap a short period of religious persecution helped confirm him in his religious convictions. His traditional fear and dislike of the heretic, which had no small share in determining his ultimate fate, still clings to his descendants of the South and modifies very considerably their progress in modern days.

Our historic information ceases here; we must therefore supplement its meagre outlines by drawing on the living sources at hand. In the South we find entirely Acadian communities living their own life, segregated and apart from the great currents. In such secluded communities the Louisiana Acadian is governed by a sort of patriarchal rule, the voice of the elders; tradition in turn guides them; ambition for change meets with scanty encouragement—what was good for the father should be good enough for the son. The law of clan—not to speak of the teachings of religion—makes him charitable, deprecatory, and apologetic towards the frailties of his neighbour. He hesitates to condemn outright or at first blush, no matter what the fault may be. He waits for the detailed and authen-

the proof. If questioned at such times, even by those who have the right to know, he will with due hesitation venture to admit that it is so reported; but if he makes this admission, this grave and doubting, *on dit,* he will invariably qualify it by an *on verra*—we shall see. Taken all in all, this Southern Acadian is a fairly charitable Christian, who deserves imitation. But let the fault or crime be fully established—we will instance the rare case of seduction—the young man is haled before a committee of older men and quietly ordered to remove himself entirely from the community, a certain limit of time being allowed him to do so. Usually he is exiled to Texas, that *refugium peccatorum.* There is no gunplay, as elsewhere in Louisiana, no shotgun marriages so-called; and no stigma remains to blight the future of the unfortunate girl.

It cannot be questioned but that we have here some of the ancient practices and customs of the fathers—patriarchal laws brought with them from "*Acadie,* home of the blest", for Louisiana is far too lax and easy in its morals to produce anything similar.

So far we have limned our picture with what I may term a Southern pencil—we have had to call in the southern Acadian and copy him as regards certain traits of his. To complete the sketch, we shall now have to introduce the salient religious traits of the northern Acadian. He is a church-goer; he is likely to be more—he may be a chancel-chorister. Garbed in cassock and surplice, he is most likely to be one of the choir-singers who chant the Mass in response to the priest. He may be a *marguillier* also, a vestryman, charged with certain responsibilities in church finances.

And so our composite shows us a primitive character, simple and woefully single-minded according to our modern standards, but sound of heart, patriarchal in his ideas, naïvely just in his judgments; clannish if you will, and distrustful of strangers and of change; obstinate and hard-headed; but never failing to obey the behests of the most abiding charity; no angel, but a man with a man's shortcomings.

Such was the Acadian of 1755, when the hand of Fate descended on him. Just how far he was himself to blame for the tragedy of which he was the victim, we do not propose to discuss. He may easily have been blameworthy from the standpoint of the English, who were principally New Englanders—it is so natural for men to sympathize with their own nationality; he may have been held to his detriment by the voice of his spiritual guides, for the French priest is ever most likely to be an ardent patriot; he may have been prevented with malice aforethought by the very nature of the oath proffered to him by the British authorities of that day as the condition of his peaceful retention of his lands. Incidentally this is the historic truth; no Catholic of that day or this could conscientously take the oath which was offered to those unlettered Acadians.

In any case, wherever the blame lay, the Basin of Minas witnessed in 1755 the forcible exile of a simple people. We will not attempt to picture their despairing sorrow as the high bluffs of their native land were lost to view, the homesickness made ten-thousand times more unbearable by the uncertainity of the fate that awaited them; the loneliness of the wife cruelly separated from her husband, of the mother whose children by the mischance of fate are in another ship. All this we pass over; its counterpart can be found only in the sacred books which record the sufferings of the exiles of Judea.

The trail leads us many a weary mile. We pick it up in Massachusetts, where the exiles are scattered or receive their first hospitality; then farther south along the Atlantic coast; then in Maryland, where the Catholic

heart of the colony goes out to these exiles for the faith; again in Catholic Mobile—and here they are welcomed by a priest of their own race, the devoted Father Ferdinand, Capuchin and first Acadian priest of authentic history. We have not time to follow those who were carried to Guiana or those who were deported to France; by and by we shall discover them either returning to their native shores or coming to Louisiana or seeking covert in the French province of Quebec. Nor do we know with exactitude the number of souls who suffered deportation. It may have been from six thousand to eight thousand, as early historians say, or it may have been the full eighteen thousand which the Acadian historian Richard claims. We are interested for the moment in those only who came to the far south. In Mobile we find the first record of their arrival in 1763. Some families must have chosen to remain in Alabama, for we find their familiar names in the famous *registres paroissiales* of the cathedral of Mobile—and what is much less to their credit, we recognize in the half-breed "Cajens" of the woodland districts of the same State the offspring of the miscegenation of Acadians with Indians or negroes.

Our interest centres rather with that small band of nondescript humanity which in the spring of 1764 landed from the Mississippi at the *Place d' Armes,* now Jackson Square, in New Orleans. The Spanish records tell us that they were twenty-four in number only, but the Spaniard in such cases did not count the women and children—they were negligible quantities, as we shall again perceive. The hearts of French and Spanish alike went out to those piteous exiles. Provision was at once made for their comfort both by public and private contribution, and later they were allotted lands on the bayous and alluvial bottoms, not far from the city. The French colonists of Louisiana were especially insistent that due succour be given to the exiles; for in 1768 we find that one of the gravest charges made by the National Council against Don Ulloa, the Spanish governor, was that he sent back to New England three Acadian families who came to the colony at their own expense, and that he had threatened to sell other Acadians as slaves. The number of arrivals had in the meantime increased, for we find that in February 1766, two-hundred and sixteen others had come. They were supplied with farming implements and settled along the Mississippi between the German Coast (so called) and Baton Rouge. Later the exiles to British Guiana succeeded in making their way to Louisiana, thus swelling the number, so that in 1787 the census taken by Governor Miro shows an Acadian population of 1,587 souls—souls of men, let me insist, for the Spaniard did not count the women and children. About the same period the annual government donation of provisions and other articles to the Acadians and the Islênos—Spaniards from the Canary Islands—amounted to $173,338.

Thus were the forefathers of the present Acadian population established in a land which in its climate, soil, and in the texture of its inhabitants, was as different as it possibly could be from their old home on the Bay of Fundy, or *Baie Francaise,* as they called it. As years go, it is not so very long ago. Men are still living whose grandmothers could tell of the old happy life in the north. Gradually they increased in numbers—for they are a prolific race—and began to spread out and occupy the land. Along the bayous on the southern shores, on the alluvial plains in the centre of the State, in scattered but compact communities in unexpected localities, the Acadians are found to-day throughout the State, perhaps 45,000 in all.

Turn we now to the Acadian of the Expulsion who did not suffer himself to be expelled, but clung to

his native shores through good and evil fortune—the Acadian of the Maritime Provinces of Canada. There must be one hundred thousand of him, if not more, within the boundaries of ancient *Acadie* and *Isle Saint-Jean* (Prince Edward's Island). He escaped deportation because the cordon of British soldiery was not long enough to surround the country in which he lived and hunted; or because he doubled back from the country along the Atlantic to which he had been consigned; or because he eventually returned from France to Quebec and thence to his old home. Large numbers managed to escape the bagnet of the soldiery during the first weeks of that uncertain detention before the ships were ready or available. They betook themselves to the woods with their families; their friends and allies, the Micmacs, were sympathetic and helped conceal them. They pushed into the interior, into wooded fastnesses whither no soldiers could follow, and there on inland lakes or on the edge of the great sea marshes, which to an inexperienced eye appeared like swampy meres ready to engulf the timid wanderer, they built rude shelters for themselves and their stock; and thus they bided their time until the English mind should recover its balance, as it must always do, when they were once more free to come out into the open and live. By 1765 we find them more or less free to take up land under the King's grant; assistance came to them from the French government which still hoped to retain their country; and while Wolfe on his way from Louisburg to Quebec completed the destruction of their settlements on the Miramichi, the guns of his ships could not reach other favoured centres of theirs. But what they did and suffered during that period of distress when they were hunted like wild animals, let the cave dwellings of that time, still extant on the Miramichi, bear witness.

Nor was this the end of persecution for them. They were still more or less under the ban of outlawry, so that when, after the achievement of American independence, it was necessary for the English Government to provide for the Loyalists of that struggle, they were again dispossessed of their homes and either murdered—as at Saint Ann's on the Saint John River—or driven away, the new colonists, unmindful of their own unhappy experience, being careful to retain the Acadian's live stock.

In the years succeeding these unhappy events time went quietly with this devoted people. The country was ruled by governors sent out from England, usually good men who were held responsible by the Crown for the peace and comfort of the inhabitants. It was the form of government best suited to a new and unsettled country, in which the machinery of popular representation did not yet have that background of intelligence and popular self-control so necessary to sane ruling. But Responsible Government, as it was termed in those days, came in due time, and then the Acadians found their recognized place and position equally with the English-speaking races.

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed account of their subsequent development down to the present day. Placed as they are in the midst of a stalwart population of English, Irish, and Scotch extraction, and living in a climate which does not incite to heady deeds, they have learned to know their rights and secure them, while at the same time emulating their fellow-citizens in the moderation of their political views, and equalling them in their ability for self-government. It is said that the Latin races have not the capacity for sane and conservative self-guidance in political matters, but at least in Canada this reproach is not justified; both the French of Quebec and the Acadian French of the Maritime Provinces display unusual wisdom and discretion.

In resuming, after this necessary historical interlude, our purpose of contrasting these two peoples, so differently placed both geographically and politically, it is not necessary to emphasize again their unison in heredity. We will simply bear it in mind, for without it there would be no reason for contrast. But, unfortunately, we must now emphasize, not their religious differences, not their difference in religion, but the very obvious difference which does exist between their respective views and practices of religion. I do not know whether I make my meaning sufficiently clear; perhaps after all I do not; I may be trying to paint a nuance and may make a cloud of it.

I remarked at the outset that it was a question of Quebec or New Orleans. Quebec from the earliest days of Acadian history was charged with the spiritual care of *Acadie*—just as in the early days of Louisiana her spiritual jurisdiction extended to the Gulf of Mexico. The book has yet to be written which will do bare justice to the work of the Mother-Church of Quebec on this continent. She sent her missionaries into *Acadie* equally as well when it became a British possession as she did when it owed allegiance to the Lilies of France. The Acadians were a neutral people, ground between the nether and upper millstones of France and England—she held herself responsible for their souls. It was through no fault of hers, although some historians, ill informed, charge her with complicity—it was through no fault of hers that the missionaries she sent on this delicate duty were sometimes patriots first and priests only in the second place, or that they employed spiritual terrors to compel the peace-loving Acadians to mingle in the fray, always on the part of the French. Quebec in turn employed all its spiritual weapons to force these militant clerics to observe the *bienseances* of a neutral position. Note her treatment of the Abbé Le Loutre—the famous Black Abbe of Acadian history. She unfrocked him, although he had been *Grand-vicaire*—Vicar-General—of the Bishop of Quebec.

At no time during that weary struggle did she lose sight of these quaint children of the sea whom men called Acadians and despised for their lack of spirit. She kept her missionaries among them when she had scarcely enough to do her home work in *la nouvelle France*.

When the British decided on their terrible *coup* of expatriation, they entrapped the people in the church. Father Felician was therefore no myth. He was there in the flesh—although, perhaps under a different name. He represented Quebec, whence he received his spiritual mission; the records of his work still exist, having been carried by his sorrowing flock, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,* to their final place of exile on the Bayou Attakapas.

But it is not such minor historical facts that we wish to establish—we are not aware that anyone has contested them. It is rather the quality of the training given by those devoted missionaries, which afterwards shines so clearly in the fortitude and patience of this people in misfortune, in such examples of Christian charity and forbearance, unimaginable elsewhere in Louisiana, and on the part of the Acadians of the North an equal, but more widespread, and intelligent, conception of Christian duties. Such training must react on character, and in a contrast of character must the nub of this article consist.

The exiles, then, whom fate threw into Louisiana, brought with them such Christian training as only the great school of missionaries at Quebec could give. They were equally fitted in this regard as their *confrères* who escaped deportation. They came to a country which at the time was exclusively Catholic, the religion they professed was a first passport to public sympathy. For one hundred and fifty years they and their descendants

have lived in this Catholic atmosphere, unmolested by the mere thought of persecution for their religious beliefs. Why then are the Acadians of Louisiana to-day—educated or illiterate, as the case may be—so measurably inferior as Catholics to their brothers in Acadia? For years after the *débacle* of 1755 they were in constant danger of life, some, as we have seen, did lose their lives and many were again stripped of their little property; they had no sympathetic co-religionists to hold out the hand of fellowship to them; the Government was hostile, so they were not beneficiaries of state generosity. Still they kept the faith. The Acadians of the South, too, have kept the faith, not knowing why very often; but they have suffered it to be tarnished with the virus of a certain un-Christian indifference, a certain questioning materialism; they have suffered suspicion and doubt to take possession of their minds without adequate understanding on their own part as to why it should be so. Their *entêtement* in this regard is obvious to the world.

We have not far to go to seek an explanation of this condition. While Quebec in the North poured out her solicitous care upon those children of misfortune, the Church in the South ignored and greviously neglected them. Entire communities were left for years without religious help. Like hibernating animals they had to subsist on their own inner resources, on the practices of religion and the memories of those religious customs which they had brought with them. They were left without education, and had no means of supplying the defect, even if they could have envisaged the need. The close relationship of Church and State in those earlier days gave a wrong perspective religiously—they came almost unconsciously to set the one above the other but in an inverse way. It requires much persuasion and not a little diplomacy even in this year of Our Lord, 1914, to get this people to have their marriages solemnized before a priest and not before a secular magistrate.

Such a condition of things, in the religious sense, is absolutely unimaginable amongst the Acadians of Canada. Their system of church government—borrowed from Quebec—admits of no such laxity of ideas. Everything is fixed, stable, and intelligent, so that the youth as well as the old man knows what its requirements are.

And now, with a sense of relief—for after all, this discussion of minor religious differences may have been unprofitable—we can pass on to the differentiating factor of climate. Has the southern Acadian degenerated physically? If a residence in a semi-tropical climate during a century and a half can acclimatize a man, surely the Creole Acadian has been acclimatized. Has he suffered in the process? It is claimed that he has, but so slowly that only now, after the expiration of so many years, is he beginning to show the sapping of his pristine strength. He is undoubtedly degenerating in bodily size, in height and weight and strength of limb. One beholds the old men gaunt but powerful, tall and originally well set up; their sons and grandsons—especially the latter—are human runts; their daughters are pasty faced, as are most southern women. Both sexes show a development backwards.

We take no note here of certain bodily and mental disabilities which both sections share about equally, owing to their ingrained practice of intermarriage—of in-breeding. The Acadian both in the North and in the South is the victim of insanity, deaf-mutism, and other distressing physical visitations because of this intermarriage of relatives.

Physically and mentally, however, there can be no question that the northern brother is the stronger and better equipped. Climate and soil compel him to greater physical effort. Moreover, he is a self-made man; he

has worked out his own problems of sustenance, support, and growth himself, unaided by state help. He fought the issue out single-handed—hence, he has developed more self-reliance; he lives in the midst of virile and aggressive races—hence, he has learned the value of aggressiveness. "What we have, we hold" has become his motto equally with the other races of the British Empire.

In thus availing himself of his opportunities the Canadian Acadian shows how wise and clear-headed the race can be. The Acadian of Louisiana does not yet show the same temper. He is not so sophisticated or adaptive as his northern brother—more sluggish, inert, less ambitious. Misfortune and distressing illiteracy make him distrustful of novelty or change; his prejudices must first be overcome before he can be brought to accept anything that smacks of the new or unusual. In a word, he is the mediæval man, living in the twentieth century; a reversion to type to show us what the best of our forefathers were not two centuries ago. To him, in this regard, his northern brother is a perfect foil, an instructive contrast because of a common heredity.

It would be invidious and unfair in me, however, were I to pass over, as if they had no existence, the great body of educated Acadians of Louisiana—the judges, lawyers, physicians, and professional men generally. Their number is legion, and equally with their northern *confrères* of the same class they demonstrate the intellectual ability of their race. In political life, too, they have risen to high honours, and in point of military achievment on the battlefield they share with the other sons of Louisiana a well-earned renown. But, notwithstanding all these pleasant admissions, the fact still remains that these scions of Acadian blood are lacking in that loyalty to their stock which so highly distinguishes the educated Acadian of the North. He is with his people and of them, their sorrows are his sorrows, their triumphs are his triumph, he is ready to fight for them at the drop of a handkerchief. The contagion of his clan loyalty is breezy and infectious. The Southerner, on the contrary, having gone out from his people is no longer of them, unless in being a politician he must needs still court their favour. Socially his ambition is to be known and called a Creole, because—in Louisiana—the name connotes the old aristocracy of blood, the purely French or Spanish descendants of the original settlers and founders of the State. And yet the Acadian has been as long in Louisiana as the Spaniard—they came about the same time; and his blood is of purer and higher strain than that of many a Creole whose forbears came from the galleys and prisons of France, on parole.

In approaching the question of political contrast, or rather of contrast growing out of differing political conditions, I confess I do so with hesitation. I would much rather pretermit it altogether, for the reason that it is a contrast which grows out of eminently different systems of self-government. Moreover, the popular conception of a republican form of government which obtains in Latin-American Louisiana differs *toto cælo* from the concurrent ideas of the same government which obtain and guide the public mind in Massachusetts, for instance. Louisiana is on the edge of the United States; she is not yet in it. Having made this genial admission, we would say that the Acadian of *Acadie*, living as he does under a saner democracy, has a greater and more intelligent conception of the sanctity of law, of the inviolability of personal freedom within just bounds, of the sacredness of human life, of the need of punishing crime. The examples of his aggressive neighbours—Irish, English, and Scotch—have taught him to demand his rights under the commonwealth, and to get

them. In a word, he is a free man in a free state. The Acadian of Louisiana, on the other hand, having been so long the puppet and plaything of political fortune—at first a Spanish subject under the rigorous yet just rule of Spain, then nominally a subject of France; now an American citizen but holding their "ungodly" Americans in horror; later, and for fifty years at least, reconciling in his person two opposing qualities, citizenship of the Federal Government at Washington and citizenship of an all-claiming State Government at home; now a rebel and secessionist, again a staid citizen of the Union; for a century under the tutelage of the wildest vagaries of human thought in this one matter of how to govern himself—he has come out of this political witches' cauldron of jarring and contending political views and theories either with an utter indifference to his own rights as a citizen or unduly magnifying them according as he is educated or uneducated. In the latter case, he swells the Babel of clamours for an impossible Utopia, and raises his voice to high heaven for the things which are unattainable.

The interesting problem of blood, as manifesting itself in such differing ways according to the direction which environment and other influences give it, finds, then, an instructive exemplification in the case of these dissevered branches of the Acadian stock. In its contradictions it exercises a compelling interest; it forces us to acknowledge the contrast between what it was and what it is—between what it stands for in one country and what it represents in another. Supreme resignation in unheard of misfortunes and fortitude in time of trial—these are virtues of the blood, and they bespeak a valiant strain of it. The Acadians may have been called weak and cowardly in those days of international struggle when to both French and English they tried to be a neutral people; but later evidences of the blood go to show that their attitude may have been due not to lack of spirit but to a hard-headed common sense which led them to avoid, if possible, committing themselves to either side. It is reasonable to infer that a race could not have been from the outset so weak and bloodless which in our day in Canada is asserting nationality so bravely or that on many a Southern battlefield—Shilo, Mansfield, Gettysburg, and elsewhere—did heroic work for the Lost Cause. The famous Louisiana Tigers were not all Irish, there was a good sprinkling of fighting Acadians amongst them. Mansfield was a better fight than Shilo, these rebel veterans will assure you—it was a fight in the open. Can these be children of the neutral people of history whom the British condemmed as spiritless; the French, as cowards?

It has been promised that the meek shall possess the earth; it would seem as if this promise would be verified in the case of the Acadians of old *Acadie*—they are surely coming into their own. No such pleasing outlook, however, faces their brothers of the South. Extinction as a separate people, with an individual history, awaits them. They are giving up their language fast, and their identity is slowly but surely losing itself, being swallowed up in the over-flow of other races. It seems a pity that it should be so, but so it is.

THE TELEGRAM

BY MARGARET BELL

IT was very seldom that Martha took a holiday. The children, the chickens, the garden, and the milking occupied most of her time. And then, there was Lewis, her youngest child, who had always been a great anxiety to her. Lewis had never been strong, like the other children. In the six years of his little life, he had suffered more than Martha in all her forty-three. She hoped that he would soon outgrow his convulsions. That is why she so seldom left the little, white farmhouse on the hill.

But one day in summer, she determined to take a holiday. There was to be an excursion to Spruce Creek, a quiet summering-place on the lake. Her train left the village station about seven o'clock, and went to Wexford, from which Spruce Creek was reached by a local stubline, in thirty minutes.

She was very happy, as she prepared for her little outing. She made salmon sandwiches, a rare treat for her, since salmon had gone up to twenty cents a tin. Then she opened a bottle of cucumber pickles. And there were a couple of cheese cakes and a large piece of apple pie, made from the first fruit of the Astrachan tree. She would allow herself the extravagance of some pears and a bag of peanuts on the train. Pears were her favourite fruit, but it was seldom that she had any now. Her two pear trees had died, for some reason or other.

At first she thought of taking Lewis with her, but finally decided that she would go away alone. She would leave John to look after Lewis, for just this once.

The train was crowded, as it usually is on an excursion. Babies cooed, and tired mothers dandled them up and down on their knees. The fathers strolled up and down the aisles, munching popcorn and peanuts. Many of the elder children opened their lunch baskets, as soon as they got on the train, but, seeing some unfamiliar sight through the windows, dropped their sandwiches and forgot all about the well-filled baskets.

Martha was enjoying herself. Everywhere she saw new faces and heard new interests. She liked to watch the colts scamper across the fields, as the train puffed along. And the little gardens behind the houses were interesting. Many of them had more regularity than hers. But, then, the chickens in these gardens were not so plump as hers, she noticed, and there was only one cow to milk. Now and then, as she watched the children on the train, a wave of remorse would sweep over her.

She might have brought Lewis.

She felt rather anxious about him, she did not know why. Perhaps it was because she never went anywhere without him. But she tried to forget all her anxiety. It would not be so very long till she would see him again. Then she began to reckon in her mind how she could save enough for the excursion every summer. It did not cost so very much. Perhaps she could raise a few more chickens

or save a little cream from the milk each morning.

She decided not ot be quite so frugal with herself in future. For the few dollars it took to go to Spruce Creek were just as well invested as if she put them in the Post-office Savings Bank. For, after all, a bit of enjoyment was worth something. The two or three dollars she took were to have been used for her summer hat. Martha was quite certain that the outing would be worth the extra season's wearing of the old one. And then came again the thought:

If only she had brought Lewis with her!

They were just pulling into Wexford. There was a scramble amongst the mothers and children. The fathers appeared from somewhere and helped with the baskets. They were all much excited, the fathers, mothers, and children. And they did not try to hide their excitement. Why should they? That was one of the greatest enjoyments of the excursion. They did not notice the soot and grime from the crowded train or the cinders which flew back from the engine.

Martha followed the crowds to the door. She lifted a little child down the steps and patted a baby on the cheeks. A burly-looking conductor stood on the platform, helping everyone. He alone seemed out of sorts. But very likely he was used to excursions and crying babies. There was no excitement in it for him.

A number of smart young men, wearing red ties and very wide trousers, stood nearby, saying things, which to Martha sounded very rude. But she was not accustomed to the city and its ways. She saw a poor, blind man standing near the station. He held his cap in his hand, and solicited pennies from the excursionists, in a plaintive, monotonous drawl. Martha put a five-cent piece into the cap. And her own eyes filled with tears, when she looked at the poor, unseeing ones, turned pitifully toward the crowds jostling on the station platform.

The group of young men saw her drop the five-cent piece into the cap. Martha heard them sneer and say something about easy marks from the country. She knew her cheeks were red, but she did not mind. The car bells all around were new to her, and even the voice of the station policeman was not unkind. She liked the hustle of it all, and the life.

And then came the sudden, overpowering thought about Lewis.

If only he were with her, everything would be all right. She bought a toy balloon from the pedlar on the corner, to take home to him.

Finally, the excursion train stood empty. Then it crawled up the tracks, to make way for the next incoming express, which sounded from the curve. There was a stir amongst the people in the waiting-room, and porters pushed loads of trunks and boxes along the platform. The loud-voiced policeman called out that the train for Spruce Creek was waiting on the next track. Everyone began to rush across the ties, and up and down the steps. Babies, baskets, and bundles were hustled in through the narrow door. It seemed that everyone wanted to be the first in the train. Martha joined the crowds of scrambling children and tired mothers, and for a moment she felt glad that Lewis was at home. He was not strong enough to scramble and jump like the other children. But in a moment the anxiety came again, and Martha feared that her day would not be so happy as she had supposed.

The sun came out bright, and everyone seemed to settle down for a few minutes' peace. The burly conductor stood waiting for the excursionists to board their train. He spat tobacco and frowned, but Martha did not feel so much afraid of him now. She could feel herself becoming nervous, she did not know why, and wished that the train would start soon. The cars were hot and stuffy, and

every possible space seemed filled with boxes and bundles. The old grandmothers had forgotten all about their knitting, and mothers let the babies and children amuse themselves.

It took a long time to load all the excursionists. Some had left the station to take a peep at the city. Many stood around the blind beggar, and looked in awe at the smart, young men who wore the red neckties. Many spent their pennies and nickels at the sing-song peanut stand by the baggage-room. There was something to interest everyone. And it was a great day for the men in brass buttons, who gave orders around the station. A great day for them, but they did not know it. How could they know the resolutions which were being formed in many young minds that day? How could they know that their appearance had decided many village boys on their future career? It is so nice to wear a uniform of blue and brass!

They were almost ready to start. A boy came running from the station. Martha saw him through the window, and shuddered. Somehow or other, she felt that he was coming to her. She trembled, and her breath came in little sobs. Just as he reached the tracks, she noticed a yellow paper in his hand. She got up, blindly, from her seat. Now, she knew that something was wrong. There was a vague, intangible communication going on between her and the boy who carried the yellow paper. People did not pay much attention to her, as she found her way along the aisle of the car. There were others walking up and down, such as there always are on excursions. But Martha did not notice the others. She saw only the yellow paper in the hand of the boy from the telegraph office.

She reached the door, just as the boy stepped into the vestibule. Her face was very white, and her hand trembled. The boy went to brush past her, but she stood in the doorway. He called out her name, from the vestibule, before she could stop him.

"Is Mrs. John Higgins here?"

Martha reached out and took the telegram from his hands. He knew from her face that she was Mrs. John Higgins.

"You will sign here, madam."

She did not see the line, but wrote her name, stumbling across the grimy page. Then she tore open the flap of the envelope:

"Lewis fell into cistern. Better come home."

It was signed by the old family physician.

She went slowly down the steps, just as the burly conductor shouted, "All aboard." In a seat within the car remained a tiny blue balloon.

The engine puffed, and the wheels creaked, and the excursion party was off for Spruce Creek.

CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE old controversies were revived at Ottawa when Parliament assembled last month, and leaders on both sides covered familiar ground once more during the debate on the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. The question of free wheat is still agitating the West, and the demand for a lowering of the tariff walls is no longer confined to one side of the House. Redistribution is the only important measure to be brought forward this session.

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The outstanding event of the past month was the labour strike in South Africa, the proclamation of martial law, and the deportation of the labour leaders by the Botha Government. The employees on the State railways struck work following the dismissal of several hundred men on the ground of economy, the railways being run at a loss. As sometimes happens in such weeding-out processes, the leaders of the railway men were among those cashiered. A general strike was instantly called, and miners and other workers responded to the strike order. For months the Government had been preparing for such an eventuality, and Premier Botha was reported to have said that he would make the recurrence of a strike impossible in South Africa. Old Boer generals, including the famous De Wet and De Larey, sprang to arms once more, and seventy thousand seasoned burghers mounted horse and joined their commandos to preserve the peace. It is easy at this distance to criticize the conduct of Botha, but when sifted to the bottom his troubles are largely a legacy from British administration. It was the Imperial Government that introduced indentured Chinese and Indian labour into South Africa, and sowed the seeds of the present trouble by encouragement of coloured labour in the mines and throughout the country. It was prophesied at the time of the South African war by far-seeing observers of events at that period, that the employment at comparatively high wages of the natives by the War Office was bound to affect the relations between white and black in the future and introduce competition in the labour market which would militate in days to come against white supremacy. What was then predicted has come to pass, and there are thousands of poor whites at present in South Africa living on charity or on the labour or vice of their wives and daughters—forced by the caste system to decline labour at which the blacks are employed, and without the necessary training to compete for skilled labour with their own race.

With thousands of natives living in the midst of the white population, and with the constant dread of a rising by the Basutos, the attitude of Botha towards labour must be viewed in the light of local circumstances. Account must also be taken of the traditional barrier between the Boer farmer and the town artisan, the gulf

between town and country being more pronounced in South Africa than in any other part of the British Dominions. Add to this the fact that the ranks of labour are recruited largely from the foreign white immigrants, and it will be admitted that there is reasonable ground for the fear on the part of the Boers that a general strike, in a country where the blacks outnumber the whites, imparts an element of danger which no responsible statesman could afford to ignore. There has been a fierce outburst of indignation in Great Britain over the constitutional aspect of the question, but in a country enjoying autonomy the Government of South Africa stands or falls to its own citizens. There is no justification for any interference by the Imperial authorities, nor is Mr. Asquith the one to act unconstitutionally in such an emergency. The most singular feature of the controversy is the attitude of the British labour leaders, who, while opposed to Imperialism as a principle implying centralized authority, have on this occasion been more Imperial than the most ultra-Imperialist in demanding the interference of Great Britain in the domestic affairs of the Union of South Africa.

Were Botha disposed to take notice of the criticisms levelled at him by the British press, he would have no difficulty in finding precedents in the history of British progressive movements for his high-handed conduct towards the labour leaders in South Africa. This does not justify the conduct of the Botha Government, but those responsible for the government of South Africa have in their labour problems entanglements and complications which are of British origin and they deserve, to this extent at least, some consideration at the hands of those who profess to find in Botha's drastic action everything to condemn.

Who, for instance, would hold the Botha Government responsible for labour conditions on the Rand? Was it not for these foreign Rand miners that Britain and Boer went to war? To-day, no party in South Africa has any use for the mining magnates whose blatant luxury, alongside the "poor whites" who live in Johannesburg, is a reproach to British civilization. It is these magnates who have exploited black labour and brought the coloured menace upon South Africa. With dividends in some cases of over one hundred per cent., the Rand magnates refuse to meet the reasonable demands of white labour, although these demands, if satisfied, would only mean a drop to a ninety per cent. dividend. The labour situation in South Africa is complex and not without grave peril for the white race, but South Africa must now work out her own salvation. One thing is assured: the power of labour is increasing there, while the influence of the Rand mining interests is on the decline in political circles. It should not be forgotten when considering the question of wages in South Africa that the purchasing power of £1 to-day is equivalent only to eight shillings.

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An event of much importance was the death of Lord Strathcona. The history of the British peerage records no more romantic story than that of the rise of this humble Scottish immigrant from Hudson's Bay factor to High Commissioner for Canada in London. It is an inspiring tale of enterprise, dogged resolve, and triumph over obstacles.

Another great figure has passed out of public view by the retirement of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The controversies in which he was the central figure are as yet too recent to admit of full justice being done to his memory, but the future historian may be trusted to allot the member for Birmingham a place among the leading statesmen of the Victorian era. His active political career ended soon after the death

of Queen Victoria and the close of the Boer war. He will always be remembered for his municipal reform work in Birmingham, for his advocacy of a national system of education, and for his sincere, if highly controversial proposals regarding Imperial Federation. As a successful manufacturer he confounded Imperial with trade relations, and has lived to see his proposals for an Imperial Zollverein cast aside by his own party and to witness the rising tide of free trade lapping the shores of protectionist countries. But he loved his country and devoted many years of his life to her service. It would be difficult to justify his desertion of Gladstone on the Home Rule issue—having himself been a home ruler before Gladstone—or to exonerate him from blame over the South African war, but against these highly contentious episodes in his career must be set his sincere desire for social reform at a time when it had few friends, and his active influence in the Salisbury and Balfour Cabinets in the promotion of advanced legislation against which reactionary peers protested in vain.

The writer has a lively recollection of the first occasion on which he saw Mr. Chamberlain. It was the "Black Week"—the week that witnessed such humiliating reverses in the South African campaign, and when the fate of the Empire itself seemed to tremble in the balance. Disaster after disaster had befallen General Buller in his attempt to relieve Ladysmith, and there were some who despaired of averting the collapse of British rule in the Cape. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener were under orders to go to the front, the son of the former having been shot down a few days previously in a gallant attempt to save the guns. Party feeling ran very high in Ireland at the time, and Chamberlain was hated by the Nationalists as no other man had been since the days of Castlereagh. Dublin University had decided to confer an honourary degree on the Colonial Secretary, and there was some doubt as to whether, under the depressing circumstances, he would attend. He arrived, however, in due course of time, and his carriage had to be smuggled through a side gate to avoid the hostile mob that paraded the streets. In the academic procession through the University grounds he appeared to be the most unconcerned man there and bore no outward trace of the anxiety he must have felt regarding the fate of Ladysmith and the honour of British arms in South Africa. Debonnair and erect, with orchid in breast and monocle in eye, faultlessly attired and looking much younger than his years, the storm-centre of British politics at the time smiled and nodded in response to the welcome, apparently oblivious to external affairs and concerned only with the immediate purpose of his visit to the Irish capital.

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The raising of the embargo on arms at the Mexican border by the United States Government will hasten the end of Huerta, and it is difficult to see why this course was not sanctioned the moment the Mexican Provisional President flouted the wishes of the Powers. As it is, the free importation of arms will give the Constitutionalists a decided advantage over the Federal forces, and it cannot be long before Villa appears in the capital to avenge the murder of Madero, and commence once more the work of reform.

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A great deal of time is wasted in Canada investigating municipal and governmental charges of corruption. The Dominion Parliament, the Quebec, Ontario, and other Provincial Legislatures have witnessed in recent times charges of wholesale corruption and mal-administration made against Ministers and private members. A similar state of things prevails in the

United States. Even Great Britain is not wholly free from such scandals. The trouble seems to be due to the party system, which makes it more and more difficult for men of high character and independence of thought to take a part in public life. The party machine has gradually usurped the functions of the electorate, and while the elector may record his vote he has little say as to the nomination of the candidate. The atmosphere in municipal and national politics is not conducive to the growth of character and originality of thought. Men sensitive of their good name shrink from entering public life and submitting to the indignities which public service, dominated by the ward boss and the party wire-puller, now entails.

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The opening of the British Parliament will provide an exciting session as the Home Rule Bill has yet to be disposed of. Ulster is still defiant and an indemnity fund of $5,000,000 has been raised to make provision for the relatives of volunteers who may be killed or wounded in the event of civil war. Few really believe that affairs will drift to this extent, but this session will clear the air. Another important bill to be discussed is the Irish Land Bill, introduced by Mr. Birrell. From the standpoint of both parties the Bill has imperfections; the increase of the annuity rate is not fair to the tenant, and although it is proposed to pay half the purchase price in cash, an improvement in the Act of 1909, the landlord not unnaturally wants the whole price paid in cash. Apart from these and, perhaps, some other imperfections, the Bill undoubtedly offers a reasonable basis of discussion; and the Landowners' Convention, acting on this view, recently authorized its executive favourably to consider the question of a conference with representatives of the tenants "with a view to the passing of an Irish Land Act in the next session of Parliament, and thus facilitating the completion of land purchase in Ireland."

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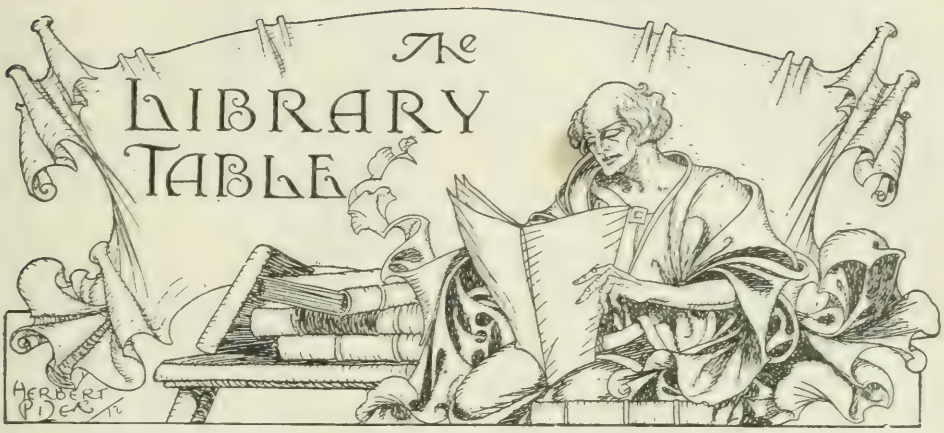
A visit to Canada by a gentleman who has been a President of the United States would be at any time an incident of more than ordinary interest, but in the case of Mr. Taft, who recently passed a few days at Toronto and Ottawa, the attention of the public was peculiarly keen. An insignificant few dared to say privately that it would have been justifiable had the people ignored the visitor who in his capacity of President had written to his immediate predecessor in office intimating the likelihood of Canada becoming an adjunct of the United States. But it can be said for the audiences at Toronto and at the Capital that they received Mr. Taft with all the cordiality and liberality that becomes a democratic people. No person hearing this genial statesman will ever afterwards think of accusing him of malicious intent towards any individual or nation, and indeed instead of causing a demonstration of aloofness, the visit of Mr. Taft will undoubtedly do much to further impress the friendly relations existing between the Republic and the Dominion.

THE PRAYER

From the Painting by Ida Lovering

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



THE SENATE OF CANADA: ITS CONSTITUTION, POWERS, AND DUTIES, HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

By Sir George Ross, LL.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

THE brilliant leader of the Liberal majority in the Senate deals here very exhaustively and lucidly with the question of the reform of the Upper House in the Dominion Parliament. He examines the subject in all its phases from the Quebec Conference of 1864, when the Constitution of the Senate was formed, down to its latest action in regard to the Navy Bill. He shows from the speeches of leading men on both sides that the reform or abolition of the Senate is not the simple matter which some erroneously suppose it to be, and that before the reforms can be carried the consent of all the parties to Confederation must first be obtained.

"The observations of the founders of Confederation on the constitutional obligations of the Senate as the protector of the territorial rights of the Provinces deserve more than a passing notice. If accepted as interpreting the Constitution (and by whom could a more reliable interpretation be given?) they invest the Senate with an obligation not generally understood; that is, its guardianship of the Constitution as a treaty with the Provinces. By the Constitution of the United States, the Senate has the right to amend or reject any treaty made by the Executive Government. It is, therefore, the guardian of the honour as well as of the interests of the Republic in its relations with foreign countries. In the same sense, and to the same degree, the Senate of Canada is constituted the guardian of every right 'exclusively' conferred upon the Provinces under Section 92 of the British North America Act. No matter what may be the impulses or political exigencies of the Lower Chamber; no matter how clamorous one or more of the Provinces may be for special consideration, or for a modification of any of its conditions; no matter how urgent may be the appeal for better terms, the first and

only duty of the Senate is to consider the treaty rights of all the Provinces under the Constitution."

The conclusion arrived at by Sir George Ross, and it is one which every student of constitutional law will uphold, is that any changes contemplated must go through many and tortuous stages before the end is reached:

"But while the Amendment of the Constitution in the last analysis rests with the Imperial Parliament, the preliminary stages by which it reaches the Imperial Parliament should be followed with the utmost care and deliberation. As I understand the Constitution, these stages are three in number:

"1. Consent of all the parties that merged their sovereignty or any part thereof in the Constitution.

"2. Approval of the Amendment proposed by both Houses of the Parliament of Canada.

"3. Ratification by an Act of the Imperial Parliament.

"The doctrine of consent stands at the threshold—is, in fact, the flaming sword of the Constitution, which turns every way, and forbids progress till consent is clearly established. This doctrine is based on a long line of precedents, as well as on the fundamental character of the Constitution itself, as I have endeavoured to show in Chapter III. The precedents reach back to the very beginning of the history of Canada. The terms of the capitulation of Quebec in 1759, the Quebec Act of 1774, and the Constitutional Act of 1791 received, as far as it was possible to be obtained, the prior consent of the people. The Union Act of 1841, and the British North America Act of 1867, were unquestionably framed according to the doctrine of consent, and if we examine the conditions upon which Great Britain acquired the right to be called the United Kingdom, it will be found that in the Union of Scotland and Ireland this principle was recognized. Even the transfer of royalty from the Stuart Dynasty to the House of Orange was assented to and confirmed by the Parliament which inaugurated the Revolution of 1688."

"The Senate of Canada" ought to lead to clear thinking in regard to a controversy in which there is much loose and irrelevant talk regarding the duties and constitutional powers of the Upper House.

THE MOCCASIN MAKER

By E. Pauline Johnson. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS is a collection of biography, autobiography, legend, and story, told by the author of "The White Wampum" and "Flint and Feather." To many readers its most interesting part will be the introduction by the author's compatriot Sir Gilbert Parker. In view of the fact that since the death of Miss Johnson, about a year ago, many sentences of the highest praise have been written about her literary work, it is worth republishing here Sir Gilbert's estimate:

"She was not great, but her work in verse is sure and sincere; and it is alive with the true spirit of poetry. Her skill in mere technique is good, her handling of narrative is notable, and if there is no striking individuality—which might have been expected from her Indian origin—if she was often reminiscent in her manner, metre, form, and expression, it only proves her a minor poet and not a Tennyson or a Browning. That she should have done what she did do, devotedly, with an astonishing charm and the delight of inspired labour, makes her life memorable, as it certainly made life and work beautiful. The pain and suffering which attended the latter part of her life never found its way into her work save through increased sweetness and pensiveness. No shadow of death fell upon her pages. To the last the soul ruled the body to its will. Phenom-

enon Pauline Johnson was, though to call her a genius would be to place her among the immortals, and no one was more conscious of her limitations than herself. Therefore, it would do her memory poor service to give her a crown instead of a coronet.

"Poet she was, lyric and singing and happy, bright-visioned, high-hearted, and with the Indian's passionate love of nature thrilling in all she did, even when from the hunting-grounds of poetry she brought back now and then a poor day's capture. She was never without charm in her writing; indeed, mere charm was too often her undoing. She could not be impersonal enough, and therefore could not be great; but she could get very near to human sympathies, to domestic natures, to those who care for pleasant, happy things, to the lovers of the wild."

The most notable part of the author's work in this volume is the monograph entitled, "My Mother", which is the life story of an English girl who came to Canada and married an Indian chieftain. The book contains also an "Appreciation" by Charles Mair, which is in part a reprint of an essay contributed to *The Canadian Magazine*. There are a number of half-tone illustrations.

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR

By J. M. Harper. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

MOST persons have thought of the War of 1812 as having taken place mostly along the Niagara River and culminating in the defeat of the American forces on Queenston Heights, immediately following the death of Brock. But there were in that war three distinctive fields of operation—the Detroit River, the Niagara River, and the St. Lawrence River. In this concise history, Dr. Harper has paid commendable attention to the sequence of events as they occurred in their respective vicinities. Each of these three divisions has been unified as far as possible, but the Niagara unity, for instance, has not been treated as if it had been a campaign quite apart and distinct from the courses of the war elsewhere. A number of chapters are written in ballad form, with explanatory notes, and these will no doubt be found of great assistance to those persons who find it difficult to remember the ordinary historical narrative.

ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS

By Joseph Knowles. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

"ON the Saturday afternoon of October fourth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, just at the time when sunshine marked the end of two days' heavy rain, I emerged from the Canadian forest on the shores of Lake Megantic, having lived the life of a primitive man for two months in the wilderness of northern Maine.

"I was tanned to the colour of an Indian. I had a matted beard, and long, matted hair. I was scratched from head to foot by briers and underbrush.

"Over the upper part of my body I wore the skin of a black bear, which I had fastened together in front with deerskin thongs. My legs were incased in crudely tanned deerskin chaps, with the hair inside. On my feet I wore moccasins of buckskin, sewed together with sinew. I wore no hat. On my back was a pack, made from woven lining bark of the cedar, in which I carried various implements from the forest.

"I had a rude bow and arrows, and a crude knife, made from the horn of a deer, dangled at my waist.

"It was thus that I entered the little French-Canadian town of Megantic—back to the civilized world."

This is the author's simple statement of how he appeared at the end of a trial of man's resourcefulness with and against the forces of nature.

BEHIND THE BEYOND

By Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

EVERY reader of this book seems to start with the sole purpose of finding out whether it is as good as "Sunshine Sketches." In the first place, comparisons are odious, and it is scarcely fair to the one who runs a mile in three minutes to be disappointed unless he run the next mile in the same space of time. Is it not enough to know that he runs a good full mile, even if he does lag here and there by the wayside? We confess that this book lags in places, that there is a little forcing of the pace in spots, but nevertheless it contains a quantity of rich humour and subtle observation. What better entertainment could be desired than the chapter on the man who had a retroactive temperament? He went to saw the end off a board. But the saw was dull. He got a file, but the file needed a handle. He got a knife to make the handle, but the knife was dull, so he went to the grindstone. The grindstone was out of order, and so on until we see the unfortunate man receding and receding, and yet so true to life. The title of this book has puzzled thousands. It is taken from the first part, which is a travesty on the so-called modern problem play. One infers that the title is the same as "Behind the Scenes."

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CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY

By Edith Wharton. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

MRS. WHARTON is of all living women writers of fiction supreme. Her work is almost tantalizingly subtle, and she has an amazing mastery of form. But above all other things, she is artistic. She thrusts nothing upon her readers, drums nothing into them; and yet there is the compelling style, the smooth, seductive suggestion. One can experience this in "The Custom of the Country", when the hopelessness of the tragedy takes hold of one. A wealthy couple with one daughter (Undine) come to New York to get into society. It is not easy to get in, they discover, but Undine's beauty attracts a leader named Ralph Marvell, whom she marries. It is to be inferred that Undine is a "spoiled child." Her marriage is unhappy. But a bullet through the young husband's brain puts an end to that affair, although the fact that Undine had just divorced him makes it seem a strange way of celebrating the event. Her next venture is with a French nobleman. He is too French and too noble, and Undine avails herself of the kindly custom of her country by divorcing him too, and marrying her millionaire friend, Mr. Moffat, whom even before her experience with Ralph Marvell she had married and divorced. Mr. Moffat is fairly capable of taking care of himself, so that it might be hoped that no further call on our pity for Undine's victims will be made. But this is not the case. The position of Undine's little boy is the most biting tragedy of all. Truly, Mrs. Wharton spares us nothing.

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THE COUNTIES OF ONTARIO

By Emily P. Weaver. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

THIS book achieves what the author sets out to achieve, as indicated in the preface, and no doubt what was in the mind of Mr. M. O. Hammond, of *The Globe*, Toronto, who suggested that it be written, namely, that the volumes of local history, vagrant scraps, and widely-dispersed manuscripts and documents be assembled together and from them be extracted enough essence to give the average reader a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the local history of the Province. In no better hands could this work have been plac-

ed. Not only is Miss Weaver a felicitous writer, but she has additional qualities of sympathetic discernment and a keen appreciation of historical values. She is not a mere dabbler, but one who sees deep into the significance of events. We know a good deal about the political history of the Province, but if one wants to get close to the pioneer life, close to those valiant spirits who came with axe and cradle and strong arm and established a commonwealth in the forest, we must turn to this book.

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THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By Marian Keith. Toronto: The Westminster Publishing Company.

THERE is a wholesomeness about Miss Keith's work that is always to be admired. The spirit of rural Ontario permeates the pages, and one catches glimpses here and there that cannot be duplicated anywhere else. It is in this respect that these novels are valuable, not as works of fiction that deal with outstanding human problems. Here is an example of Miss Keith's descriptive style:

> In the late afternoon the silent tournament between sunshine and shadow resulted in a conquest for the sun. His victorious lances swept the enemy from the clean, blue skies; they glanced over the lake, lodged in every treetop, and glittered from every church spire. The little town began to stir. The yellow dogs, that had slept all afternoon on the shop steps, roused themselves and resumed their fight in the middle of Main Street. Now and then a clerk ran across to a rival firm to get change for a customer. A few belated shoppers hurried homeward. A farmer's double-buggy backed out of the hotel yard with a scraping sound, and went rattling up the street towards the country. Everything seemed pervaded with an atmosphere of expectancy, a tense air of unrest, as though the whole place were holding itself in readiness for a summons.

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EARLY DAYS ON THE YUKON

By William Ogilvie. Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.

WHOEVER wishes to know the history of the Yukon Territory must go to this book, which is a straight-forward, matter-of-fact account of what a former Governor of that vast territory learned as a result of his experiences there. The volume contains eighteen chapters and thirty-four illustrations. It gives a comparative statement of geographical and political distinctions of the American Territory of Alaska and the Yukon Territory of Canada, describes early trading and trading-posts on the river, gold discoveries and mining, first gold sent out, the discovery of the Klondike, the excitement following the revelation of the wealth of gold there, experiences in camp and on river, methods of mining, the administration of law in the early days, social customs, etc. After reading this book, one feels as if one knows about a territory that always heretofore has been described in terms of romance.

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THE RELATION OF THE CHURCHES

By The Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

THIS book is the result of much careful reading and observation of the various religious movements with which we are confronted at the present time, and upon this excellent basis the author proceeds to give an outline of several of the prominent Christian denominations, together with a sketch of the Church Union movement. The author is not wholly in sympathy with the movement, and he sees a good many difficulties in the way. He asks the very pertinent question, Would Union be permanent? He doubts whether it would change human nature, and whether sooner or later there would not be schisms within the Union and whether certain sects would not begin to break away as they have broken away in the past. He believes that they could not be expected to go on agreeing in the future any more than they have agreed. He also makes the

striking observation that working men do not attend church services because of the social side of labour unions. "Somehow or other," he says, "the Church must try to get the ear of the unions and persuade them that their highest interests, both for time and eternity, are bound up with the rest of society, and especially that they should not harbour the thought that Christianity is against them." He finds that the Protestant churches are not soothing enough in their services, and he thinks that they should get back to the personal touch and service in the home, instead of large congregations.

*

—From the standpoint of sheer beauty, *The Studio* for December, with the Christmas supplement of drawings in colours by Jessie M. King, has seldom been equalled. These drawings in themselves are a beautiful contribution, but apart from them this issue contains a number of unusually interesting articles and reproductions; several mural decorations in colours, and charcoal studies, by Frank Brangwyn; "An Italian Painter: Beppe Ciardi," by L. Brosch, with ten reproductions; "Some Personal Reminiscences of Corot," by Albert Dubuisson, with several unusual examples of this artist's work, together with a particularly fine ensemble of "Studio Talk." *The Studio* continues to be the leading art journal. (London: 44 Leicester Square, The Studio).

*

—A young French-Canadian writer who is commanding attention as a novelist is M. Hector Bernier. In 1912 he published his first novel, *"Au Large de l'Ecueil,"* and in the autumn of 1913 appeared his second, *"Ce que disait la Flamme . . ."* Both are redolent of French Canada, and both form a valuable addition to the scant library of French-Canadian fiction. To the second there is an introduction by M. A. D. DeCelles, who predicts for this author an assured place in the unique literature of his native Province. (Quebec: L'Evénement Press).

*

—"The Chief of the Rangers," by H. A. Cody, is a story of the Yukon before the invasion of the gold-seeker. The characters are traders and Indians, and the action deals with long trails, primitive love, hatred, and revenge. Natsatt, the hero, is in love with Owindia, an Indian beauty, and although they undergo many hardships and face numerous perils, they are in the end happily united. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"The Home Nurse," by Dr. E. B. Lowry; a health book for the home. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

—"The Backyard Farmer," by J. Willard Bolte; a book on how to make the backyard a place of beauty. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

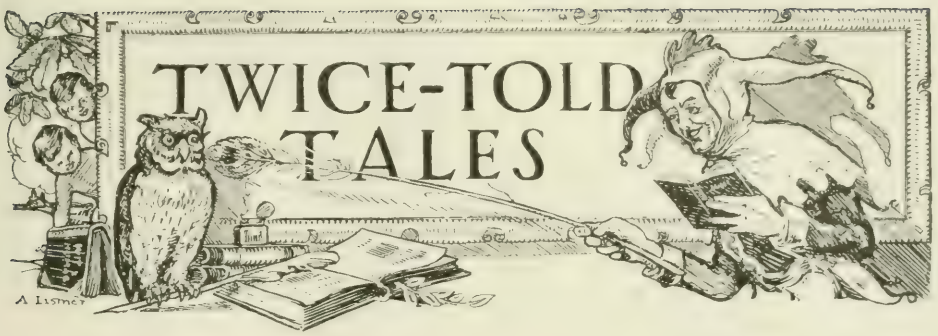
—"Success With Hens," by Robert Joos; a book to help reduce the cost of living. (Chicago: Forbes and Company.)

—"The New Dawn," by Agnes C. Laut. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"The Valley of the Humber," by K. M. Lizars. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"Asia at the Door," by K. K. Kawakami. (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

—"The Canadian Almanac," the sixty-seventh of the series. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.)



Couldn't Help It

Miss Isabella Lowe, the actress, accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats, where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict, and after some little conversation said:

"How does it come that you live in these flats? I thought they would not take in children. How did you get in?"

"Why," replied the child. "I was borned in."

Almost Treed

A motorist tells this one on himself. Trying out a new car on the road between Cedar Grove and Great Notch he stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist:

"Well, that was going some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask you. How do you stop one of these contraptions where there ain't no trees?"

Excusable Roughness

Wilfrid Philip Dittoe, purchasing agent for the Nickle Plate, as related by the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, came upon two men rolling about in the road in a desperate fight. The man on top was beating the face off the man underneath. Mr. Dittoe interfered:

"I don't see how you can look me in the face," he said to the big fellow who had been on top. "Don't you know that it isn't decent to strike a man after he's down?"

A broad grin came across the grimy face of the rebuked man. "Sure, friend, I don't know who you ar-re," he said, "but if yez knew th' throuble I had gettin' him down yez wouldn't ta-alk loike that!"

Now All Pull Together

Old Salt—Yes, mum, them's men-o'-war.

Sweet Young Thing—How interesting! And what are the little ones just in front?

Old Salt—Oh, them's just tugs, mum.

Sweet Young Thing—Oh, yes, of course; tugs-of-war. I've heard of them.

Wait For Father

A little lad was desperately ill, but refused to take the medicine the doctor prescribed. His mother finally gave up. "Oh, my boy will die!" she sobbed. Presently a voice piped up from the bed: "Don't cry, mother; father'll be home soon, and he'll make me take it."

*

Hard On Mother

Edward was a garrulous boy and talked in school too much to please his teacher. In vain did the teacher try to make Edward understand. The punishments allowed by the school were tried, but to no avail. At last the teacher decided to mention it in the monthly report to his parents.

The next report contained the following:

"Edward persists in talking a great deal more than he should."

When the report was returned, duly signed by the father, there was a comment in red ink, which read thus:

"You ought to hear his mother."

Was She Good Looking?

A school inspector was testing a class's powers of observation. He made sure that the class saw that he had a gold-mounted fountain pen in his waistcoat pocket plainly displayed. Then he left the rostrum, retired to the ante-room, and there removed the fountain pen to an inner pocket. Returning, he stood with his coat thrown back and his vest displayed penless.

"Now boys," he said, "tell me what I have forgotten."

There was a long pause, and then a small voice piped up:

"Please, sir, you forgot to say "Excuse me when you walked in front of the teacher."

*

The Short Of It

Tourist (exasperated at not being able to get a satisfactory answer)—But, hang it all, man! you surely must know how far it is to the station. Is it three miles?

Roadmender—N-no, zur, it ain't so far as that—not if you 'urry.—*London Tatler.*

"Woman Suffrage? I guess not! Women are too shifty. I'd just got my mills running to suit me, when every woman went on strike for shorter hours!" —*The Masses*

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

"BESIDE THE STILL WATERS"

From the Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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WHEN DE SALABERRY WAS WORSTED

THE STORY OF AN ATTEMPT, FOR A TIME SUCCESSFUL, TO ROB THE HERO OF THE GLORY OF CHATEAUGUAY

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

WE have so long been accustomed to regard De Salaberry as one of the heroes of our country that it is difficult for us to believe there was a day since Chateauguay when his right to that title was doubted. Yet it is an undeniable, if unpleasant, fact in our history that a dishonourable attempt was made to filch from him that honour and that it was three years after Chateauguay before his merits were officially recognized.

The reasons for astonishment do not diminish when we realize that the effort to rob the victor of Chateauguay of his glory was made by the man who was then the representative of His Majesty in British North America. Just a year before Chateauguay, Sir George Prevost, Governor-General, wrote to De Salaberry that he had been commanded by the Prince Regent "to take every opportunity of doing full justice to the motives which induce His Majesty's faithful Canadian subjects to come forward upon this occasion." The year passed; and Montreal was saved from American invasion by a French-Canadian leader and a body of troops almost wholly of that race. And then the same Sir George Prevost showed his conception of "doing full justice" by seeking to deprive that French-Canadian leader of his hard-earned and brilliantly-earned honour in driving out the invaders of his country.

We find authentic record of this injustice in a letter written by De Salaberry to his father from the Chateauguay River on November 3rd, 1813, just a week after the battle, and here copied literally from the original in the Dominion Archives:

"You must ere this have seen the general order of the 27th ulmo., which will have acquainted you with the success I have had against the American army. The merit of it is attempted to be taken away from me in three instances—first, by giving credit to Gen'l de Watteville for the choice of the positions which I had taken up myself; secondly, for pretending that I was employed to cover working parties, which is incorrect; and, thirdly, by the Governor pretending to say that he witnessed the action when neither he nor Gen'l de Watteville came up till it was over. The truth of the matter is that not only the troops stated to have been engaged were under my immediate command, but as many more were left behind to guard my positions and lines. Gen'l de Watteville was seven miles in the rear of me. You will see by his general order that he does acknowledge what I here assert. I am entirely ill-used, and all the officers under my command and even the men are indignant on this account."

The indignation of De Salaberry against this general order was natural and abundantly justified; but if he had known what we now know, he would have been kindlier in his references to General De Watteville. This officer, who was brigade commander, gave the justly aggrieved Lieutenant-Colonel full credit for what he had done; and, as will be seen later, his brigade order fully bore out what De Salaberry claimed.

In order to get the situation before us it will be well to reproduce here the general order, against which the Canadian commander was protesting:

"Headquarters at the Forks of the River Chateauguay, 27th October, 1813.

"His Excellency, the Governor-General, and commander of the forces, has received from Major-General De Watteville the report of the affair which took place in front of the advance positions of his posts, Tuesday at eleven o'clock in the morning, between the American army, under the command of Major-General Hampton, and the advance pickets of the British force, placed in advance to cover parties of workmen, under the direction of Colonel De Salaberry. By the judicious positions which this officer knew how to take and the excellent disposition he made of his little force, composed of the light companies of Canadian Fencibles and of two companies of Canadian Voltigeurs, the attack of the chief column of the enemy commanded by General Hampton in person, was repulsed with loss; and the light brigade of Americans, under Colonel McCarty, was likewise halted in its progress on the south of the river by the brave and courageous march of the flank company of the third battalion of embodied militia, under Captain Daly, sustained by Captain Bruyere's company of the sedentary militia. Captains Daly and Bruyere having both been wounded and their companies having suffered some loss, they were immediately replaced by a flank company of the embodied militia. The enemy, having retired, returned anew to the attack, which ended only with the day in the shameful and complete defeat of his troops, inflicted by a handful of men not a twentieth part of the force which they fought, but who by their determined courage maintained their position and protected from all attack the working parties which meanwhile continued their labour without disturbance. Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry testifies that he was ably supported by Captain Ferguson, of the light company of Canadian Fencibles; by Captains Jean-Baptiste Duchesnay and Juchereau Duchesnay, of two companies of Voltigeurs; by Captain Lamotte, Adjutants Hebden and Sullivan, and by all the officers and soldiers engaged in the action, who showed courage and intrepidity which was remarkable and worthy of praise.

"His Excellency, the Governor-General and commander of the forces, having had the satisfaction of himself being a witness of the conduct of the troops on this brilliant occasion, makes it his duty and his pleasure to pay the tribute of praise so justly due to Major-General De Watteville and the admirable arrangements he made for the defense of his post; to Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry for the conduct, so judicious and so worthy of an officer, which he showed in the choice of his position and the disposition of his troops; and to all the officers and soldiers engaged with the enemy. Besides this testimony and the most lively recognition of the bravery and intrepidity of the troops engaged. His Excellency owes also the highest praise to all the troops of this station, for their constancy, their discipline, and their patience in enduring the fatigues and privations which they have experienced. Their determination to persevere in this honourable conduct could not fail to assure victory to the brave and loyal Canadians and to throw doubt and confusion into the heart of the enemy, should he think of defiling with his presence this happy country.

"EDWARD BAYNES,
"Adjutant-General."

The general order, it will be noticed, is drawn with much skill. There is no direct attempt to take away the credit from the actual commander of the day. In fact, there is explicit recognition of that officer's "judicious" conduct "in the choice of his position and the disposition of his troops." On the other hand, the indirect effect of the whole document is to belittle the part played by De Salaberry. General De Watteville is credited with a prominent part in the success of the action, when, as a matter of fact, he did not come up till it was over; he had, however, previously reviewed De Salaberry's positions and approved them. Further, De Salaberry is spoken of as merely acting as cover to working parties; when, as a matter of fact, he planned the arrangement for the whole action. And finally, Prevost insinuates, though he does not state, that he had a part in the conduct of the battle, when he was really some fifteen miles distant from the field.

The prominence given by the Governor-General to De Watteville seems to have been a bid for his assistance in robbing De Salaberry of his due. This temptation seems to have been held out to the brigade commander quite without his suggestion, if we are to accept the evidence of the report which he sent to Prevost and the brigade order which was issued by Major Burke under his direction. Both these accounts of the battle give all the praise for the conduct of the action and the choice of the positions to De Salaberry. This is sufficiently clear from the report to the Commander-in-chief, which is as follows:

"Ferme Morrison. 27th October, 1813.

"Sir,—I am permitted to send Your Excellency a report received last night from Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry, commanding the most advanced posts and the pickets on the River Chateauguay, relating the circumstances of an attack made by the enemy yesterday afternoon against the posts placed by his orders. Your Excellency will permit me to observe that Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry has done himself much honour and deserves my warmest recommendation for the judgment and activity which he displayed in choosing his ground, which he fortified shortly afterwards, and which, combined with the general good behavior of his troops, prevented the enemy from succeeding in the first movement against our advance posts on the Chateauguay."

This generous report by De Watteville, which he sent to Prevost as a cover to De Salaberry's account of the action, puts us in a position to understand the deep indignation which must have raged within De Salaberry's breast as he read the general order published on the day succeeding the battle. By the time he came to write to his father, almost a week later, his bitterness had subsided so as to enable him to write with comparative calmness. This calmness was probably due in part to the fact that he had already unburdened himself in two official protests against the order. One of these he had sent to Adjutant-General Baynes, who signed the order, and the other to the Prince Regent. The tenor of these official documents may be gathered from the copy of the former which he enclosed, with the letter already quoted, to his father. It is clearly the work of a man smarting under unjust treatment. It runs literally as follows:

"Advance Posts, 1st Nov., 1813.

"Sir,—Referring to the general order of the 27th ult., issued in consequence of the action in which I repulsed General Hampton's army, I observe with regret that the choice of the several positions which I defended is not attributed to me, neither is the disposition of the force which was immediately under my command understood to have been altogether mine, from which the greater part of the merit (if any there was in contending against a whole army for the space of four hours) is taken away from me.

"To elucidate this it appears necessary I should state that when it was reported on the 21st ult. at Chateauguay Church at night, the enemy had surprised the piquet at Piper's Road, I was desired to move with my corps to English River, and finding when there that the enemy's intention appeared to be to move down the River Chateauguay on the way to Mont-

real, I lost no time in pushing on the troops and took up the three advanced positions, and began to fortify them as well as I could (having then only a few axes) and distributed the troops for their defense. I ordered also the famous abatis, situated two miles in front of the above stated positions, to which I marched on the 26th, from whence I reconnoitred the American army in the act of advance, from whence I completed my dispositions for the defense of both sides of the Chateauguay; from whence after an obstinate engagement of four hours, I succeeded in defeating their project of penetrating in the country and finally obliged him to return to his former position five miles back with the loss of about 70 killed and 16 prisoners, besides a great number of wounded, about 150 stand of arms and six drums, etc., which fell into our hands. Moreover, he has since retired into his own country.

"It is true, Gen'l de Watteville inspected my positions and approved of them, and of the orders I had given for their defense. The dispositions to receive the enemy on the 26th were made by myself; no one interfered with them; and no officer of superior rank came up until the action was over. It is true I was ably seconded by Lt.-Col. McDonald of the Glengarry Fencibles, who had taken up a 4th position two days before the action, and by all the officers under my command.

"I regret also to observe in perusing the order of the 27th that it is supposed I had been thrown forward to cover working parties. This idea is erroneous in so much that there were no works carrying on there, but such abatis and defenses as appeared to me necessary to prevent my positions from being outflanked or forced; These I ordered myself, no engineer directed them. I placed myself in front of the abatis with the view to begin the defense of the country. I judged it a good position from whence I could have a good view of the enemy's columns, which I was apprized were in full march. This I did of my own accord. It was a desperate undertaking. It succeeded and the enemy, instead of going to Montreal, is gone to Four Corners. . . . The enemy's intention is ascertained by concurring circumstances and by the report of prisoners. He was not then in full march with all his baggage and artillery for the purpose of only attacking a few workmen.

"These are the true circumstances attending the action of the 26th, and it grieves me to the heart to see that I must share the merit of the action and that it must be reduced to my having covered a few workmen. Methinks if any merit is to be obtained, I am entitled to the whole.

"I cannot conclude without soliciting that this representation may be laid before His Excellency the Governor-General, to whose justice I confidently appeal."

There is undoubtedly bitterness in this protest. There is also possibly something which in a small man we would call conceit. But much may be forgiven a man who served his country as valiantly and as successfully as the victor of Chateauguay; and it cannot fail to be admitted that he was writing under intense provocation to both bitterness and self-assertion. The unfortunate part of these elements in the document is that they probably injured his chances of rehabilitation and assisted Prevost in his subtle endeavour to attach as much as possible of the honour to himself. Whatever may have been their relative abilities on the field of battle, it is obvious that in a campaign of despatch-writing the man who won the day at Chateauguay was a mere child compared with his highly-placed detractor.

One of the strangest features of the whole incident is that De Salaberry had no inkling of Prevost's real attitude towards him. The last sentence of his protest to Baynes is clear evidence of this; for the French-Canadian officer was not a man to use irony under such circumstances. He seems to have thought that his enemies were his immediate superiors, De Watteville and Baynes; but the evidences that he was deceived are unmistakable. It was not, indeed, the first occasion on which Prevost had caused circumstances to be misrepresented to his credit. The disaster at Sackett's Harbour was due to his dilatoriness; but he was careful to bury that fact out of sight by having his subordinate write the despatch to the home Government. In this instance of Chateauguay, where there was honour to be appropriated, he was equally careful to write the account to the Colonial Office in his own person and over his own name. This was in accordance with his practice and furthered the object he had in view; but it also enables us to acquit Baynes of all blame

for complicity in the dishonourable detraction from De Salaberry's glory. Otherwise his signature on the general order would leave him open to suspicion, as it evidently did, in the mind of De Salaberry.

"About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 26th," wrote Sir George Prevost to Earl Bathurst, Secretary for War and the Colonies, "the enemy's cavalry and his light troops were observed on both sides of the river by a detachment which was protecting 'habitants' employed in cutting trees for the construction of an abatis.

"Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry, who commanded the most advanced pickets, composed of the light company of Canadian Fencibles and of two companies of Voltigeurs, on the north bank of the river, handled his small force so excellently that he stopped the march of the principal column of the enemy, commanded by Major-General Hampton in person, and accompanied by Brigadier-General Izard.

"The light brigade of the American army, under Colonel McCarty, was repulsed in the same way in its march on the south bank of the river, where it met the right flank company of the Third Battalion of the embodied militia, under the orders of Captain Daly, and supported by the company of the Chasseurs of Chateauguay, under Captain Bruyere; these two officers having been wounded and their companies having suffered loss, the position which they held was covered immediately by a flank company of the First Battalion of embodied militia; the enemy rallied and returned to the attack several times until forced to abandon the effort at the end of the day, seeing himself baffled at all points by a handful of men who held their position bravely and succeeded in protecting our working parties against all attack.

"Having by good fortune arrived on the scene of the action a little after its commencement, I was a witness of the conduct of the troops on this glorious occasion, and it was to me a great satisfaction to be able to praise them on the very field.

"I thanked Major-General De Watteville for the wise measures taken by him for the defense of this position, the advanced post; also Lieutenant-Colonel De Salaberry for the good judgment which he showed in choosing the field of battle and the bravery and address with which it was held."

That the same brain which drafted this despatch drafted also the general order which roused the ire of De Salaberry, is abundantly evident. There is the same belittling of the action as a defence of working parties. There is the same credit given to De Watteville for choosing the position and for the defences erected. There is the same verbal recognition of the fact that De Salaberry chose his positions; and the same belittling of the significance of that choice and of the part played by him. Finally, there is the same indirect attempt to indicate that Prevost had some part in the management of the battle, when, as a matter of fact, he was visiting posts at Lake St. Louis and came on the ground only after the Americans had been repulsed. One cannot acquit Prevost of a deliberate attempt to rob his subordinate of the honour of a brilliant military success. The Governor-General was too vain to be fair; he was also too vain to be held back by the consideration that he was thereby endangering the policy of conciliating the French-Canadian population, a policy which had been committed to his care by the British ministers.

Unfortunately the unfairness of Prevost's conduct did not hinder its immediate success. His report coloured the official mind so deeply that for more than three years the just claim of the actual victor at Chateauguay could find no hearing there. The Duke of Kent, who had been closely associated with the De Salaberry family when in Canada, strove to correct the official impression; and he stated in a letter to the Lieutenant-Colonel's father that English officers present at the battle fully supported the protest made by the victorious commander. Still it was not until the winter of 1817, nearly three and a half years later—and then at the instance of a Canadian officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. McDonnell, of Glengarry, who had served under him in the action—that De Salaberry, in accepting the honour of Companion of the Bath, received royal recognition of his brilliant services to the country.

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

DECORATIONS BY INNIS D. STEINMETZ

THE flowers of spring live in the woods and make a delicate and ephemeral cover for the brown, exposed earth. Pale blue and white and pink, they shrink under bare branches from the last biting winds of winter, only to fade in the advancing heat of summer. But the flowers of summer, yellow, red, and purple, are tall and strong, and come out boldly to march along the roads with us, and camp in the fields, greeting the sun as a friend. Their vitality is mature; they have the courage of life.

To see the spring flowers, which are called "wild flowers," you have to go out especially, and, having made the effort, you value what you see. But the flowers of summer come to you, as it were, and are beside you as you drive or walk; so you pay no attention to them and call them weeds. This, in itself, suggests a curious symbolism and enlists the imagination on the side of the weeds.

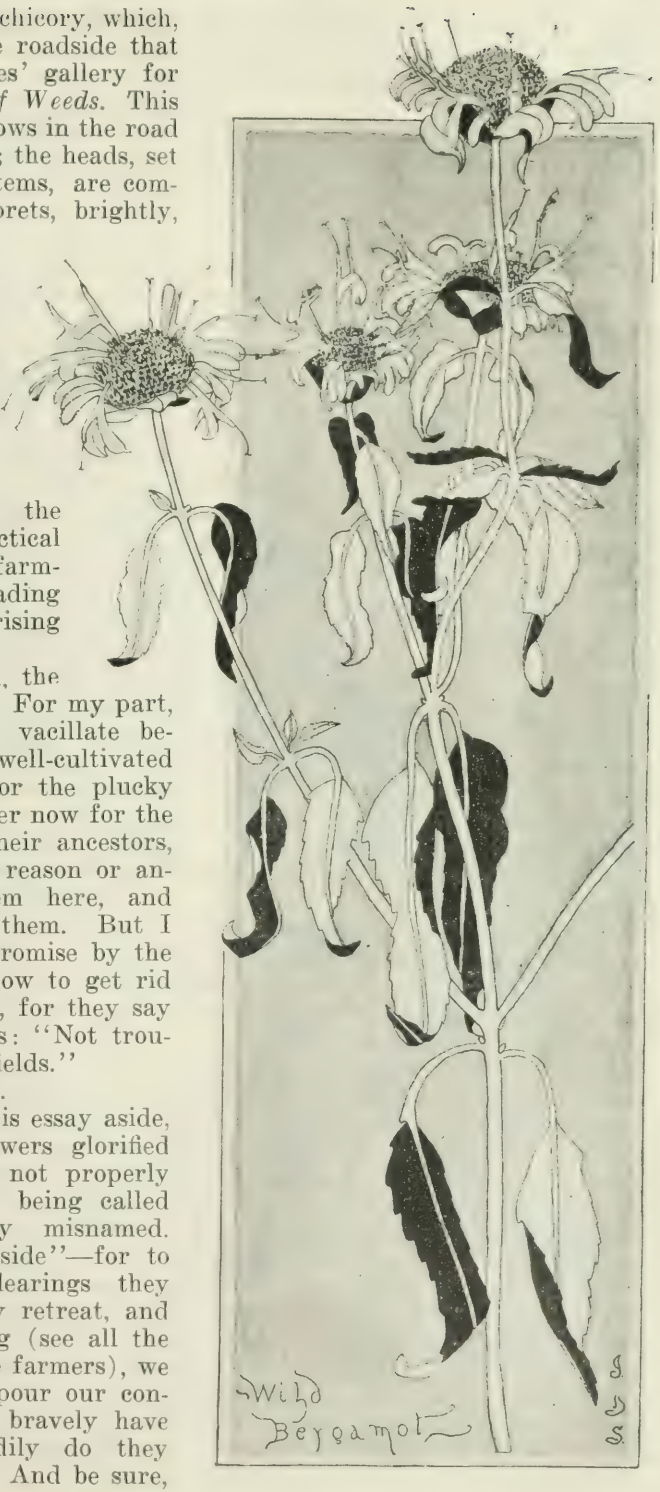
In the summer do you ever walk along the road in the dust and heat? For, it seems to me, you also must be a tramp to appreciate the plants that go along with you.

Most of these plants of summer have come with us across the Atlantic and we only renew a world-old acquaintance with them. You have seen the stout, strong elecampane that lives in fence-corners and among the pine stumps in half-cleared fields? The thick, coarse leaves clasp the heavy stem, and many branches bear the flower-heads with yellow ray-florets and brown disk-florets; flower-heads, for the elecampane is one of the compositæ, the most important of all plant families, chiefly because, long ago, some intelligence led it to group its florets into heads and so bring them more to the notice of the fertilizing insects. This elecampane found its way to America as a horse medicine, and we in our modern pride forget that Hippocrates, and with him all Greek medicine, considered its root an excellent stimulant for the human stomach and brain. We laugh, but is not the laugh rather with the elecampane?

So many of the most noticeable of summer flowers are of the compositæ, with their bunched-up heads of every colour—some, the primitive yellow, original colour of flowers, but many, blue and purple, the colour last evolved, beloved of bees. There are the thistles, of which the Canadian thistle—wrongly so named, as it also comes from Europe—has a perfume strange and haunting. Let this thistle, with its persistent roots and aeroplaning seeds, once get in his fields, and the farmer will have no time to think of its fragrance or admire the completeness of its prickly protection. The thistle is, indeed, an example among plants!

Among the purple compositæ, too, is the salsify—another introduction from Europe, but one which is not so generally common. The leaves are long, grass-like, vertical, and the flower-head will make you, at first, think of a garden pink, and the salsify (Tragopogon porrifolius, T.) actually has escaped from gardens to freer, if less protected, life of the road.

More common is the chicory, which, alas! is another of the roadside that is listed in that rogues' gallery for plants, *The Bulletin of Weeds*. This bare-stemmed plant grows in the road up to the wheel-tracks; the heads, set at intervals on the stems, are composed only of ray-florets, brightly, vividly blue. The French use the chicory—or succory—in a salad, and Horace names it as part of that frugal fare which he did *not* eat. Emerson has given the refugee sanctuary in poetry as "Succory to Match the Skies," but the practical Virgil, who saw it as a farmer, says: "And spreading succory chokes the rising field."



This is, I am afraid, the more exact description. For my part, I confess I miserably vacillate between a liking for well-cultivated fields and sympathy for the plucky plants who have to suffer now for the misjudgment, not of their ancestors, but of ours. For one reason or another, we brought them here, and now we do not want them. But I make a cowardly compromise by the books which tell you how to get rid of weeds on your farm, for they say of most of these weeds: "Not troublesome in *cultivated* fields."

It is, then, to proceed.

Or let farmers lay this essay aside, for nearly all the flowers glorified here are weeds, *i.e.*, not properly "flowers" at all; and being called flowers are seriously misnamed. "Flowers of the Roadside"—for to roadsides and wild clearings they have beaten an orderly retreat, and being hardy and strong (see all the botanists, as well as the farmers), we have not the right to pour our contempt upon them, for bravely have they fought, and steadily do they await our next attack. And be sure,

if you are content to rest upon your honours at this stage, they will be upon you again, as strong, as hardy, as bold as ever.

If there were no plants called weeds, much ingenuity now required of farmers would not have been demanded of them. Life would become too easy; if all the "weeds" in the world were cleared away we should no longer have the zestful struggle of eradication. When Nansen, ice-bound in the *Fram*, impatiently despaired of that North Pole which he could not at once attain, he corrected himself with the thought, "But what should one do once the Pole were reached?" So, if you want to do away with the weeds, take up the struggle. They will come joyfully to battle, and the strongest of their weapons is in the last tiny seed as much as in the flaunting flowers of the fence-corners.

But this is to be too practical. Plants have an existence in and for themselves, we may infer. The practical person will not grant this, and it is, at last, only the idler who really comes to know plants—or men and women, either, for that matter. And, so, we may come back to our compositæ.

Leaving the yellow sun-flowers and the black-eyed Susans, well-known composites, there is a flower which you may have seen—wild bergamot—which at first may appear to belong to the composites, because the flowers are bunched in a way that suggests a composite head. Wild bergamot (*Monarda fistulosa. L.*) branches gracefully, wand-like, and beautiful, as the illustrator saw it with its leaves drooping, tired, from the summer sun. The flower-clusters are like crowns, with scattered florets of exquisite mauve. Wild bergamot has a pungent odour, too, and is worth finding for this alone.

Is it that human nature is always unkind and uncharitable, that we find satisfaction in hunting out humble members of great plant families? The catchflies, with their effective stickiness, are related to the hothouse favourites, the carnations. So, too, is bouncing Betty, that sturdy country maid, who ran away from gardens to loiter by the wayside. Bouncing Betty has a gay umbrella of pink and white flowers, and its other common name, soapwort, is a reminiscence of the time when its narrow, shiny, green leaves could be used as a substitute for soap. If only, at the time we dropped horses' hairs into water to see whether they would become snakes, we had known of this, and could have tried it, too! But, now, one has a diffidence—unless one were camping.

Plant life is silent, inarticulate; plants cannot make their meaning clear to us, and so we have built up an elaborate interpretation of their life and functions. We have explained them by our own understanding, not knowing any other. From this standpoint, we find that plants, rooted to one place, and bound by many cruel conditions, have evolved ways of getting water and sunshine, habits of growth, means of protection, methods of distributing their seeds, which are not short of marvellous. We find them wonderful, I suppose, because the human intelligence, if so conditioned, would do as the plants have done. Than this, what higher tribute can we pay the plants?

For instance, the leaves of spring flowers which grow close to the ground, are large and simple in form; the leaves of the plants that flower in summer are narrow and numerous or cut into many parts; and the reason for this, of course, shows only another instance of the marvellous adaptability of plants to their environment—the narrow, much-divided leaves meet the winds and storms of summer as broad, solid leaves could not safely do. The arrangement of leaves for exposure to the sunlight, too, is a well-known instance of plant intelligence. The leaves of all these plants show this plainly—ranked in

AN ATTRACTIVE ROADSIDE FLOWER

pairs, or alternately, the one object is to have exposed as much leaf surface as possible.

Leaf arrangement is especially noticeable in golden St. John's wort, whose branches are so arranged that not one of the small leaves with its transparent dots is overshadowed by those above. When August brings out its attractive flowers, the botanist passes the humble tangle of plants, with "Its yellow colour and primitive structure show that it is not highly evolved". Its very name, too, is often unknown to us, and, yet, to the folk-lorist the golden St. John's wort is an historic plant. It, too, comes from Europe, and its generic name (*hypericum*) is an old Greek word. A name once given it (*fuga daemonium*) indicates the protection it gave against enemies in the unseen world. Gathered on the Eve of St. John's Day (the 24th of June) and hung at doors and windows, it was a safeguard against thunder and evil spirits. "Balm of the Warrior's Wound," a graceful and poetic name for it, tells of another quality. By St. John's wort, too, a maiden of old could discover whether the year held her wedding-day. Common little yellow St. John's wort, growing by a Canadian wayside, unknown now, once a magic plant—we smile, and our smiling measures the distance between us and the Middle Ages to which the St. John's wort properly belongs.

If on a walk in the country you see a new flower and ask its name of someone by the way, you need not be surprised if you cannot so learn it. In Europe, however, to which most of these summer flowers are native, the many folk names for each plant are quaint, accurate, descriptive terms. When you see nestled low in the grass the bluish-purple spikes of *brunella vulgaris, L.* you will recognize the poetry in its common name, "Heart of the Earth"; and if you cannot identify it by the description in the text, you will know it by another folk name, "Blue Curls". Its ordinary name, "Heal-all", is intelligible only when you learn that the genus name, *brunella,* comes from the German, word for quinsy, for which the plant was considered a cure.

But to the connoisseur in the music of language, the real joy of botanical nomenclature is in the scientific names, which combine the rippling vowels of an opera in Italian with the sonorous dignity of a Latin oration. Think, for instance, of *maruta cotula* —yes, you do know it, but probably only as the mayweed which covers damp roadsides and barnyards. With its fringe-like leaves, and small, white-rayed, yellow-disked flowers, *maruta cotula,* too, is a member of the compositæ family, and not a new soprano. Consider, for another instance, the guttural tragopogon, the generic name of salsify, which comes also from the Greek, and gives, in English, another name for the plant, goat's-beard.

The souls of plants are put in words, their seeds measured, themselves classified, labelled, described, bearing then a relation to reality like that, I fancy, the Almanac de Gotha bears to living members of noble families. They are there, and yet, they are not there. But isn't that the essence of literature? There is a book; in it is all its subject; look again, and life has escaped from its pages. So that Gray's Manual, with its plants, is, indeed, surely like literature and life.

If you try to identify unknown flowering plants by the unassisted ingenuity of your own wit and a manual, there is added—not to speak it frivolously—the keen interest of an original detective story. But will you not confess, if you are brave and frank enough to own, a scientific crime so heinous, will you not in the secret recesses of your own botanical memory admit that there have been times when, forsaking the hard and honest road of the examination of

calyx and ovary, you plunged boldly and got a name for the unknown by the simple method of eliminating the genera you knew until you reached the one "it must be"?

This is not necessary with the well-known milkweed, the haunt of the monarch butterflies. With its evenly-ranked leaves and milky juice with which it ensnares the nectar-thieving ants, the plantation of milkweed bears its tassels of flowers up to the sunlight. For the student of plant physiology this plant has a fascination because, next to the orchid, it has the most wonderful means of compelling insects to visit it; and self-fertilization becomes, in the milkweed, impossible. Its family (*Asclepiadaceae*) is mostly tropical; there are in all nineteen hundred species. The family is dedicated by its name to the Greek physician Aesculapius.

The milkweed gives to our northern roadside a touch of tropical life, but the mullein, straight, tall and stiff, has a familiar European air. On gravelly banks the stem of the mullein, with its woolly, decurrent leaves, rises without branching to the familiar spikes of yellow flowers. Forty folk-names it is said to have, and its uses and properties are in keeping. The Romans called it *candelaria,* using the long spikes, dipped in oil, for torches. The Greeks used the leaves for lampwicks. The mullein, too, like so many of these plants, would cure all diseases, although it was especially beneficial to diseased lungs. It is apparently widely-spread, taking its specific name from Thapsos, where it originated, as some say, or where, at least, it is very common. Its generic title, *verbascum,* is from *barbascum* (with beards) which was given to the mullein by Pliny. One has a sort of envy for a plant so historically connected. To have been named by Pliny! Many prouder plants are not so god-fathered.

Perhaps you cannot climb over rocky hillsides, but as your car goes slowly up or down the shaded hill

TEASEL

roads you can see the bramble, the purple flowering raspberry, with its rose-like flowers and large, broad leaves. In damp ditches or in ravines opening into the woods on the mountain-side, the tall, watery-stemmed jewel weed (touch-me-not) may still bear a few pendulous, fragile, yellow flowers, like dilated yellow sacs with deep spurs. In a sunny clearing you will see the startling red berries of the poisonous nightshade, climbing, falling, over the fences and tree stumps. As late as August you may even see the clusters of star-like purple flowers, with yellow centres, so sinister that you would beware of them, even if you did not know their reputation.

If you get out to walk up the long hill, you will notice on the wooded banks, the low-growing, fragrant herb Robert, with its purple-veined pink flowers and much-cut leaves. In summer, though, there are more fruits than flowers on the plants—fruits, each with a long projection like the beak of a crane. From this characteristic the geranium family, of which herb Robert is a member, gets its name, for in Greek "geranium" is the word for crane.

You would be fortunate to find spreading dogbane along the road. It is more common in sunny, open places on sandy soil; but it is worth leaving the road to find. Spreading dogbane is shrubby, with milky juice; the simple leaves are arranged oppositely on the widely-forking branches, which bear, at their tips, clusters of small, dainty, pink, bell-shaped flowers.

Along level roads you will see the wild carrot, with its leaves cut like those of the garden carrot, with slender stems supporting the large umbrella-like disks made of groups of tiny white flowers. The central flower in each of the umbels is a dark, reddish-purple. An English name, "Queen Anne's Lace," gives some idea of the beauty of the flower cluster, and another, "Bird's Nest", describes the appearance of the head in seed.

Common in the Niagara district, but found elsewhere, too, is the teasel, tall, prickly, with its three-forked stem bearing rasping, conical flower-heads. On these, mauve florets appear, not flowering all at once, but in successive rings around the head. The teasel, too, is of European origin.

You will pass the slender harebells swaying their blue bells in the wind; the tall evening primrose, whose yellow flowers are not always true to their name; the small flax plants and the mints, almost unnoticed; till you come to the roads where, for miles, the white clover, as tall as a man, hums with bees. Then, too, you may see the aromatic sweet-briar which flowers later than the other wild roses.

If your road goes by ponds and quiet water, you will see the water-lilies, whose white beauty is opened to the sun by day and at sunset is withdrawn under the surface of the water. In the evolution of plant life, the water-lilies belong to a very ancient type, which, in the course of time, has been much modified. On the banks of ponds, too, you will often find the great willow herb, for moisture is required for the finest growth of its purple blossoms. With the bindweed, the wild morning glory as some call it, which also likes moisture, we return to the plants that are weeds.

Purposely I left to the last two composites, the golden-rod and the asters, whose yellow and purple glory is the mantle of the earth in autumn. While so many of our other wild flowers are immigrants, these are native American flowers, and in their beauty and strength have always seemed to me the typical flowers of our continent. Except the asters and the gentians, the most striking blue and purple flowers in America are of European origin.

Aster, star-wort, again from the

Greek, grows in many species hard to distinguish, but the names of which ripple—aster *azureus,* aster *undulatus,* which are certainly characteristic names. The noticeable colours of the flower-heads vary from pale blue to purple and are always beautiful.

Equally numerous in species is the golden-rod, whose generic name, *solidago,* from *solidare,* to make whole, shows its medicinal value. Tall, slender, carrying its golden plumes, which throw back the sunlight, the golden-rod is the most beautiful native flower of America. Among all the immigrant plants that creep or climb or, erect, try to meet our gaze, the golden-rod stands as if conscious of its beauty of line and colour and mass, disdaining to trespass in our fields, proudly content with bank and roadside.

When your afternoon tramp is over, before you close the Manual you carry with you, pay one grateful thought to the men who have made the way of botany easy for you. "L." first, "Br.", "Michx.", abbreviations which at one time only added mystery to a difficult science, but which a later knowledge enables you to recognize as the sole monument to men whose patience first analyzed the plants to the names of which these abbreviations are added —men who have made the gentle, the humane art of botany.

For studying flowers is the gentlest, most humanizing pastime. No one who knows flowers can be wicked or hard or cruel; yet the struggle for survival among plants is as keen as among men; indeed sometimes, pitifully hard. I suppose we do not feel it so, because, however severe the struggle, there is no noise, no complaint, no dirt, no action.

It is well for us to notice the beauty there is in common things and in those which patiently await the attention we do not often give. We easily see the interest and beauty of those things for which we work or for which, to put it crudely, we pay.

SWEET-BRIAR

But it is unusual for us to observe any value of beauty in those things which come unasked and unsought; and yet it is in those very things that most beauty lies.

The wind gives voice to the trees, even to the grasses, but to the flowers he gives no tones audible to our ears; and so their inarticulateness we dumbly study. We are pleased with them or we are disgusted, according as they humbly wait upon our pleasure and cultivation, or as boldly they trespass on our fields and gardens. All flowers in the world are beautiful, but some are like common, dirty children, unnoticed or in the way. These are weeds, nearly all of them, listed in the bulletins for eradication, but are they not beautiful? Cultivated plants bear flowers more showy—showy, like fashionably-gowned women—but, have they greater perfection of line and form, of delicate colour gradations and harmonies than the despised, persecuted weeds? Plant tramps they are, going along the roads every summer on their way across the continent; world-travelled, some of them, wild, strange Peer Gynts that we do not even name. We avoid them as we do outcasts and take care they come not up to our houses. But, unabashed, they live where they can and how, knowing that the essential thing is to keep alive, recognizing no power but that of disc and plow and scythe. They take life as they find it, accepting its conditions, not trying to dictate—roadside flowers or, if you will, weeds.

Photograph of the Survivors of the War of 1812 taken on the lawn of the late Sheriff Jarvis, Toronto, 1859.
From the original in the possession of Mr. C. A. Meredith, Ottawa.
Names, left to right :—Colonel Duggan, Rev. G. Ryerson, Mr. W. Roe, Mr. Snider, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Denis, Mr. Woodall, Mr. James Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel Bridgton, Colonel Redside.

RED MICHAEL

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CHARACTER AND TALENTS OF DR MICHAEL CLARK, MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR RED DEER, ALBERTA

BY HARRY W. ANDERSON

IT was the summer of 1895—the electoral setting of the brief, meteoric premiership of Rosebery. Salisbury was sweeping the country, and John Morley had just fallen in Newcastle. It was a typical British election night, and thousands thronged the streets in front of the old Town Hall. The vanquished statesman was leaving after the count of the ballots, accompanied to his cab by a ruddy young physician, whose blue eyes glinted with strange fire. As the veteran gripped him by the hand he raised his hat, and remained, standing bareheaded, gazing for several moments after the candidate as the crowd made way for the departing vehicle. Then suddenly he sprang back, remounted the balcony, and leaned over the mass of humanity, with hand uplifted.

In the momentary silence which took possession of the people he poured upon them two burning sentences:

"What Durham did for John Bright, what Bristol did for Edmund Burke, Newcastle has to-day done for John Morley. Just as we now see that the defeats of former years did nothing to dim the glory of Burke and Bright, so we know in the years to come to-day's defeat will be placed to the discredit of Newcastle, and not to that of John Morley."

There was no more. It was his message.

The young physician who, nineteen years ago, thus electrified the Newcastle crowd was Dr. Michael Clark, now of Red Deer, one of the distinctive personalities in Canada's present Parliament. The incident is characteristic of the man and his method. When he speaks there are no wasted words. He is rarely upon his feet for very long, but while there he commands the undivided attention of the House. He has something to say, and he says it—says it without trimmings and verbal embellishments; says it with conviction—his own conviction, and, very shortly, the conviction of those to whom he is talking. He will always convince, though he may not invariably convert. He is, first and last, a logician. He sends men away thinking.

Dr. Clark was nurtured upon British Liberalism. As a boy in his Northumbrian home he imbibed the lure of political combat, and when but thirteen years of age played truant and walked several miles to hear Joseph Chamberlain, then in his Radical and Gladstonian days. The lad was thrilled by what he heard, and spent a painstaking night penning a boyish letter of tribute to his first hero. To his amazement and delight, the letter was acknowledged by a four-page communication, strangely enough containing an exposition of the wisdom of free trade, and counselling adherence to the political doctrines of Gladstone and Bright.

DR. MICHAEL CLARK

"Red Michael" of Red Deer, an outstanding figure in the Canadian House of Commons

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

His first attempt at public speaking was made at eighteen years of age, during his university course at Edinburgh, when he spoke to more than a thousand fellow-students in support of Earl Rosebery, then elected to the Rectorship of the institution by a majority of twenty-nine over Sir Robert Christison, for fifty-two years a professor in the university. But to young Clark the old professor had a fatal defect in that he associated with brilliant academic attainments a stubborn Scottish Toryism.

The lad's training was for medicine, and his temperament for public life. With his text-books he read history, absorbed biography, and studied economics. When, upon graduating, the young physician established a practice in Northumberland, he threw himself into the public issues of the day with zeal and enthusiasm. His first active participation in national politics was in the campaign for the extension of the franchise to working men in counties, and in the subsequent election fought under that extended suffrage in 1885. He stumped the country with Sir Edward Grey in the latter's first contest, as well as in the succeeding contest of 1886, when the first Home Rule bill was defeated. He there formed a personal friendship with the present Foreign Secretary which has survived all these years. Senator Lougheed, leader of the Conservative party in the Senate, tells how, when representing the Canadian Upper Chamber at the coronation ceremonies in England during the summer of 1911, he was seated next to Sir Edward Grey at one of the functions, and how the British Minister asked all about the Canadian member for Red Deer, bespeaking his appreciation of his loyal and zealous services in those memorable Northumbrian contests.

In the early nineties Dr. Clark moved to Newcastle, and almost immediately became immersed in the public life of the city and the whole Tyneside district. He was elected member of the Newcastle Board of Education under the old cumulative system of voting, standing third in a poll of twenty-four candidates. Morley was then the member for Newcastle, and the young physician sat at his feet, imbibed his political and economic creed, and became one of his most ardent lieutenants.

But as his boys grew up the indefatigable Newcastle doctor looked farther afield. He must give them their chance. So, nearing the meridian of life, he relinquished a profitable practice and transferred his home to Canada, where he located some eleven years ago on a large Albertan ranch, and proceeded, with "the boys," to grow wheat and raise cattle. It speaks much for his energy and enthusiasm that his radical venture proved successful. But the customary narrowing influence of a professional training left Dr. Clark unaffected. He early developed into a keen practical economist, and his devotion to bones and arteries did not prevent him from becoming a veritable reference library of history and literature. He made good as a farmer on the prairies, as he made good as a practitioner among the hills of Northumberland.

When in the latter part of 1908, only six years after his arrivel in Canada, he came to Ottawa to represent the new constituency of Red Deer, he was unknown to the House. All session he sat silent, and it was not until his second year was well under way that, one memorable afternoon, when Parliament was droning in desultory fashion through supply, it suddenly awakened to Dr. Clark. An unexpected query from the quiet Westerner interfered with the progress of the Honourable Mr. Foster. For some reason the member for North Toronto was particularly annoyed, and he turned the vials of his keen and brilliant cynicism on the newcomer—"the fly on the horn of the

ox," as Mr. Foster then bitingly put it—who had roused his ire. Members on both sides of the House were inclined to be a bit sympathetic toward the offender, and to think that Mr. Foster had been unnecessarily severe. But when Mr. Foster sat down Dr. Clark got up. In six short minutes the hitherto silent newcomer had subjected the veteran ex-Minister and his methods to such an arraignment as is remembered by the House to this day. And from this dramatic incident sprung the opinion, prevalent in Parliamentary corridors, that Dr. Clark is the one man whom Mr. Foster, master of argumentative prowess, never wants to follow him. Clark, they say, has remained Foster's *bête noir*. If this be true, it is not un-understandable. They are both giants in debate, each the antithesis of the other. But the client who entrusted his case to the Radical from the Western prairie need have no qualms over his clash with the astute Tory of the Eastern metropolis. Mr. Foster's keen cynicism will beat against hard logic; his stinging invective will be met with quiet humour; his nimble fencing and adroit sword-play will be tolerantly allowed to go to waste, and his rhetorical embellishments will be lost in a response, naked of drapery, but eloquent with earnestness, freighted with conviction, and compelling analysis and attention. Old Aesop solved it in the fable of the Wind and the Sun.

Dr. Clark is a "mon o' pairts." English by birth, Celtic in sympathy and education, he is intensely loyal to the old land. He is, moreover, an exponent of free trade—free-trade-as they-have-it-in-England, and ready to justify the faith that is in him. As such he composes a mammoth minority—a "party of one"—in the Canadian Commons, where he is perennially twitted on ploughing his lonely fiscal furrow.

But the intellectual quality of the man is high. In the House he has won a unique place for a comparative newcomer. He is a bit of a philosopher, thoughtful and reflective, with an occasional dash of pessimism, alternating with longer glimpses of a happier faith. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman in debate. He is flashingly effective at times, and can take an active part in the typical parliamentary *mêlee* without permitting his finer sense of British debating ethics to degenerate. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," has come to be too much the *mot d'ordre* of the Canadian parliamentarian. If the Apostle had fought constantly instead of once in a way with the wild beasts of Ephesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator, and perpetual participation in the long wrangles at Ottawa tends somewhat to vulgarize men as controversialists. But Dr. Clark has emerged from the ordeal unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His humour has a perennial sparkle. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, but he bestows his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavour which does not weaken their effect and yet leaves no embittered recollection.

There is one quality, unfortunately somewhat rare in Parliament, which Dr. Clark possesses in ample store. He is magnanimous. He can tolerate a jibe, and he does not resent criticism. His lonely fiscal creed brings him full many a thrust. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed. These incidents do not disturb his equanimity, nor shake his conviction. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep the Red Deer man from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which unbelieving members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the House. When Artemus Ward's

steed was weary he hung a hornet's nest upon his tail "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Dr. Clark undergoes at the hands of Canadian protectionists does him a similar service. And he is a big enough man to disdain to regard a difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognize the intellectual honesty of those who regard his policy with detestation.

If, as Theodore Parker maintained, politics is "the science of exigencies," Dr. Clark will never be a politician. He is far removed from the opportunist. He thrives in and on opposition. He thinks out his own scheme of political philosophy and applies it to the body politic. But he is no mere doctrinaire. He is intensely practical, willing to bide the proper time, but with a deep underlying faith in the ultimate and complete triumph of every right.

Michael Clark is a reformer, not a revolutionist. He does not thunder, but wins by the saving grace of humour. He seldom seeks to annihilate an opponent. He prefers to attract—with a smile. He is ready at repartee, quick to avail himself of interruption. He glories in the rapid interchange, with a true Britisher's appreciation of the value—and opportunity—of "heckling".

"Thick as berries in Kazubazuza," declared Mr. Foster, using one of his striking similes.

"Ah," quoth Red Michael, "doubtless one of the places where my honourable friend the Minister of Trade and Commerce is seeking markets."

On one memorable occasion the mantle of self-control seemed to slip from his shoulders. The apostle of peace suddenly became a prophet of doom. He raised his voice; he shook his arms; he poured forth burning words of indignation and anathema. He arraigned the Administration. He denounced. He railed.

"My honourable friend from Red Deer speaks in passion," observed the Prime Minister quietly, in the pause which followed a particularly scorching sentence.

In a flash the man's face changed. The tense, taut grimness dissipated into a solemn and settled melancholia.

"My right honourable friend makes a slight but unfortunate omission," Dr. Clark responded in plaintive tones: "I speak of this Government in *com*-passion."

IN THE OTHER ROOM

BY H. M. LYON

THE night before Paul had committed suicide. And now it was late afternoon, gradually sinking into a mauve twilight, and the things of this world were taking on their tristful, vapoury, fairy dress after the garish day. I had been asked to take charge of the callers as they came and went to view the body, and since noon I had been about my cheerless task, answering the door, keeping the parlour and the little alcove quiet and subdued, the curtains drawn, and talk lowered to a whisper. Because Paul had loved violets, I now had them in abundance about his rooms; and purple crêpe was draped on the door to tell sunshiny world outside of the death within the house. Once a thought of Virgil's lament over the young Marcellus came to me as I moved noiselessly in and out, and I half chanted certain lines that seemed admirably to suit the occasion.

People came and went in numbers, for he had many friends, and many good friends. Paul was of that mercurial disposition which seemed all sunshine and optimism, which adopted itself at once to all surroundings, and which drew the miserable ones of this world to him for consolation, as a magnet draws things of iron and charges them with something of its own essence. A man of some forty years, he was unmarried, he had no relatives; but, as I said, he had scores of friends; and among these I walked and listened.

In the other room, darkened by thick arras and tapestry and shrouded in a potential gloom, lay the body, three candles pouring out their steady light upon the wreath of violets around the head. In the antechamber those who had come to mourn sat and waited in silence, grouped about in all the various postures of woe, some with heads thrust into their hands; some with eyes staring straight ahead at nothing, their numb brains probably conjuring up no images, no sequence of thought. Each of their little idiosyncrasies was brought out sharply by contrast against the general nullity of the company. Old Grymley's sore eyes and nervous hands became painful to look at; and a young man with tousled hair and unkempt neck, his crossed legs displaying a hole in the sole of his left shoe, sat ceaselessly, mechanically cleaning the fingernails of his one hand with the thumbnail of the other. The costumes of several were, to me, ridiculously funny. I found myself imitating the peculiar twitch of one's mouth as he whispered: it was a sort of nervous wrinkle running from nostril to mouth-corner, making the upper lip flicker spasmodically. My eye sought out threadbare places—places that had been darned—places where the clothes fitted well or ill; loose buttons, and all the infinitesimal things about each person's dress. A sort of nervous brooding seemed to seize them as the twilight came. The mourners were in constant fear, it appeared, of saying or doing something inappropriate.

and so they stayed well within bounds, employing the stock phrases which are always used in speaking of sudden and untimely death—"too bad," "such a pity," "terrible loss," "so infinitely sad," "awful," and so on. Seldom did anyone venture anything further, and, if he did, he felt insincere.

There was a mystery about Paul's suicide. None could understand why he had done it. They began at last to speak in low tones of the possible causes for his action, tremulously advancing theories and then retreating into palliative encomiums of the dead. After that a fitful silence would ensue, only to be followed again by the sporadic discussion. Presently a man entered from the other room, where he had been closeted with the body.

He was Paul's business partner, a large, heavy personage, square-jawed, with even now the inevitable black cigar held firmly in his teeth. He was all physical and cerebral, dynamic yet calculating, a massive commercial machine; and, as a result, whatever his feelings were they were under control and hidden. Only the lines in his mask-like face were deeper by a trifle, and his lips clutched his Havana more grimly. "I cannot understand it," he muttered to those in the antechamber. "I cannot understand it." He heaved a long sigh, and his tongue made a sound which resembled "tut-tut-tut." "Why, he had just made a million dollars yesterday on a big deal in stocks! If he had lived he could have made as much more—yes, a great deal more than that. He had a fine future before him, a future full of power, of opportunity—a cool million dollars on the one deal!" Several of the financial men present, who had snatched a brief hour from their labours to "pay their respects" to the dead man, nodded their heads in assent to the partner's words. There was a short silence.

"That's just it," began a man who was violent on the subject of psychology. "That is the great trouble about hopes and ideals, my friends. One must always set them high, so high that he feels it would be a miracle if he should attain them. Not high enough, you understand, to discourage him, but still high, very high. Otherwise when he finally does realize his ideals, he becomes dead—morally dead. His body may live on, but it is only a stagnant, rank existence. Satisfaction is the most miserable thing in the world to a man of intellect, of power—he is no longer actuated to really live. This is a psychological fact, deduced by laboratory experiment and logic. It can be demonstrated scientifically. It is essentially a psychic state, and professors from the German universities have made this a life study"—and his jargon of technical terms and data and statistics increased to a voluble clamour. His eye beamed with a fine frenzy; his voice grew in volume. Surroundings were wiped away, and he was lecturing to a class. His conclusion was: "And this must have been the case with Paul. He had made up his mind to get a million dollars, and he got it. He was a young man as the world goes, and here on the very threshold of his prime he had attained his ideal. There was nothing left for him to do but blow out his brains!" With which exclamation, feeling it to be bold and brutal in such a place and at such a time, he caught himself up and relapsed into silence.

The subtle, soothing, unctuous tones of the theological student, ordained for the ministry, followed upon the short quiet: "There is still another possible reason for our friend and brother's violent and shocking demise, dear comrades, which I think in this worldly discussion should be taken into account. It may have been that, though well schooled and equipped in the other qualities so necessary to this existence, Paul lacked that sure and certain hope for the future which comes from a fine spirit-

ual faith." Paul's partner stared in unconscious boorishness at the speaker, his jaws parted in sudden surprise, and his cigar fell to the floor. He picked it up again with a grunt. "Spiritual faith," went on the man of the cloth, "a belief in the highest and holiest things, however much all earthly travail may beset us, is as necessary to human life and human progress as the dew to the flowers and the sunshine to the fields. Religion is an anchor true and steadfast in every storm; a shepherd for every erring lamb. The Scripture has many things to say upon this subject, but I shall not stop to quote them. When we look about us and see the workings of a marvellous universe we are overwhelmed with thoughts of holiness and love. When enemies assail and the mind is filled with bitter thoughts, then we call religion to our aid and are sustained and soothed. There would be no suicides if all of us were workers in the fields of holiness, humble labourers in the vineyards of Zion. Considering that Life is but a brief span between two Eternities in which we are meant to perfect ourselves—in so far as we poor mortals may speak of perfection—it is a crime before the highest tribunal to make an end of all by our own hand. The cloak of the church is meant as a protection to the weak: it is there that their salvation lies. I think, brethren, that if Paul had received the words of some true minister in time, he would never have come to this, he would have seen the error of his ways, and we would not now be left to thus mourn his early loss."

The silence was as deep as the twilight. I lit two candles upon the mantel and in the half-light viewed the circle. The business partner was comatose in revery; an invincible stupor had seized upon him. Old Grymley was sniveling childishly and dabbing his handkerchief into his eyes. The clear-cut face of the young theological student fairly shone with fervour, and the air about him seemed electric with youth and sincerity.

A calm visaged, mature man took up the thread of the discussion in philosophical wise. His even, well-modulated voice brought out his sentences and the points of his argument distinctly. "There is such a thing in this world as a sense of humour," he said, and hastened to add, "oh, I don't mean the ability to gauge funniness. I mean the ability to recognize a thing at its true value. It has been called the 'saving grace.' If Paul had possessed it, I think in this case it would have saved Paul." He paused a moment, impressively. "We are too apt to judge things personally in this world. Because we are close to a calamity it looks large to us. We should be philosophical; we should judge impersonally. We should throw our immediate troubles into the great scale of things—and then we should see how really trivial they are. 'Everything looms and fades before the Eternal,' says Emerson. Get off away from your woe: view it in the universal scope of humanity and you will be ashamed that it ever even irritated you. Paul was probably oppressed with some one grievance which grew upon him until it seemed the biggest thing in the world yesterday—to-day it is infinitesimally small. A sense of humour is a sense of true proportion; it says to you, 'Do not take this thing too seriously.' The psychologist, wrapped up in his subject, beats out a narrow pathway by means of logic and experiment to the great mystery, and thinks his scheme the one and only thing in the world. To us he is merely a bore, because he takes himself too seriously." Here some one stirred uneasily. "And so it is with the theological theorist and his platitudes." Here someone else stirred uneasily. "Paul lacked a sense of humour," was the final conclusion of the grave, worldly man. "He would have laughed to-day at that which caused him to kill himself."

"Ah, but I know his temperament," eagerly cried a young person with long hair, who had been bubbling with the desire to speak. "He was a poet. His spirit chafed under the restraints of common daily existence. He was wild, untamed, emulous. His was the passion of the flower for the sun, of the eagle for the upper ether. The dull task of living ground him down to earth when he had hoped to walk the mountain-tops and commune with God. Life too sordidly 'stained the white radiance of Eternity' for him. There was only one thing to do, or go mad—that was break his bonds, free himself from this paltry bickering called Existence. I have felt that way myself at times —many, many times. Suffering could not make him purer, for he was already the purest among us. He felt these earthly limitations keenly; who has not? Does eating and sleeping, and infesting the theatres, or the four-o'clock tea suffice the man whose soul is yearning for the highest and the noblest that life has to give?" He broke off abruptly and Griggs, the physician, added:

"That suggestion as to Paul's going mad occurred to me late last night while I was going over in my mind some possible explanation of this horrible matter. I think it is very possible that he may have been demented — er — temporarily, you understand," he hastened to insert, "and —er—relatively speaking, always, always relatively speaking. Acute nervous prostration, brought on by—er—financial worry incident to the manipulation of large sums of money; indigestion; loss of sleep—in fact, a complication of those ills which are most evident in our modern strenuous life—could very easily bring on despondency—er—frequently does do so, to my own personal knowledge. I have several cases like that on hand at present. Yes, the chances are that it was for some such reason—I mean in some rash moment of melancholia, hypochondria, neuropathy, or what you will—that Paul—er—took his own life."

It was fast night outside by this time, and the meagre candles barely tipped the ring of faces with the yellow beams. Presently one of the financiers yawned, gazed at his watch, reached for his hat and silently stood up. The entire company imitated his movement. It was time to go. As I ushered them out and down the steps I heard the business partner say crisply to the physician: "Whatever it was, it wasn't a defalcation or anything like that. I went over the accounts this morning. No, sir, the money's safe. Paul's books are all straight and square."

I closed the door and stood in silent contemplation in the dark for a few moments. As I remained thus I heard sounds of some one sobbing in the other room; it was the sobbing of a broken heart. The carpet was soft and thick and some one must have slipped in there noiselessly during the argument. With a deft movement, I, too, approached the inner arras, and stood gazing at the scene.

A woman, with her back toward me, was bending above the violet wreath and weeping softly. She had not been one of the circle, so I concluded she must have entered from another apartment in the dark. The soft light of the candles bathed her red-golden hair in a haze of colour as she kissed the dead man's face and caressed his brow. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart," she murmured brokenly.

I thought of the psychologist, the preacher, and the rest; I stood in silence, and the woman wept.

The woman? Madame or mademoiselle? I closed the curtain and did not try to recognize her. For me the dead body answered that question; my friend, Paul, was a man of honour.

BYGONE DAYS IN TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

THE FOURTH OF SEVERAL SKETCHES

WHAT is "downtown" now in Toronto, was when I was a small child the best residential part of the city. All board sidewalks, of course. Let us walk along Front and Wellington Streets to begin with, and so many old houses come to one's mind, it's hard to know where to begin. In Wellington Street there was a beautiful old house, where lived Chief Justice the Honourable John Henry Boulton, called "Holland House." Originally, I imagine, it had lawns and gardens, but I only recall it with a small drive to the front door, which opened with a fine vestibule and hall. The rooms were large and well proportioned, with a big bay window in the front drawing-room. The house was quite imposing outside, the stone walls being all battlemented, with towers at the corners. After the family left, the late Mr. Manning lived there, and during Lord Dufferin's term as Governor-General, he and Lady Dufferin were there for a short period, the house being given up to them. Mr. Todd, and the Ridouts (Mr. and Mrs. John Ridout, and Mr. Percy Ridout, a bachelor brother) lived in tall old-fashioned houses opposite. Farther on was Mr. Hawkes's house; there his widow lived until recent years. Turning down York Street, on the corner of Front Street was one of the most charming houses ever torn down in Toronto; it was named "The Cottage", a good-sized house of two storeys, with handsome front door and stone porch, a verandah running round three sides; to the south was a big lawn with bright flower-beds: A gravel sweep led to the entrance, and to the right was a large yard in which were stables, coach house, coachman's rooms, laundry, and an outside billiard-room, where my uncle, Captain James Strachan, kept all sorts of things. I can remember the coachman had some ferrets in a wooden box, lined with straw, and they had a fearful fascination for children with their squirming bodies and red eyes! The inside of the house was quite charming, the deep-set doors, staircase, panelling, mantels, and skirting boards of shining black walnut. The drawing-room was furnished with a lovely shade of blue damask, the French windows opening on to the verandah, all curtained with the long curtains of those days of white lace and the blue damask; lovely old chairs and sofas, ottomans, fender-stools of odd shapes, and those pretty, tall fire-screens of tapestry work which move up and down according to one's convenience, and which were seen in most drawing-rooms then. Behind the drawing-room was a library, and at the end of the hall next the dining-room, which was papered in rich red, was a store-room, such as one seldom sees now; a long, narrow room with an end window looking on the garden, and on each side cupboards, tall and short, with all sorts of things needed for cooking and dessert; rows and rows of jars, big and little, mostly brown and yellow ware: neat tins.

labelled; glass bottles of sweets, "layers" of big, plump raisins, "drums" of figs, and I think even now I can remember the faint, sweet, spicy smell of that delectable store-room. The kitchen, of course, was down stairs, and each morning I used to trot after my aunt, (Mrs. James Strachan) and watch her interviewing the cook in the large, spotless kitchen. My Aunt kept her servants for years and years, and they were as interested in the house and her doings as any of the family. On the verandah were seats, and a smoking-table, books, papers, and, above, a single gas jet with a green shade, an article then which was regarded as the height of luxury.

My uncle, Captain Strachan, was one of the few people I can remember being in genuine fear of. He was a handsome man, of a dark saturnine fashion, with black hair, whiskers and moustache, always well dressed, a great sportsman; each season going out to the St. Clair Flats for shooting, and after he and Mr. Kennedy returned from one of their "shoots" I can remember seeing the whole floor of a warehouse in York Street opposite the *Rossin House* covered with the results: ducks, geese, wild turkey and other game. Many people came in to see them on that day.

The establishment was perfect, without the least show. I remember the full dinner dress every night. My Aunt in black tulle with red ribbon run through the "puffings" on the full skirt, the Victorian-cut low bodice, and her beautiful curls of dark brown, fastened by drooping pins of coral and gold. She had a low carriage and pair of ponies, with the coachman driving from his seat behind, and I can remember her telling me that her dancing mistress in Cheltenham or London, a famous woman, always gave her the highest praise for her grace of bearing, her curtsies, her dancing and her manner of getting in and out of a carriage, all of which went to make the education of a gentlewoman of that day. I do not remember seeing her dance, but I recall the graceful carriage, as I was much with her.

Across from the rear of the house was a long covered-in passage leading through the grounds to "The Palace" of the famous Dr. John Strachan, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Toronto, and father of my Aunt's husband. The palace was really in Front Street, with large grounds, and a clear view of the bay to the island. The house was of red brick, with a wide frontage, no verandah, large front door facing the south, ordinarily large windows, and some nice trees about. Inside, a large hall with a wide shallow staircase of, I suppose, black walnut; the drawing-room on the right, very cold and stiff, with many ornaments under glass shades (I have two little china ones; a small *lingueur* glass in the shape of a thistle; and a tiny Bohemian glass), a marble topped table, thick carpets and curtains. A small sitting-room was behind, while across the hall was the Bishop's library and sanctum, with a tall mantel-piece, and a red covered round chair, in which always reposed a huge cat. The great dining-room was opposite the drawing-room, with a splendid table. Mrs. Strachan I can dimly remember as a tall, large-featured woman, with short full curls of dark hair under the usual lace bordered and trimmed cap worn by elderly women then. She always retired from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, and would receive my Aunt in great style in her own room, with its huge four-poster bed, canopied in crimson, at the foot of which was a long couch. There Mrs. Strachan was enthroned. She was kind, I am sure, for I can recall her, on hearing of my grief at my Aunt's going over there one evening, sending to me the following morning to be put on my plate at breakfast a large package of sweets in the shape of miniature vegetables, by which I was quite consoled.

One room was, in my eyes, magnificent, as the cream walls had a broad frieze representing a crimson velvet drapery, looped up with cords and tassels. Mr. Cruikshanks lived in Front Street, which bordered the gardens of Government House, on the south, and on the corner of Front and Simcoe Streets was "York House", where my Grandfather, Mr. Justice Hagerman, lived when my mother was a young girl. I remember it as the home of the late Honourable John Crawford, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and when he left "York House" it was turned into Government offices. It was a fine old house with dark panelling and splendid old colonial door, now at the residence of Mr. John Falconbridge. The drawing-room in my mother's day was upstairs. The walls were papered in silver gray, with touch of gold; the woodwork all white; a cream velvet carpet, with delicate flowers, and the furniture of gold and white, with tapestry stripes on dark rose satin damask. Some of this furniture was in the drawing-room at "The Grange", having doubtless been bought after my Grandfather's death by Mr. Boulton. There were amongst the numerous china ornaments three which I have now, and to which an odd story belongs. When I was a small child a gentleman came to "Sleepy Hollow" one day carrying these pretty little china things, and asked for my mother. He said his father was a connection of the same name, (Hagerman), living in Denver, and that in some way they had been bought at the sale and come into the son's possession. He said his father had told him if he ever went to Canada to be sure to take the ornaments and deliver them to my mother, who at once remembered them. One is an exquisite little china inkpot of apple green, with garlands of flowers, holes for the quill pens, and a centre well for the ink, with cover.

A wing ran from the north end of the house, where my Grandfather had his office; he was Solicitor-General, and represented Kingston in Parliament for many years, and when my mother went to Government House she asked her cousin George Kirkpatrick, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor, to request the City of Kingston to allow the splendid portrait of her father, which hung in the City Hall there, to be placed in the ballroom at Government House, where it has been seen by thousands. It was just a touch of sentiment on her part, and gave immense pleasure. I have heard the late Sir Thomas Galt, Chief Justice, tell of his boyhood days when he was a student in my grandfather's office.

A high fence almost concealed the stables and coachouse where they kept the old-fashioned brougham and horses, and among them a beautiful riding-horse given to my mother.

The old Parliament Buildings were a fashionable rendezvous when the band played on the tree-shaded grounds; and west of that there was a pretty street, called Windsor Street, which ran from Wellington to Front, opposite to where the late Chief Justice Barton lived afterwards, and at each end of which were two very high red brick houses on either side of fine iron gates, which apparently meant to close in the street with its rows of smaller houses, where lived the late Mr. Boomer, Mr. Kivas Tully, C. E., Mr. Creighton, and others. The late Honourable Alexander Mackay lived in one of the four big houses, my uncle (afterwards Sir James Robinson), I have always heard, built the street. He also lived in one of the south red brick houses, the late Mr. Angus Morrison in the one opposite.

Farther westward were the houses occupied by Sir Mortimer Clark, the Macdonalds, Mr. Moffatt—all gone now. In Peter Street a most hospitable house was that occupied first by Mr. Arnold, (father of my Aunt, Lady Robinson) then by Mrs. Biscoe, mother of Mrs. John Hagarty, where

young people were ever welcome, and where I recall the delightful "high teas", winter and summer, and the impromptu musicales and dances. Her son, Colonel Vincent Biscoe, is living in Galt. Mrs. Stephen Heward lived there for many years. On the corner of King and Peter Streets there was a large house with big cosy rooms. There resided Mr. Harman, whose people had lived in Antigua. Mr. and Mrs. Harman came to Canada with their son, Mr. Bruce Harman, then an infant. Their only daughter, Kiturah, was a brilliant pianist; I say brilliant for, even now, her technic would be so, and she could read any music at sight, as if she were reading a newspaper. Nothing seemed to be difficult to her long, slim fingers, and she was passionately fond of music. She died of one of the first cases known here of typhoid fever, when the present treatment was not understood, and her loss was keenly and long felt by a host of friends. It was during Mr. Herman's term as Mayor of Toronto, that H. R. H. Prince Arthur, now the Duke of Connaught, came to Toronto for his first visit. The town was *en fête* and decorated; and I remember we all went down to the *Rossin House,* from the balcony of which we watched the grandees driving down to meet the Prince, especially Mr. Harman, sitting in a large landau, in the most correct dress and tall hat, and slowly drawing on a pair of green kid gloves.

Higher up on Peter Street was a dear old house with pillared porch, with a brass plate, always my childish admiration, and "Ring the bell" on it; herein lived an old cousin of my mother's, Mrs. Stanton, known all my lifetime as "Cousin Anne". She She was a great belle, I always heard, and was married three times. I really only remember her well as Mrs. Stanton. The rooms were quaint to a degree; and it was a rule rigidly observed that one part of the house was used in the winter, the other in the summer. The drawing-room was pretty—square, with a very large, small-paned window looking east and another to the south; a huge fire-place, with splendid brass andirons, and high brass fender, tall mantel-piece, above which was a lovely old triple-framed looking-glass. A funny little light wooden piano stood against the wall, and two crayon heads of husband and wife, the latter in white lace bordered cap and strings over her beautiful silky brown curls. The room had lovely Eastern draperies, embroideries, carved ivory and China ornaments, Empire sofa, and three-cornered chairs. A door with brass handles and plate led into a smaller room, which was the summer sitting-room, or living-room really, as breakfast and dinner were always served there. There was a vine-covered porch outside the glass door, with seats, and steps to the splendid big garden, in which there were many vegetables and quantities of fruit trees, strawberry beds; and mingled with these were all the old-fashioned flowers, the perfume of which filled the house, as a tall glass ornament with centre cornucopia-shaped holder and smaller ones grouped at the base was always filled with blooms from spring to autumn, which mingled with the scent of the wild grape vine on the porch, gave a delicious odour. Cousin Anne had great tales of society in Kingston and Toronto, and she presented me with an enormous jug of ivory-coloured china, with odd pictures of a deep brown on sides and great lip. It holds, I am sure, fifteen quarts, and she assured me once "I used to have this at my parties, my dear, filled with punch or lemonade". Her son, Colonel Newbigging, came home on leave from India once, and I can recall Cousin Anne in great excitement the day of his arrival, waiting in the drawing-room in a grand gown of bright pale-green silk poplin, deep lace collar, long earrings and pointed flat lace "cappet" on her beautiful

hair. It must have been in the autumn, as fires were blazing in the drawing-room and dining-room. Cousin Anne lived to a great age, and was surrounded to the very day of her death by numerous cats and dogs, to which she was devoted. She always held a reception on Sunday, with trays of wine, and *liqueurs* (cherry and current brandy) always ready.

Behind the garden of "Stormington House," in Catherine Street, (which I always connected with Cousin Anne's old maid Catherine!) was the home of Chief Justice McLean. I remember only his son, Mr. Thomas McLean, his sisters, the Misses McLean, and his daughters. His eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Harry Ferguson, now living in England, was a great belle here and remarkably handsome, her mother being a lovely woman; also her Aunt, Miss Mary Jane McLean. There were numbers of other houses, notably that of the late Honourable John Hillyard Cameron, K.C., in Queen Street, and west of Spadina Avenue, a fine old house with lovely gardens, and orchard behind, which must have stretched up to near where Grange Avenue is now. Mr. William Armstrong's place, "The Priory," is still in Esther Street, and the family are there now. All others are gone

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SPRING

By BEATRICE REDPATH

IN deepest woods there is a vernal stir,
While earth is quickened with the tender green;
Blue waters rend their crystal sephulcure
And there is life where death like sleep hath been.

Bird voices haunt the golden lighted days,
And snowdrops glimmer whitely 'mid the grass,
While in the twilight of the hidden ways
All greenly veiled Persephone doth pass.

CANADA'S PROBLEM IN ASSIMILATION

BY JOHN R. BONE

FREQUENTLY Canadians are warned that they are permitting the West to become Americanized, that the great trek of American farmers to the Western plains may one day suddenly result in a political uprising with disastrous results. Occasionally, there is a flag incident or a tourist comes upon a party of boisterous young Americans who but a year or two away from the land of their birth have not forgotten their old associations. Then in the Club smoking-rooms of Toronto or of London there is grave shaking of heads and an expression of mournful apprehensions.

There are two facts that discount such apprehensions. First, a large proportion of the American influx is composed of bona fide land settlers who buy their half section or section and settle down to live on it. This makes for rapid assimilation, particularly if as a class the newcomers are fairly treated. Secondly, this latest American invasion, like the American manufacturing invasion of England a few years ago, has been exaggerated. Cold figures as supplied by the census returns indicate that the American influx is by no means of such proportions that its assimilation ought to be a matter of great difficulty. Thus while the total Canadian increase in population in the last census decade was 1,835,388, the increase in American born population was only 175,781, or less than ten per cent. of the total increase during the same period.

This is not nearly as serious a matter either in numbers or in character as the influx of Europeans of whom there were 279,392 in the decade. These latter include Italians, Polacks, Russian Jews, Galicians and such like all drawn from the well-known distinctively immigrant class, bringing with them customs and standards which are strange to Canada and in decided contrast to those of the clean-cut American who has sold out his farm in Iowa or Dakota for $80 an acre and invests the proceeds in Saskatchewan wheat lands at perhaps one quarter the price.

Socially, educationally, economically, morally many of the Europeans are a real problem. The difficulty is aggravated by the fact that they show a decided tendency to herd in cities. Montreal and Toronto have a goodly share of them but in proportion to population Winnipeg bears the heaviest load of all Canadian cities. Every fifth person in Winnipeg is a native-born European—Galacian or Croatian or Macedonian or Doukhobor or what not. And Winnipeg is not handling the situation in an entirely reassuring manner. It was the educational situation in Manitoba mainly as it applies to these foreigners that got Mr. Roblin and Mr. Samuel into their famous snarl. Re-

gina, Edmonton and other Western cities also have the problem in a somewhat lesser degree, although it is nevertheless sufficiently acute.

However, even this problem should not be insuperable, for while the foreign-born population, chiefly American and European, increased by 474,283, the Canadian-born increase was 947,867, and added to this is an increase in the population of those born in the British Isles of 394,507. So that for every five foreigners who came to Canada during the decade there came on the scene at least thirteen new British-born or Canadian-born citizens, a proportion which ought to go far toward allaying alarm. To-day the Canadian-born and British-born comprise more than eighty-eight per cent. of the entire population. Europe has contributed 5.62 per cent., the United States 4.21 per cent., and Asia and Africa combined less than one per cent. Nevertheless, purely Canadian stock has had a serious relative decline in the last census decade. For whereas it accounted for eighty-seven per cent. of the population in 1901, it had receded ten years later to seventy-nine per cent., and the corresponding increase was divided in order among British, Europeans, and Americans.

Undoubtedly the influx which will have the greatest influence on the future of Canada is the large purely English immigration that has arrived in the past ten years. There have been during the last century many large immigrations from the British Isles to Canada, but never has there been anything approaching the present movement. For many years Ireland was the chief recruiting ground for Canada, and forty years ago there were almost as many native-born Irishmen in Canada as Englishmen and Scotsmen combined. But it is a curious fact that since that time there has been a steady decline in the number of Irish, though the decrease in the past decade has been less than in any previous period. The latest figures show only 92,874 Irish-born in 1911, as compared with 224,422 in 1871. As recently as twenty years ago there were fewer English-born than Irish and Scots, but now the preponderance is largely the other way. In the decade from 1891 to 1901 English, Irish and Scots alike declined, but in the last decade there has been a tremendous inrush of English, a moderate one of Scots, and a slight decline in Irish. Here are the figures from the last five censuses:

BRITISH-BORN IN CANADA.

	England and Wales.	Ireland.	Scotland.
1871	144,999	224,422	121,074
1881	169,492	185,522	115,010
1891	219,688	149,184	107,594
1901	203,803	101,629	83,631
1911	519,401	92,874	169,391

It is this influx of British-born which adds a distinctly new element to the political equation in Canada. The fresh arrivals are by no means evenly distributed over the country, but on the contrary are concentrated in such a way as to give their voting strength a maximum of influence. Not less than forty per cent. of the total British-born population in Canada is contained in the twenty cities of 20,000 population and more. Thus in 1911 of a total British-born population of 781,666, the number in the twenty large cities gives the astonishing total of 312,999.

To-day in the cities like Calgary and Victoria every third person one meets is British-born. In Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Hamilton, Regina, and Edmonton every fourth person is British-born. So interesting are the figures illustrating this concentration of British-born in Canadian cities that for this article the following table has been prepared, showing the percentage of British-born in each of the twenty largest Canadian cities, also the total number of British-born in each city, and for further purposes of comparison, the percentage of Canadian-born, the figures being compiled from census

bulletins quite recently issued:

City.	Percentage of British-born.	Percentage of Canadian-born.	Total of British-born.
Montreal . .	8.66	81.54	40,743
Toronto . . .	28.50	61.71	107,302
Winnipeg . .	29.41	44.08	39,999
Vancouver .	30.57	43.80	30,689
Ottawa . . .	10.93	82.69	9,513
Hamilton . .	26.84	63.49	22,001
Quebec . . .	1.74	96.43	1,369
Halifax . . .	8.66	85.08	4,038
London . . .	18.76	75.95	8,686
Calgary . .	33.80	43.84	14,722
St. John . .	5.58	89.88	2,371
Victoria . .	35.21	40.95	11,145
Regina . . .	26.98	49.43	8,150
Edmonton .	25.80	50.10	6,424
Brantford .	22.46	68.58	5,195
Total			312,399

It will be noted in passing that in most of the cities the British-born and Canadian-born combined account for about ninety per cent. or more of the total population. The exceptions are Winnipeg, where there are 19.34 per cent. of Europeans; Vancouver, with 10.35 per cent. Americans, and 6.57 per cent Europeans; Calgary, with 9.40 Americans and 9.91 per cent. Europeans; Victoria, with 10.67 per cent. Asiatics and 6.97 Americans; Regina, with 17.27 per cent. Europeans; and Edmonton, with 9.90 per cent. Europeans and 11.71 per cent. Americans. The Canadian-born in Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa include, of course, a large number of French-Canadians, and it is noteworthy that in those cities and the far eastern cities of Halifax and St. John the proportion of British-born is the very lowest.

The twenty cities named in the foregoing which contain forty per cent. of the British-born population will have upwards of forty seats in the next Parliament. Of the remaining sixty per cent. of British-born most are to be found in smaller cities and towns where they command an influential position in determining the issues in a large number of rural constituencies. Very few are actually on the land.

It is not too much to say that today the British-born hold the balance of power as between the parties in Canada. Many are said to have been free trade Radicals in the old country, but in Canada they are without bearings. They find neither free trade nor Radicalism an issue as between the parties. But whatever affiliations they assume, it may be confidently predicted that their coming will be for the improvement of Canadian political life.

Considering in particular the great Canadian Melting-Pot of races (the four Western Provinces), the most striking feature of the nativity figures is the part Ontario is playing in the development of the country. The drain of the prairie has been and is a commonplace of life in Ontario, where for thirty years, with an occasional interruption, every post-office and every tavern sitting-room has been continuously decorated with bills of auction sales announced by farmers preparing to migrate to the land of promises. The movement is reflected in pathetic census figures for many an Ontario county. However, it is undoubtedly making for the unity of Canada. The polyglot population in each of the Western Provinces is strongly leavened with the sturdy stock of old Ontario and a casual survey of the men who are taking the leading roles in politics, in the professions, in education in each of these Provinces will demonstrate how strikingly their progress is in the hands of native Ontarions. It is interesting to glean from the census bulletins the figures which show in the mass the results of Ontario immigration upon the Western population. Of Manitoba's native population 27.39 per cent, is Ontario-born; Saskatchewan has 38.68 per cent., Alberta 35.46 per cent., and British Columbia 26.88 per cent. The other Eastern Provinces contribute only slightly. And it therefore appears that Ontario, while retaining her premier position in the Dominion

in population and influence, is thus also contributing largely to the cementing of the Canadian nation into one homogeneous whole.

Figures for each of the four Provinces showing the origins of the leading sections of the population are not without interest (only numbers over 10,000 are included):

BIRTHPLACE OF WESTERN POPULATION.

I.—MANITOBA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Manitoba	170,819
Ontario	73,077
Quebec	10,755
British Isles	90,622
Europe	78,051
United States	16,326
Eleswhere	15,962
Total population	455,614

II.—SASKATCHEWAN.

Total population, 492,432.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Manitoba	21,677
Ontario	96,206
Quebec	12,909
Saskatchewan	101,854
British Isles	76,854
Europe	91,108
United States	69,628
Elsewhere	22,196
Total population	492,432

III.—ALBERTA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Alberta	73,813
Ontario	57,530
Quebec	10,112
British Isles	65,839
Europe	58,771
United States	81,357
Eleswehere	27,241
Total population	374,663

IV.—BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
British Columbia	84,490
Ontario	45,518
Quebec	7,496
British Isles	107,345
Europe	40,131
Asia	26,988
United States	37,548
Elsewhere	42,864
Total population	382,490

Taking the four Western Provinces together, it is found that notwithstanding the American invasion, the European invasion and the Asiatic invasion, not less than forty-five per cent. of the present total population were born either in the West itself or in Ontario, that just under fifty per cent. are Canadian-born, and that more than seventy per cent. are British-born. Here are the figures:

POPULATION OF FOUR WESTERN PROVINCES.

Total population	1,715,189
Born in the West	478,053
Born in Ontario	296,744
Born elsewhere in Canada	70,341
Total Canadian-born	845,138
Other British-born	363,681
Total Canadian and British-born	1,208,819

Meanwhile, what of Ontario itself? Although it has lost some of its homogenity, it retains a native-born population which ought to be sufficiently large to maintain its distinctive character. Thus:

ONTARIO.

Place of Nativity.	Number.
Ontario	1,931,726
Quebec	64,783
British Isles	348,681
Europe	86,967
United States	55,674
Elsewhere	35,443
Total population	2,523,274

Of the total population of Canada seventy-eight per cent. are native-born and twenty-two per cent. immigrants, of the latter 11.6 being British born and 10.4 per cent. being of alien birth. And in closing, let it be observed for the benefit of those who fear that Canada is growing too fast and are timid about further progress, that if eight native born Canadians with the assistance of one other British-born citizen are not equal to the task of assimilating and making a Canadian citizen of one foreigner there is in Canada much less ambition and public spirit and capacity for achievment than is generally supposed.

THE CRANE

From the Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE INEVITABLE WHITE MAN

BY JACK LONDON

"THE black will never understand the white, nor the white the black, as long as black is black and white is white." So said Captain Woodward. We sat in the parlour of Charley Roberts's pub in Apia, drinking long Abdul Hammeds compounded and shared with us by the aforesaid Charley Roberts, who claimed the recipe direct from Steevens, famous for having invented the Abdul Hammed at a time when he was spurred on by Nile thirst—The Steevens who was responsible for "With Kitchener to Khartum," and who passed out at the siege of Ladysmith.

Captain Woodward, short and squat, elderly, burned by forty years of tropic sun, and with the most beautiful liquid brown eyes I ever saw in a man, spoke from a vast experience. The criss-cross of scars on his bald pate bespoke a tomahawk intimacy with the black, and of equal intimacy was the advertisement, front and rear, on the right side of his neck, where an arrow had at one time entered and been pulled clean through. As he explained, he had been in a hurry on that occasion—the arrow impeded his running—and he felt that he could not take the time to break off the head and pull out the shaft the way it had come in. At the present moment he was commander of the *Savaii,* the big steamer that recruited labour from the westward for the German plantations on Samoa.

"Half the trouble is the stupidity of the whites," said Roberts, pausing to take a swig from his glass and to curse the Samoan bar-boy in affectionate terms. "If the white man would lay himself out a bit to understand the workings of the black man's mind, most of the messes would be avoided."

"I've seen a few who claimed they understood niggers," Captain Woodward retorted, "and I always took notice that they were the first to be *kai-kai'd* (eaten). Look at the missionaries in New Guinea and the New Hebrides—the martyr isle of Erromanga and all the rest. Look at the Austrian expedition that was cut to pieces in the Solomons, in the bush of Guadalcanar. And look at the traders themselves, with a score of years' experience, making their brag that no nigger would ever get them, and whose heads to this day are ornamenting the rafters of the canoe-houses.

"There was old Johnny Simons—twenty-six years on the raw edges of Melanesia, swore he knew the niggers like a book and that they'd never do for him, and he passed out at Marovo Lagoon, New Georgia, had his head sawed off by a black Mary (woman) and an old nigger with only one leg, having left the other leg in the mouth of a shark while diving for dynamited fish.

"There was Billy Watts, horrible reputation as a nigger-killer, a man to scare the devil. I remember lying at Cape Little, New Ireland, you know, when the niggers stole half a

case of trade tobacco—cost him about three dollars and a half. In retaliation he turned out and shot six niggers, smashed up their war-canoes, and burned two villages. And it was at Cape Little, four years afterward, that he jumped along with fifty Buku boys he had with him fishing bechede-mer. In five minutes they were all dead, with the exception of three boys who got away in a canoe.

"Don't talk to me about understanding the nigger. The white man's mission is to farm the world, and it's a big enough job cut out for him. What time has he got left to understand niggers, anyway?"

"Just so," said Roberts. "And somehow it doesn't seem necessary, after all, to understand the niggers. In direct proportion to the white man's stupidity is his success in farming the world—"

"And putting the fear of God into the nigger's heart," Captain Woodward blurted out. "Perhaps you're right, Roberts. Perhaps it's his stupidity that makes him succeed, and surely one phase of his stupidity is his inability to understand the niggers. But there's one thing sure, the white has to run the niggers, whether he understands them or not. It's inevitable. It's fate."

"And, of course, the white man is inevitable—it's the niggers' fate," Roberts broke in. "Tell the white man there's pearl-shell in some lagoon infested by ten thousand howling cannibals, and he'll head there all by his lonely, with half a dozen kanaka divers and a tin alarm clock for chronometer, all packed like sardines on a commodious, five-ton ketch. Whisper that there's a gold-strike at the North Pole, and that same inevitable white-skinned creature will set out at once, armed with pick and shovel, a side of bacon, and the latest patent rocker—and what's more, he'll get there. Tip off to him that there's diamonds on the red-hot ramparts of hell, and Mr. White Man will storm the ramparts and set old Satan himself to pick-and-shovel work. That's what comes of being stupid and inevitable."

"But I wonder what the black man must think of the—the inevitableness," I said.

Captain Woodward broke into quiet laughter. His eyes had a reminiscent gleam.

"I'm just wondering what the niggers of Malu thought and still must be thinking of the one inevitable white man we had on board when we visited them in the *Duchess,*" he explained. Roberts mixed three more Abdul Hammeds. "That was twenty years ago. Saxtorph was his name. He was certainly the most stupid man I ever saw, but he was as inevitable as death. There was only one thing that chap could do, and that was shoot. I remember the first time I ran into him—right here in Apia twenty years ago. That was before your time, Roberts. I was sleeping at Dutch Henry's hotel, down where the market is now. Ever heard of him? He made a tidy stake smuggling arms in to the rebels, sold out his hotel, and was killed in Sydney just six weeks afterward in a saloon row.

"But Saxtorph. One night I'd just got to sleep, when a couple of cats began to sing in the courtyard. It was out of bed and up window, water-jug in hand. But just then I heard the window of the next room go up. Two shots were fired, and the window was closed. I fail to impress you with the celerity of the transaction. Ten seconds at the outside. Up went the window, bang bang went the revolver, and down went the window. Whoever it was, he had never stopped to see the effect of his shots. He knew. Do you follow me?—he *knew*. There was no more cat-concert, and in the morning there lay the two offenders, stone-dead. It was marvellous to me. It still is marvellous. First, it was starlight, and Saxtorph shot without drawing a bead; next, he shot so rapidly that

the two reports were like a double report; and finally, he knew he had hit his marks without looking to see.

"Two days afterward he came on board to see me. I was mate, then, on the *Duchess,* a whacking big one-hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner, a blackbirder. And let me tell you that blackbirders were blackbirders in those days. There weren't any Government inspectors, and no Government protection for *us,* either. It was rough work, give and take, if we were finished we were finished and nothing said, and we ran niggers from every south sea island they didn't kick us off from. Well, Saxtorph came on board, John Saxtorph was the name he gave. He was a sandy little man, hair sandy, complexion sandy, and eyes sandy, too. Nothing striking about him. His soul was as neutral as his colour scheme. He said he was strapped and wanted to ship on board. Would go cabin-boy, cook, supercargo, or common sailor. Didn't know any of the billets, but said that he was willing to learn. I didn't want him, but his shooting had so impressed me that I took him as common sailor, wages three pounds per month.

"He was willing to learn all right, I'll say that much. But he was constitutionally unable to learn anything. He could no more box the compass than I could mix drinks like Roberts here. And as for steering, he gave me my first gray hairs. I never dared risk him at the wheel when we were running in a big sea, while full-and-by and close-and-by were insoluble mysteries. Couldn't ever tell the difference between a sheet and a tackle, simply couldn't. The fore-throat-jig and the jib-jig were all one to him. Tell him to slack off the main-sheet, and before you knew it he'd drop the peak. He fell overboard three times, and he couldn't swim. But he was always cheerful, never seasick, and he was the most willing man I ever knew. He was an uncommunicative soul. Never talked about himself. His history, so far as we were concerned, began the day he signed on the *Duchess.* Where he learned to shoot, the stars alone can tell. He was a Yankee—that much we knew from the twang in his speech. And that was all we ever did know.

"And now we begin to get to the point. We had bad luck in the New Hebrides, only fourteen boys for five weeks, and we ran up before the southeast for the Solomons. Malaita, then as now, was good recruiting ground, and we ran into Malu, on the northwestern corner. There's a shore-reef and an outer reef, and a mighty nervous anchorage; but we made it all right and fired off our dynamite as a signal to the niggers to come down and be recruited. In three days we got not a boy. The niggers came off to us in their canoes by hundreds, but they only laughed when we showed them beads and calico and hatchets and talked of the delights of plantation work in Samoa.

"On the fourth day there came a change. Fifty-odd boys signed on and were billeted in the main-hold, with the freedom of the deck, of course. And, of course, looking back, this wholesale signing on was suspicious, but at the time we thought some powerful chief had removed the ban against recruiting. The morning of the fifth day our two boats went ashore as usual—one to cover the other, you know, in case of trouble. And, as usual, the fifty niggers on board were on deck, loafing, talking, smoking, and sleeping. Saxtorph and myself, along with four other sailors, were all that were left on board. The two boats were manned with Gilbert islanders. In the one were the captain, the supercargo, and the recruiter. In the other, which was the covering boat and which lay off shore a hundred yards, was the second mate. Both boats were well armed, though trouble was little expected.

"Four of the sailors, including Saxtorph, were scraping the poop

rail. The fifth sailor, rifle in hand, was standing guard by the water-tank just for'ard of the mainmast. I was for'ard, putting in the finishing licks on a new jaw for the fore-gaff. I was just reaching for my pipe where I had laid it down, when I heard a shot from shore. I straightened up to look. Something struck me on the back of the head, partially stunning me and knocking me to the deck. My first thought was that something had carried away aloft; but even as I went down and before I struck the deck, I heard the devil's own tattoo of rifles from the boats, and, twisting sidewise, I caught a glimpse of the sailor who was standing guard. Two big niggers were holding his arms, and a third nigger, from behind, was braining him with a tomahawk.

"I can see it now, the water-tank, the mainmast, the gang hanging on to him, the hatchet descending on the back of his head, and all under the blazing sunlight. I was fascinated by that growing vision of death. The tomahawk seemed to take a horribly long time to come down. I saw it land, and the man's legs give under him as he crumpled. The niggers held him up by sheer strength while he was hacked a couple of times more. Then I got two more hacks on the head and decided that I was dead. So did the brute that was hacking me. I was too helpless to move, and I lay there and watched them removing the sentry's head. I must say they did it slick enough. They were old hands at the business.

"The rifle-firing from the boats had ceased, and I made no doubt that they were finished off and that the end had come to everything. It was only a matter of moments when they would return for my head. They were evidently taking the heads from the sailors aft. Heads are valuable on Malaita, especially white heads. They have the place of honour in the canoe-houses of the salt-water natives. What particular decorative effect the bushmen get out of them I don't know, but they prize them just as much as the salt-water crowd.

"I had a dim notion of escaping, and I crawled on hands and knees to the winch, where I managed to drag myself to my feet. From there I could look aft and see three heads on top of the cabin—the heads of three sailors I had given orders to for months. The niggers saw me standing, and started for me. I reached for my revolver, and found they had taken it. I can't say that I was scared. I've been near to death several times, but it never seemed easier than right then. I was half-stunned, and nothing seemed to matter.

"The leading nigger had armed himself with a cleaver from the galley, and he grimaced like an ape as he prepared to slice me down. But the slice was never made. He went down on the deck all of a heap, and I saw the blood gush from his mouth. In a dim way I heard a rifle go off and continue to go off. Nigger after nigger went down. My senses began to clear, and I noted that there was never a miss. Every time that rifle went off a nigger dropped. I sat down on deck beside the winch and looked up. Perched in the cross-trees was Saxtorph. How he had managed it I can't imagine, for he had carried up with him two Winchesters and I don't know how many bandoliers of ammunition; and he was now doing the only thing in this world he was fitted to do.

"I've seen shooting and slaughter, but I never saw anything like that. I sat by the winch and watched the show. I was weak and faint, and it seemed to be all a dream. Bang, bang, bang, bang, went his rifle, and thud, thud, thud, thud, went the niggers to the deck. It was amazing to see them go down. After their first rush to get me when about a dozen had dropped, they seemed paralyzed; but he never left off pumping his gun. By this time canoes and the two boats arrived from shore, armed

with Sniders and with Winchesters which they had captured in the boats. The fusillade they let loose on Saxtorph was tremendous. Luckily for him the niggers are only good at close range. They are not used to putting the guns to their shoulders. They wait until they are right on top of a man, and then they shoot from the hip. When his rifle got too hot, Saxtorph changed off. That had been his idea when he carried two rifles up with him.

"The astounding thing was the rapidity of his fire. Also, he never made a miss. If ever anything was inevitable, that man was. It was the swiftness of it that made the slaughter so appalling. The niggers did not have time to think. When they did manage to think they went over the side in a rush, capsizing the canoes, of course. Saxtorph never let up. The water was covered with them, and plump, plump, plump, he dropped his bullets into them. Not a single miss, and I could hear distinctly the thud of every bullet as it buried in human flesh.

"The niggers spread out and headed for the shore, swimming. The water was carpeted with bobbing heads, and I stood up, as in a dream, and watched it all—the bobbing heads and the heads that ceased to bob. Some of the long shots were magnificent. Only one man reached the beach, but as he stood up to wade ashore, Saxtorph got him. It was beautiful. And when a couple of niggers ran down to drag him out of the water, Saxtorph got them, too.

"I thought everything was over then, when I heard the rifle go off again. A nigger had come out of the cabin companion on the run for the rail and gone down in the middle of it. The cabin must have been full of them. I counted twenty. They came up one at a time and jumped for the rail. But they never got there. It reminded me of trap-shooting. A black body would pop out of the companion, bang would go Saxtorph's rifle, and down would go the black body. Of course, those below did not know what was happening on deck, so they continued to pop out until the last one was finished off.

"Saxtorph waited a while to make sure, and then came down on deck. He and I were all that were left of the *Duchess's* complement, and I was pretty well to the bad, while he was helpless now that the shooting was over. Under my direction he washed out my scalp-wounds and sewed them up. A big drink of whiskey braced me to make an effort to get out. There was nothing else to do. All the rest were dead. We tried to get up sail, Saxtorph hoisting and I holding the turn. He was once more the stupid lubber. He couldn't hoist worth a cent, and when I fell in a faint it looked all up with us.

"When I came to, Saxtorph was sitting helplessly on the rail, waiting to ask me what he should do. I told him to overhaul the wounded and see if there were any able to crawl. He gathered together six. One, I remember, had a broken leg; but Saxtorph said his arms were all right. I lay in the shade, brushing the flies off and directing operations, while Saxtorph bossed his hospital gang. I'll be blessed if he didn't make those poor niggers heave at every rope on the pin-rails before he found the halyards. One of them let go the rope in the midst of the hoisting and slipped down to the deck dead; but Saxtorph hammered the others and made them stick by the job. When the fore and main were up, I told him to knock the shackle out of the anchor-chain and let her go. I had had myself helped aft to the wheel, where I was going to make a shift at steering. I can't guess how he did it, but instead of knocking the shackle out down went the second anchor, and there we were doubly moored.

"In the end he managed to knock both shackles out and raise the staysail and jib, and the *Duchess* filled away for the entrance. Our decks

were a spectacle. Dead and dying niggers were everywhere. They were wedged away, some of them, in the most inconceivable places. The cabin was full of them where they had crawled off the deck, and cashed in. I put Saxtorph and his graveyard gang to work heaving them overside, and over they went, the living and the dead. The sharks had fat pickings that day. Of course, our four murdered sailors went the same way. Their heads, however, we put in a sack with weights, so that by no chance should they drift on the beach and fall into the hands of the niggers.

"Our five prisoners I decided to use as crew, but they decided otherwise. They watched their opportunity and went over the side. Saxtorph got two in mid-air with his revolver, and would have shot the other three in the water if I hadn't stopped him. I was sick of the slaughter, you see, and, besides, they'd helped work the schooner out. But it was mercy thrown away, for the sharks got the three of them.

"I had brain fever or something after we got clear of the land. The *Duchess* lay hove-to for three weeks, then I pulled myself together and we jogged on with her to Sydney. Anyway, those niggers of Malu learned the everlasting lesson that it is not good to monkey with a white man. In their case, Saxtorph was certainly inevitable."

Charley Roberts emitted a long whistle and said:

"Well, I should say so. But whatever became of Saxtorph?"

"He drifted into seal-hunting and became a crackerjack. For six years he was high line on both the Victoria and San Francisco fleets. The seventh year his schooner was seized in Bering Sea by a Russian cruiser, and all hands, so the talk went, were slammed into the Siberian salt mines. At least I've never heard of him since."

"Farming the world," Roberts muttered. "Farming the world, Well, here's to them. Somebody's got to do it—farm the world, I mean."

Captain Woodward rubbed the criss-crosses on his bald head.

"I've done my share of it," he said. "Forty years now. This will be my last trip. Then I'm going home to stay."

"I'll wager the wine you don't," Roberts challenged. "You'll die in the harness, not at home."

Captain Woodward promptly accepted the bet, but personally I think Charley Roberts has the best of it.

DEGRADING A GENERATION

BY W. LACEY AMY

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE WOLF"

IRREVERENCE as an accomplishment is a distinct development of this generation. It has become the standard of modernism, the badge of the automobile age. We call it freedom, rationality, progressiveness, and even genius—anything to blind us to its real essence: repudiation of the tenets of our fathers. New gods interfere with our religion, divorce courts laugh at marriage, festivity disturbs our homes, slit skirts and transparent waists violate the sanctity of the body, the tango shocks Terpsichore, cubism shatters art, sex stories distort literature, problem plays defile the stage. Our music has become mechanical, our charity an advertisement, our worship a form.

Summed up in a paragraph like that it is a disturbing picture—an unpopular one and inviting contradiction. We do not see it because the drug of our dissipations continues to control our senses. The picture is not yet completed; we are still painting it, most of us adding our daub of red and blue, and working up unconsciously a part of the consistent whole.

Perhaps, were the adult in control, common sense would right things before a cataclysm. That superficial intelligence which enables us to see wrong right, to urge a sophism in justification of every step, might strike deeper and become a sense of proportion, saving us, perhaps, from the full penalties of our foolishness.

But the young man and woman are growing up in the new life; and there's the rub.

Contumely has become, in the youth, a fine art. The disrespect of the father for the religion of his ancestors has extended in the son—and quite naturally—to include age, experience and control in his list of sneers. Eighteen years, or thereabouts, is the age of proficiency, of omniscience. An egg is not the only thing spoiled by time.

Religion? A nuisance, an interference with personal rights and reflection, a repudiation of individual acumen, a fossilized, unfounded fable fit only for the mentally unequipped. Age? A misfortune, a condition surrounded by hoary misconceptions that must now give way to more throbbing sapience. Experience? A handicap of the years that blinds the eye of reason, deafens the ear of wisdom, muddles the tongue of talent; a word to which time has attached an erroneous value. Control? If physical, vulgar and contemptible; if moral, a curb on individualism. The learning of years is but a drag on genius; and genius becomes senile after the twenties.

The youth of to-day acknowledges no value in the gift of the ages, denies the disadvantage of juvenility, permits no preference to the teachings of time, yields nothing to years. He sees in himself the embodiment of the progress of the world, the

proof of it, the result of it; and he demands that the facts be recognized in the determination of future schemes for advancement or entertainment.

About the only thing reserved to the advantage of age is the vote, and that because any alteration rests in the hands of those who are beginning to realize their responsibility for the ravages of domineering buds. The ballot box is the sole fortification of years; and even it will yield to the licensed demands of youth unless adult responsibility is more than recognized. "You can't hold down a good thing," says the boy; and he's a mighty brave man who points out that a really bad one is quite as difficult to control.

The boy is not to blame. The father has shaped the son; the image is his carving.

Modern entertainment is bent to the whim of the young. The "Not-outs" rage in a whirl of gaiety which would unsettle their seniors. A young girl of seventeen of my acquaintance yawns dolefully on her infrequent evenings at home, and bemoans her inability to accept all three invitations for to-morrow. A girl's health suffers, her intellect is untrained owing to early renunciation of studies, her moral fibre is warped by indulgence and independence, her sense of proportion is left unguided. For she has long since overcome the interference of her parents by a persistent fight, and by holding up her young friends as examples of liberty and license.

She dresses as she pleases, regardless of cost, age, and even decency. The nell-rose hat she induced her mother to purchase for her, demands a nell-rose parasol; a purple hat requires a purple petticoat and veil. When she selects the youth who is to be favoured for a while with her company, he needs must recognize his good fortune by taxis, roses, and a gift for every anniversary. A girl nowadays is apt to size a young man by the quality of his flowers, the name on the chocolate box, the location of the theatre seats. She has made vases a standard decoration, bon-bon dishes a fad, opera cloaks a necessity for every wardrobe.

She rises at nine, after the frivolities of the previous night, and fills her morning with fittings and the shops. Her afternoons are topped off with teas at a down-town hotel. Her evenings are a round of turkey-trots, tangos and theatres. No dance is long taboo, no play too *risqué,* no hour too late, few dissipations too abandoned.

Perhaps the secret of the license accorded to youth—especially to girls—is our frenzy for publicity, our determination to "keep in the swim". In the desire to prevent eclipse of our daughters we consent to conduct we find it difficult to defend. "Dorothy does it" is sufficient reason why our Gladys should go a shade better. It was Mrs. Jones's tea determined our dinner-dance. It is anything rather than be old-fashioned or "behind". We deliberately turn our backs on the evening's entertainment of our children to prevent a tussle with our consciences—or our daughters.

It may shock us to hear of an evening spent by our young girls wholly in turkey-trots and bunny-hugs, interspersed with cooling-off joy-rides; but that is not unusual even in Toronto, the Good.

The father in a prominent house sought to protect the entertainment given by his "not-out" children, by locking his stock of cigars in his billiard-room. The youths present—sons of social leaders—promptly broke through the locked door, forced open the cabinet, and calmly helped themselves, while below stairs the girls waited in vain for partners for the censored dance list. It mattered not that these young men came from families accustomed to guard their reputations as their most valuable asset. It was not that they condoned

house-breaking and theft, but that their resentment at restraint was keener than their appreciation of the crime they had committed. It was merely the result of the license to which they were accustomed.

Our thirst for the evidences of wealth is turning the world upside down. Self-amusement blinds us to results; the fever of the excitement beclouds our common sense; the spectacle of our neighbours urges only to emulation. And into the vortex we have drawn our children whose ballast is not yet adjusted, whose balance does not keep their heads above the whirl. It may be hard to believe that the adult of to-day, deliberately selecting the life he lives, is able to withstand the stronger currents of that whirlpool; but it is certain as the sun that adolesence cannot hold its own. We exchange our cars every year, join golf clubs too numerous to be patronized, travel to surfeit—thereby living up to and beyond our incomes. And we saturate our children with the virus of extravagance.

A mother with some foreboding still, urged on her daughter more carefully considered expenditure. "You can't expect that any young man you marry will be able to keep you as you are living now."

The girl laughed carelessly. "I won't marry him if he can't," she replied. "Or else father'll make me an allowance."

And all the time the young man contemplating marriage shudders at the troubles that face him—even while he maintains the standard of extravagance of his set. He balks at the cost of marriage; she balks at everything else.

A foolish—I should say, criminal—mother brushed aside the warnings of friends concerning her daughter's conduct by openly accusing them of jealousy. In the meantime the uncontrolled girl was rapidly passing through the stage of popularity that greets a vivacious, pretty youngster, and had already closed against herself the respectable homes of her set. Finally the mother awoke to a secret marriage with a young scapegrace—and then looked to the courts to undo what her criminal foolishness had done.

Engagement has become to the debutante merely a proof of popularity. The eagerness with which she looks forward to that condition is seldom realized by her parents. With her young friends she discusses it and the man as one might the new maid. In cold blood they compare chances, delve into "thrills" and psychology, and arrive at conclusions which would stagger their parents. At twenty the unengaged girl frets circles around her eyes. At twenty-one a joke about her condition rends her. And at twenty-three she begins to retire in abashment.

"Musn't it be awful," said a debutante, apropos of an elderly spinster, "to have to go through life without a chance to marry." She could not imagine spinsterhood with any opportunity of altering it. It is the result of the attitude of the mother who longs for nothing but the "success" of her daughter; for that "success" is measured by the train of pseudo-lovesick youths in her wake. Girls are thrown into society with a reckless disregard of health, innocence, mental equipment and real happiness—in order that Mrs. Jones's daughter may not be the "belle".

Take a census of the homes any night between September and May, and the few girls there will be yawning their heads off. And there lies the cause of *blasé* maidens in their twenties, of cigarette-loving boys who prefer loafing and untimely gossip and pleasures to anything else on earth. Reading is confined to the "popular" book—whose popularity depends upon its trifling with the sentiments of this new life of ours. Sewing is left to the bazaars—an accepted revelry of to-day. Music is a charm cultivated for further con-

quest. And with it all, life is a continuous Coney Island, a parent is but a bank, home a sleeping-place.

Some of us look on and manage to feel it at times to the wringing of hands—and the next minute work the hypodermic. We have spasms of conscience, the inconsistency of which is justly ridiculed by our children. We exercise a momentary control—and to-morrow exceed even our former license. We stand aghast at the month's bills—and go shopping the same morning with our insatiable daughters.

But within our grasp is the remedy. The restraint of the parent can revive in a decade the simplicity of youth, the glow of innocence, the respect owing age and experience, the unadulterated merriment that goes only with purity. To-day a mother may lay her hand on the throbbing head of her daughter and impel that peace which alone makes for real happiness and virtue. The father holds the rein that can keep his son from destruction.

If mother and father withhold the hand of peace what shoals will threaten ten years ahead?

If at that time our children retain a conscience, a sense of right and wrong, a tinge of reverence, there will be marked up to the discredit of weak, foolish parents the lassitude and weariness and worse that follow hard on the heels of a life of revelry. Our license will not be remembered as love, as desire to gratify a son's wish, a daughter's whim. For always, while the world lasts, there will remain the conviction that the parent is responsible for the child.

SPRING AWOKE TO-DAY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SPRING awoke to-day!
Somewhere—far away—
Spring awoke to-day
From the depth of dream.

Through the air bestirred,
Pulse of winging bird,
Through the air bestirred,
Laugh of hidden stream.

On the world's cold lips
Fell warm finger-tips;
On the world's cold lips
Woke the glow and gleam!

NORTHERN VISTAS

THE LAST OF A SERIES OF SIX SKETCHES

BY MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

My name is Ojib-Charlie,
I like to sing and dance.
—Cy Warman.

I WOULD go further than my medical friend who said, "Grouard will one day be a large city." In spite of its small population it is one now, that is if we accept the definition laid down by an ancient Jewish writer who defined a large city as a place in which "there are ten leisure men; if less than so, lo! it is a village."

No one seems to be working unless it be the Indians who are training their horses for the sports that are to take place the day after to-morrow, which sports will last for a week. This might be the leisurely land of the hyperboreans where there is everlasting spring and the inhabitants never seem to toil or increase in years.

A land in the sun-bright deep,
Where golden gardens glow,
Where the winds of the north, becalmed in sleep,
Their conch-shells never blow.

The first men we meet are the civil engineers. Nearly everyone surveys here, and even the wild geese run lines along the sky. These engineers are pleasant-spoken men of proper spirit, who have been hammered into hardihood by work and weather. Nearly all of them invite you to eat in their camps: "Come over to my stamping-grounds," says a youth who looks like a walking pine-tree. There is no doubt in the world he is lonely for his women-folk whom we happen to know "down home," for when we accept he smiles and says, "Heaven bless you endlessly!" He gave us a good supper, too, of hot and savoury food, and the coffee, though served in cups of unbelievable thickness, was undeniably nectar.

Afterwards, we walk into the village to get acquainted with the people thereof, and to secure lodgings. Over the doors of some of the shops there are sign-boards written in Cree, that is to say in syllabic symbols which look like the foot-prints of a huge bird.

We are accosted by a gentleman of the Bible Society who wishes to sell us copies of the New Testament, which book, he says, is lightly esteemed in the North. He asks me if I belong to my Creator, but I dissemble in that I have never been able to say God created me without distinct reservations. There are certain ugly and reproachful traits in my make-up which it seems sacrilegious to attribute to the Deity. This colporteur has a keen, clean mind—anyone can see that—and I like him for his child-like straightness of soul.

He is carrying copies of the gospels in the different Indian languages but, so far, has sold but few. Doubtless the Indians think with

that Mendizabel, the Prime Minister of Spain, who once said to George Borrow, "My good sir, it is not Bibles we want but rather guns and gun-powder."

The knowledge one picks up on a walk down the street is varied in character and throws a light on village life several hundred miles from a railway.

There are three churches here, also a pool-room and a moving picture show. It costs fifty cents to see the latter.

When a trapper is not working he is whittling. This is a bad year for the trappers; two summers came together.

Eggs are a dollar a dozen and four loaves of bread may be had for the same price. Beef sells for twenty-five cents a pound and butter for sixty-five.

There is an outcropping of coal on a mountainside twelve miles away. A sample of the coal has been sent to Edmonton for analysis.

The main café is built of logs, and a notice in English advises the wayfarer to "Stick to our pies. Never mind the looks of the house"; it further confesses, "It's the oysters we eat, not the shell."

The village boasts of a brass-band with twenty instruments. Although instructed by wire to meet us at the boat to-day, they failed to assemble, the members of the company having quarreled over the selections to be played.

Lots on main street sell as high as two thousand dollars each.

A gentleman in tweed suit with capacious pockets and tan leggings which he has brought with him across the Atlantic has decided to stand for the legislature at the next election. "The electors will say," he assures us, "that I have been drunk. They will say that I have been in jail, but I shall reply with repartee. You see, I've always been deucedly clever at repartee."

The Mounted Police Barracks, the Indian Agency, the Hudson's Bay Post and the Catholic Mission are on the hill above the village. The Church of England Mission lies out and beyond, on a farther hill. The bankers ride out to the farther hill to play tennis with the pretty English girls who teach in the school.

When an elderly jocose Irishman so far forgets himself as to say "darlint" to a breed-girl, he must not be surprised if she draws a wry face and calls him *muchemina;* that is to say, "bad berries."

I might write a book on the news to be picked up on this main street, if a tide of sleep did not threaten to submerge me. In this dry crystalline atmosphere, one must sleep an hour or two sometimes, however unwilling the spirit or unique and alluring the things present.

My room at the lodging-house is the best the place affords in that it has a cotton curtain for a door and as yet doors are only used in the outside walls of the houses. The curtain is not, however, of much account in that the green lumber of the walls has warped to such narrow dimensions that the occupier of the adjoining room would have to shut his or her eyes to keep from seeing you. On the contrary part, you must of necessity go to bed in the dark unless you wish to fall a victim to the crafts and assaults of the mosquitoes who are attracted by the lamp. In a fortnight or so, they will have completly disappeared but, in the meanwhile, if you would escape their nasty niggling ways you must neglect your hair, teeth, and sun-scalded nose. A real estate agent was telling me to-day about how the mosquitoes often disappeared in a night and, to illustrate this fact, related a story of a Tipperary orator who said, "My fellow-countryman, the round towers of Ireland have so completely disappeared that it is doubtful if they ever existed."

A waggon is leaving this morning for St. Bernard's Mission on the hill

and by some felicity I am invited to go with it. Bill, who is the driver, received a bullet wound in a Mexican rebellion; had his leg broken by a fall from "a terrible mean cayuse", lost an eye and part of his nose in a mine explosion and says, by these same tokens, he will live to be a hundred unless he loses his head to the government. Bill was married once down Oregon way, but his wife divorced him. His wife was very short-sighted but, contrawise, her tongue was long. Besides, she was appallingly like her mother.

This trail to St. Bernard's, passing as it does through a trail of lanky young poplars and birch in green lacy gowns, is a right pleasant one and fills you with the great joy of growing things.

And, also, it is very pleasant this morning to shut your eyes, that you may the better inhale the fine brew of the conifers, the reek of the wild roses, the pungent wafture of the mint from the meadows and, above all, the subtle incense of the warm spawning soil. This is to have a happiness as large as your wishes. This is to think thoughts that are very secret and only half-way wise.

At St. Bernard's the nuns take me to see their finely manicured garden with its rows of cabbages, leeks, turnips, radishes and its many herbs such as parsley, mint, and sage. Their potatoes are "coming on" well, and so are the posy beds.

This sweet-breathed garden is tilled by voluntary labour and hold in common, but it must be remembered the nun's occupation does not afford her any special opportunities for knowledge of the world at large and its shrewder ways.

I can easily discern that the pride of this garden are the cabbages, probably because more care has gone into their culture. Indeed, this vegetable seems to be peculiarly favoured by all gardeners of all classes, for even the haughty Diocletian, when asked to resume his crown, said to the ambassadors, "If you would come and see the cabbages I have planted, you would never again mention to me the name of empire." In this garden-plot the sisters have erected a pedestal upon which stands a fair shining woman, even she who is the mother to their Lord and wonderful God.

In order that her labour may become an offering to her tutelary spirit, every woman should have a statue in her garden embodying her highest ideal, whether it be of Isis, Mrs. Eddy, or Diana, the "Goddess excellently bright." Such a statue would tend also to keep her religion a divine intimacy rather than a creed or an institutional observance.

Sister Marie-des-Anges shows me the hospital and pleasures me with a delicious cordial which is made out of wild berries and which tastes better than champagne.

Those who have an eye for esoteric apartments with etchings and faint-coloured prints on "toned-down" walls, would not be impressed with the wards and offices of this hospital where all the furniture is home-made. It is, however, cleverly contrived and has the prestige of being literally the original "mission furniture"—no one can gainsay it. In this connection, give me leave to transcribe here a passage which I have met with in the book of Thoreau, the naturalist. "Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's?" he asks. "When I think of the benefactors of the race whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any car-load of fashionable furniture."

I know not the answer of this question unless it be that we of Canada need practice in the excellence of those graces which have respect to personal simplicity and disrespect to communal opinion. I have a mind to make a trial of this.

It was in this hospital that "Twel-

ve-Foot'' Davis (now in heaven) gave instructions to his partner, Jim Cornwall, to take his body on a sled to the Peace River and bury it on the height of land.

People in the cities are too busily absorbed in the transactions of peers and politicians to know about northern philanthropists like ''Twelve-Foot'' Davis, the first man to introduce steel-traps into this country and to thus dare the wrath of the omnipotent and idomintable ''Company of Gentleman Adventurers.'' You may not know it, but the steel trap has done as much for the Indian as the self-binder has for the white man.

But down here everyone knows that ''Twelve-Foot'' Davis was held in high esteem, and any man will tell you, as Bill the driver told me, how it was a full hand this fine frontiersman laid on the Lord's table and that none of the cards were lacking.

''Twelve-Foot'' Davis was so called because, in the days of the Cariboo rush, he staked a claim of twelve feet. Each prospector was allowed one hundred feet, and there was no claim left when ''Twelve-Foot'' appeared on the scene. But to be assured in his mind he was not outdone, he measured the claims and found two of the prospectors were holding two hundred and twelve feet. Davis wanted those extra twelve feet and the prospectors decided to give him a place directly in the centre of their claims on a spot where a basin of shale lay. From this narrow claim, ''Twelve-Foot'' dug up a large quantity of gold, and this was the only spot on the entire creek where the least trace of ore was found, even his neighbours being unable to pan out a grain. It was from this happening that he derived the name which, because of the question it carries on its face, would, as a nom de plume, be worth a corresponding amount of gold to an obscure author.

Bill who is fairly amenable to bribes takes me over to the farther hill where the Church of England Mission stands, which Mission was the spiritual husbandry of the late Bishop Holmes.

It would be pleasant to tell of this place and of the school, but Bill is in haste and will not tarry my leisure. It may be that his swaying motive is another bribe.

It was only three months ago that the Bishop and his family started for England, and soon afterwards came the news that he had died in a London hospital. The teachers tell me the family who went out together on this holiday are never coming back, in that they cannot afford to take the journey now that the bread-winner is gone. The furniture is to be sold, and the house will be ''done over'' for another bishop.

As I walk through the home which for many years has been the most hospitable one in the north, it is with a mist in my eyes and a painful tightness in my throat. I touch the chords of ''Auld Lang Syne'' on the piano in honour of Madam, the mother; I kiss the house-flowers for the love of the young girls who carried them safely over the long, long winter; I finger the books in the library with affection in memory of the good Bishop who once told me kindly tales of those Indians who were his friends.

And when I, too, have gone, may it happen that someone who understands will touch my books in like manner, and say good-bye to them for me. I could not so endure it myself.

It was six days later at the sports that I received a proposal of marriage from Prosper, an Indian who is a trainer of horses. It was not wholly a surprise, for he had already approached the master of our party with an overture to buy me. The master had hesitated to tell me of this for fear I might be offended. ''You see, Lady Jane'' he explained, ''it is like that case in *Patience* where the magnet wished to attract the silver churn.''

"Yes?" asked I, "and what did you say to him?"

"Oh! I told him he was a master-fool; that you were nothing but a great cross-examiner who had the misfortune to be born a woman."

"And his reply?"

"He said he did not understand me but he saw you laughed a great deal and showed your teeth. He says he would not beat you but would be very mild and agreeable with you."

Now, I was not offended, for the proposal from this young Apollo of the forest only meant I was no longer regarded as a mysterious invader from another and strange land.

Why should he not propose? In this northern world distinctions fall away and all are equal. As a usual thing, the Indian regards a white woman impersonally, or with a half-contemptuous indifference. To him we are frail, die-away creatures, deplorably deficient in energy, yet, strange to relate, wholly lacking in the spirit of obedience. Scores of ill-instructed novelists to the contrary, no Indian has ever assaulted a white woman. This is an amazing fact when one considers how, for nearly two centuries, the Indian has guided our women through forests; piloted them down rivers; and has cared for them in isolated outposts. The Indian has lived rough and lived hard but, in this particular, he is morally the most immutable of all God's estimable men-folk.

When Prosper pleaded his case personally, he broke ice by requesting me to accept a pair of doe-skin gauntlets more beautiful than ordinary. In spite of my declining the gift, he asked, "Will you marry me?" assuring me, at the same time, that I was his *saky hagen,* or "one beloved." I would not have to travel far. He is one day from here if there be wind, but two days with no wind. He likes the noise I make in my throat when I laugh. The master explained to Prosper, "This is only a way she has of gargling her throat beautifully," a wicked cynicism which was lost on the bronze-faced tamer of horses, for gargling, to him, is an unknown and hence an incomprehensible practice.

Prosper is a hardily built man with admirable shoulders and a bearing like "Thunder Cloud," the American Indian who was the model for Mr. G. A. Reid's picture entitled "The Coming of the White Man." Also, Prosper is daringly ugly. When I tell him I am already married, he says, "You need not go back. Your man can find many women by the great Saskatchewan River."

It may interest the curious to know that Prosper ultimately sold me the moccasins for my man, and put away the money with an imperturable serenity worthy the receiving-teller of a Western bank.

The sports were inaugurated by the slaughter of an ox for the benefit of the treaty Indians. It is foolish to shudder when we see the throat of a bullock cut. When a bird dips its long bill into the chalice of a flower it is doing precisely the same act.

The heart of this bullock was fat so that good fortune abides with the tribe. A lean heart is always unlucky. Once Baptiste killed an animal that had hairs on its heart, and Holy Mother! Holy Mother! that winter he trapped a silver-fox.

The white men played a game of baseball which would have given cause for thought to those impersonal pawns known as professionals; it was so very original. But, after all, baseball is only cricket gone mad and perhaps the game may be further evolved under the aurora. Someone must take the onus of initiative. Originally, the game was very primitive and I have heard tell, or I may have read, that it was really a baseball club which Samson used to kill the Philistines.

The results of the horse races are not posted, a fact which tends to a democratic spirit. If you want to see the start or the finish you must

buried with the crowd at the post. This also enables you to learn how wonderfully an excited Cree can vociferate; there is no other place in the world where a more efficient instruction can be had. And when words fail him, Sir Hotspur says "Unhuh!" and makes other sounds in his teeth like a flame when it leaps through dry rushes.

The mysteries of "straight", "place" and "show" are not probed here and no Indian "throws" a race. The best horse always wins. The Cree jockey rides bareback and beats his horse from the start. This, they tell me, is necessary because there is no "best strain" in Indian ponies. They are as native and unimproved as the horses of Diomedes who roamed the hills of Arcadia.

The tents, booths, and dining-rooms skirt the track, and so the squaws can leave their cooking to engage in their own contests without any unnecessary loss of time. These include a tug-of-war, a horse race and foot races. The men engage in canoe and tub races, boxing bouts, swimming and smoking contests, bucking-broncho exhibits and other physical tests for which they have a fondness and natural aptitude. Gambling is in full fling, and no one thinks it necessary to apologise. Several men squat side by side on the ground and pass a jack-knife from one to the other under a blanket which covers their knees. The gambler has to guess in which hand the knife is to be found. It is the same game as "Button! Button! Who has the button?"

The drum song, that rude rough song of the suitor, does not start till after nightfall. As a general thing, the man plays it in a tent lying on his back, his face flushed and his eyes suffused. "Hai! Hai!" he cries with a blurred staccato that is without response, "otato-oto-oto-oha-o."

After awhile, he seems to become hyptonised by the recurrence of this measured rhythm which is without melody and without gayety. These drum songs are indubitably the survivals of earlier days when the man-animal roamed through the land and made love-calls in the trees.

The drum-man has one pronounced characteristic; you can never mistake him for a Christian. On one of the drums, there was a sun-symbol marked in blue, but this may have been an accidental ornamentation. Or it may be the drum-suitor is a Christian who merely claims the masculine prerogative of changing his principles with his opportunities. You can never tell.

One hears much complaint in our Province over oak floors well waxed, but here is a dancing floor that is laid while you wait. Cross-beams are placed on the ground and over them are put planks of uneven thickness. When in use, the floor seems almost as active as the feet of the dancers.

The company is made up of dusky belles from the tribes of the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers; many braves, and some few white men whom I pretend not to recognize. I am like the man Herrick writes about, "One of the crowd; not of the company."

The dancing is of a primitive order not unlike the natural movements which street children make to the strains of the hurdy-gurdy.

In higher circles, it is known by the name of "turkey trot." Scientists classify it under the more dignified appellation of "neuromuscular co-ordination."

As compared with a ball, say at Government House, this one has some marked peculiarities. There are no chaperones, no refreshments, many sitting-out places, and it is wholly in the dark save for the light of a tolerant and somewhat remote moon.

A white woman who watches it is considered by the men of her own race to be one of the five things—stupid, innocent, mean, obstinate, or unduly curious, whereas, to be accurate, she may only be a conscientious journalist.

BEHIND THE SCENES

From the Painting by William Orpen. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE DRAMA WITHOUT END

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

SELECTIONS BY F. A. ACLAND

Up from Earth's centre through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravelled by the road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.—The Rubaiyat.

I.

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO.
(Extracts from Book V.)

Personages: Socrates, Adeimantus, Glaucon.

(The scene is laid in Athens, 400 B.C.)

ADEIMANTUS: We think that you are lazy and mean to cheat us out of a whole chapter which is a very important part of the story; and you fancy that we shall not notice your airy way of proceeding; as if it were self-evident to everybody that in the matter of women and children "friends have all things in common."

Socrates: And was I not right, Adeimantus?

Adeimantus: Yes, but what is right in this particular case, like everything else, requires to be explained; for community may be of many kinds. Please therefore to say what sort of community you mean.

. . . . .

Glaucon: What sort of community of women and children is this which is to prevail among our guardians? And how shall we manage the period between birth and education, which seems to require the greatest care? Tell us how these things will be.

Socrates: Yes, my simple friend, but the answer is the reverse of easy; many more doubts arise about this than about our previous conclusions. For the practicability of what is said may be doubted; and looked at in another point of view, whether the scheme, if ever so practicable, would be for the best, is also doubtful. Hence I feel a reluctance to approach the subject, lest our aspiration, my dear friend, should turn out to be a dream only.

Glaucon: Fear not, for your audience will not be hard upon you; they are not sceptical or hostile.

. . . . .

Socrates: Well, I suppose that I must retrace my steps and say what I perhaps ought to have said before in the proper place. The part of the men has been played out, and now properly comes the turn of the women. Of them I will proceed to speak, and the more readily since I am invited by you. For men born and educated like our citizens, the only way, in my opinion, of arriving at a right conclusion about the possession and use of women and children is to follow the path on which we originally started, when we said that the men were to be the guardians and watch-dogs of the herd.

Glaucon: True.

Socrates: Let us further suppose the birth and education of our women to be subject to similar or nearly similar regulations; then we shall see whether the result accords with our design.

Glaucon: What do you mean?

Socrates: What I mean may be put into the form of a question. Are dogs divided into he's and she's, or do they both share equally in hunting and in keeping watch and in the other duties of dogs? Or do we entrust to the male the entire and exclusive care of the flocks, while we leave the females at home, under the idea that the bearing and the suckling of their puppies are labour enough for them?

Glaucon: No, they share alike; the only difference between them is that the males are stronger and the females weaker.

Socrates: But can you use different animals for the same purpose, unless they are bred and fed in the same way?

Glaucon: You can not.

Socrates: Then if women are to have the same duties as men, they must have the same nurture and education?

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: The education which was assigned to the men was music and gymnastics.

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: Then women must be taught music and gymnastics, and also the art of war, which they must practise like the men?

Glaucon: That is the inference, I suppose.

Socrates: I should rather expect that several of our proposals, if they are carried out, being unusual, may appear ridiculous.

Glaucon: No doubt of it.

Socrates: Yes, and the most ridiculous thing of all will be the sight of women naked in the palistra, especially when they are no longer young; they certainly will not be a vision of beauty, any more than the enthusiastic old men who, in spite of wrinkles and ugliness, continue to frequent the gymnasia.

Glaucon: Yes, indeed; according to present notions, the proposals would be thought ridiculous.

Socrates: But then, as we have determined to speak our minds, we must not fear the jests of the wits which will be directed against this sort of innovation; how they will talk of women's attainments, both in music and gymnastics, and, above all, about their wearing armour and riding upon horseback!

Glaucon: Very true.

. . . .

Socrates: First then, whether the question is to be put in jest or in earnest, let us come to an understanding about the nature of woman: Is she capable of sharing either wholly or partially in the actions of men, or not at all? And is the art of war one of those arts in which she can or cannot share? That will be the best way of commencing the inquiry, and will probably lead to the fairest conclusion.

Glaucon: That will be much the best way.

Socrates: Shall we take the other side first and begin by arguing against ourselves? In this manner the adversary's position will not be undefended.

Glaucon: Why not?

Socrates: Then let us put a speech into the mouths of our opponents. They will say: "Socrates and Glaucon, no adversary need convict you, for you yourselves, at the first foundation of the State, admitted the principle that everybody was to do the one work suited to his own nature." And certainly, if I am not mistaken, such an admission was made by us. "And do not the natures of men and women differ very much indeed?" And we shall reply; Of course, they do. Then we shall be asked whether the tasks assigned

to men and to women should not be different and such as are agreeable to their different natures? Certainly they should. "But if so, have you not fallen into a serious inconsistency in saying that men and women, whose natures are so entirely different, ought to perform the same actions?" What defence will you make for us, my good sir, against any one who offers these objections?

Glaucon: That is not an easy question to answer when asked suddenly, and I shall and I do beg of you to draw out the case on our side.

Socrates: These are the objections, Glaucon, and there are many others of a like kind, which I foresaw long ago; they made me afraid and reluctant to take in hand any law about the possession and nurture of women and children.

Glaucon: By Zeus, the problem to be solved is anything but easy.

Socrates: Why, yes; but the fact is that when a man is out of his depth, whether he has fallen into a swimming bath or into mid-ocean, he has to swim all the same.

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And must not we swim and try to reach the shore—we will hope that Arion's dolphin or some other miraculous help may save us?

Glaucon: I suppose so.

Socrates: Well, then, let us see if any way of escape can be found. We acknowledged—did we not?—that different natures ought to have different pursuits, and that men's and women's natures are different. And now what are we saying? That different natures ought to have the same pursuits—this is the inconsistency which is charged upon us.

Glaucon: Precisely.

Socrates: Verily, Glaucon, glorious is the power of the art of contradiction.

Glaucon: Why do you say so?

Socrates: Because I think that many a man falls into the practice against his will. When he thinks that he is reasoning he is really disputing, just because he cannot define and divide and so know that of which he is speaking; and he will pursue a merely verbal opposition in the spirit of contention and not of fair discussion.

. . . . .

Socrates: Next we shall ask our opponent how, in reference to any of the pursuits or arts of civic life, the nature of a woman differs from that of a man?

Glaucon: That will be quite fair.

. . . . .

Socrates: Let us say to him; Come, now, and we will ask you a question. When you spoke of a nature gifted in any respect, did you mean to say that one man will acquire a thing easily, another with difficulty; a little learning will lead the one to discover a great deal, whereas the other, after much study and application, no sooner learns than he forgets; or, again, did you mean that the one has a body which is a good servant to his mind, while the body of the other is a hindrance to him? Would not these be the sort of differences which distinguish the man gifted by nature from the one who is ungifted?

Glaucon: No one will deny that.

Socrates: And can you mention any pursuit of mankind in which the male sex has not all these gifts and qualities in a higher degree than the female? Need I waste time in speaking of the art of weaving and the management of pancakes and preserves, in which womankind does really appear to be great, and in which for her to be beaten by a man is of all things the most absurd?

Glaucon: You are quite right in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex: although many women are in many things superior to many men, yet on the whole what you say is true.

Socrates: And if so, there is no special faculty of administration in a

state which a woman has because she is a woman, or which a man has by virtue of his sex, but the gifts of nature are alike diffused in both; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, but in all of them a woman is inferior to a man.

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: Then are we to impose all our enactments on men and none of them on women?

Glaucon: That will never do.

Socrates: One woman has a gift of healing, another not; one is a musician, another has no music in her nature?

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And one woman has a turn for gymnastic and military exercises, and another is unwarlike and hates gymnastics?

Glaucon: Certainly.

Socrates: And one woman is a philosopher, and another is an enemy of philosophy; one has spirit, and another is without spirit?

Glaucon: That is also true.

Socrates: Then one woman will have the temper of a guardian, and another not. Was not the selection of the male guardians determined by differences of this sort?

Glaucon: Yes.

Socrates: Men and women alike possess the qualities which make a guardian; they differ only in their comparative strength or weakness?

Glaucon: Obviously.

Socrates: And those women who have such qualities are to be selected as the companions and colleagues of men who have similar qualities and whom they resemble in capacity and in character?

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: And ought not the same natures to have the same pursuits?

Glaucon: They ought.

Socrates: Then, as we were saying before, there is nothing unnatural in assigning music and gymnastics to the wives of the guardians—to that point we come round again.

Glaucon: Certainly not.

Socrates: The law which we then enacted was agreeable to nature and therefore not an impossibility or mere aspiration; and the contrary practice, which prevails at present, is in reality a violation of nature.

Glaucon: That appears to be true.

. . . .

Socrates: You will admit, then, that the same education which makes a man a good guardian will make a woman a good guardian for their nature is the same?

Glaucon: Yes.

. . . .

Socrates: Would you say that all men are equal in excellence, or is one better than another?

Glaucon: The latter.

Socrates: And in the commonwealth which we were founding, do you conceive the guardians who have been brought up on our model system to be more perfect men, or the cobblers whose education has been cobbling?

Glaucon: What a ridiculous question!

Socrates: You have answered me; well, and may we not further say that our guardians are the best of our citizens?

Glaucon: By far the best.

Socrates: And will not their wives be the best women?

Glaucon: Yes, by far the best.

Socrates: And can there be anything better for the interests of the State than that the men and women of a State should be as good as possible?

Glaucon: There can be nothing better.

Socrates: And this is what the arts of music and gymnastics, when present in such manner as we have described, will accomplish?

Glaucon: Certainly.

Socrates: Then we have made an enactment not only possible, but in the highest degree beneficial?

Glaucon: True.

Socrates: Then let the wives of our guardians strip, for their virtue will be their robe, and let them share in the toils of war and the defence of their country; only in the distribution of labours the lighter are to be assigned to the women, who are the weaker natures, but in other respects their duties are to be the same. And as for the man who laughs at naked women exercising their bodies from the best of motives, in his laughter he is plucking

"A fruit of unripe wisdom,"

and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at, or what he is about; for that is, and ever will be, the best of sayings, "That the useful is the noble, and the hurtful is the base."

Glaucon: Very true.

Socrates: Here, then, is one difficulty in our law about women, which we may say that we have now escaped; the wave has not swallowed us up alive for enacting that the guardians of either sex should have all their pursuits in common; to the utility and also to the possibility of this arrangement the consistency of the argument will itself bear witness.

Glaucon: Yes, that was a mighty wave which you have escaped.

Socrates: Yes, but a greater is coming; you will not think much of this when you see the next.

Glaucon: Go on; let me see.

Socrates: The law which is the sequel of this and of all that has preceded is to the following effect, "that the wives of our guardians are to be common, and their children are to be common, and no parent is to know his own child, nor any child his parent."

Glaucon: Yes, that is a much greater wave than the other, and the possibility as well as the utility of such a law are far more questionable.

Socrates: I do not think that there can be any dispute about the very great utility of having wives and children in common; the possibility is quite another matter, and will be very much disputed.

Glaucon: I think that a good many doubts may be raised about both.

Socrates: You imply that the two questions must be combined. Now, I meant that you should admit the utility; and in this way, as I thought, I should escape from one of them, and then there would remain only the possibility.

Glaucon: But that little attempt is detected, and therefore you will please to give a defence of both.

Socrates: Well, I submit to my fate. . . .

. . . .

(Two thousand years pass).

II.

LES FEMMES SAVANTES.

(Molière).

Personages in play—

Chrysale . . . A worthy burgher
Philamante . . Wife of Chrysale
Armande . . Daughters of Chrys-
Henriette . . ale and Philamante
Ariste . . . . Chrysale's brother
Bélise . . . . Chrysale's sister
Clitandre . . . Lover of Henriette
Trissotin . . . . A wit of the day
Vadius . . . . A learned man
Martine . . . . . Kitchen maid
Julien . . . A valet to Vadius
Lepine . . . . . A page
A Notary

(The scene is laid in France in the seventeenth century).

—

(Extracts from Act I.)

Henriette: Your sincere avowal does not surprise me.

Clitandre: My love demands such frankness; the heights to which its proud hopes reach require, at the least, sincerity. But, since you grant me this permission, I go at once to see your father.

Henriette: 'Twere safer to win my mother. My father has an easy-

going temper that consents to all, but there is little weight to what he promises. Heaven granted him a kindliness of heart which subdues him instantly to what my mother wills. 'Tis she who governs, laying down the law in autocratic tones. I fain would have you show a little more compliance to her, and to my aunt. Such a spirit, by flattering their fancies, might draw the warmth of their regard upon you.

Clitandre: My soul can never, being born sincere, flatter the character of others, not even your sister's; and I frankly say that female pedants are not to my taste. I agree that a woman should be enlightened in all things; but I do not like her to have an offensive desire to make herself learned merely to seem learned. I wish that sometimes she would even pretend ignorance of the things she knows. I like her to hide her studies and have knowledge without wishing every one to know of it; to refrain, in short, from citing authors, using fine language, and nailing pedantry to every word. I respect your mother greatly, but I cannot like her hobby or make myself the echo of the things she says, or swing my incense to her favourite wit. Her Monsieur Trissotin annoys and bores me. I am provoked to see how she esteems that man. She ranks him with the highest, noblest spirits—a fool, whose writings everybody hisses, a pedant, whose prolific pen supplies the market with waste paper.

Henriette: His writings and his talk are, as you say, most wearisome, and I agree with you in taste and judgment; but as he has so great a power over my mother, you ought to force yourself to some compliance. A lover plays his court where his heart clings; he needs the favour and goodwill of all, and to have none to thwart his love, he ever strives to please the watchdog.

(Extracts from Act III.)

Philamante: Let us sit here and listen at our ease to poems whose every meaning must, word by word, be weighed.

Armande: I love to hear them.

Bélise: We are dying of that desire.

Philamante (to Trissotin): Each line that comes from you has charms for me.

Armande: To me they are sweet beyond compare.

Bélise: They are dainty morsels to my ear.

Trissotin (reading):

Love doth dearly sell its tie.

Philamante, Armande, and Bélise: Ah!

Trissotin (reading):

Love doth so dearly sell its tie
That half my wealth it costs to buy
The splendid coach which you behold,
Embossed and spangled o'er with gold,
Till nought can equal but Danae's
This pompous triumph of my Lais:
Then say no longer it is yellow—
Say rather it is golden colour.

Armande: Oh! Oh! Oh! that final turn is so wholly unexpected.

Philamante: Do not compel our pressing hopes to languish.

Armande: Hasten to gratify them.

Bélise: Yes, make haste and expedite our pleasure.

Philamante: Bestow your epigram on our impatience.

Trissotin (to Philamante): Alas, madame, 'tis but a newborn babe—and yet its fate may justly move you, since I have given birth to it within your precincts.

Philamante: Knowing its father makes it dear to me.

Trissotin: Your approbation, madame, is its mother.

Bélise: What wit he has!

. . . . .

Trissotin (reading):

On a yellow coach given by a lady to a friend.

Philamante: Even your titles are so choice.

Armande: Their novelty prepares us for countless strokes of wit.

Philamante: None but Monsieur Trissotin can write in such pure taste.

. . . . .

Philamante: I do not know if instinct warned me, but from the moment that I knew you I have admired your poems and your prose.

Trissotin: If you would show us something of your own, no doubt I should return your admiration.

Philamante: I write no poems; but I have ground for hope that I may show you soon, in confidence, eight chapters on the plan of our academy. Plato went no further than the project in writing his Republic, but I desire to carry his idea into complete effect, and I have now committed it in prose, to paper. I feel a strange vexation for the wrongs done to us as to intellect. I long to avenge all women, such as we are, for the debased condition to which men relegate us—limiting our talents to futilities, and closing the gates of knowledge to our sex.

Armande: 'Tis too bitter an offence to woman, this restriction of her intellect to the mere judgment of a petticoat, the set of a mantle the beauties of a bit of lace, or a new brocade.

Bélise: Women must rise above their shameful lot, and lift their minds to masterful conditions.

Trissotin: My reverence for ladies is well known; and if I render homage to the sparkle of their eyes, I likewise duly honour the flashing of their wit.

Philamante: Our sex does justice to you as to that. But now we wish to show to certain minds, whose proud assumption treats us with contempt, that women also are supplied with brains; that they can found, like men, learned assemblies—conducted, too, by better rules than theirs—meetings at which they seek to reunite that which men separate; blending fine language with the loftiest knowledge; revealing Nature by experiments; and drawing forth on every topic that may be advanced the views of every sect, although espousing none.

. . . . .

Trissotin: Truly an admirable project!

Bélise: Yes, you shall see our statutes when they are completed.

Trissotin: They cannot fail to be both glorious and wise.

Armande: According to our laws we judge all works of prose and poetry; each and all must be submitted to us. Beyond the circle of ourselves and friends, none will have intellect. We shall seek everywhere for things to criticize, finding that none but we know how to write.

. . . . .

(Preceding passages, which lack of space forbids quoting, show that Bélise and Armande, aunt and sister of Henriette, are chagrined at Clitandre's preference for Henriette, and Clitandre has admitted that he had been at first attracted to Armande, but, finding her cold, had transferred his affections to Henriette. Martine, the domestic, it should be noted, had been shortly before dismissed by Philamante, against the wish of Chrysale, because of her ungrammatical speech. The parties have assembled to witness the marriage contract.)

Philamante (perceiving Martine): Ha! does that impudent hussy dare to show herself again? May I ask why, if you please, she is brought into the house?

Chrysale: I'll tell you when we have leisure; at present we have other things to settle.

Notary: Let us proceed to draw the contract. Where is the bride?

Philamante: The daughter whom I now intend to marry is my youngest.

Notary: Good.

Chrysale (pointing to Henriette): Yes, monsieur, here she is; her name is Henriette.

Notary: Very good. Where is the bridegroom?

Philamante (pointing to Trissotin): This is the husband to whom I give her.

Chrysale (pointing to Clitandre): The man whom I declare that she shall marry is monsieur, here.

Notary: Two husbands? That is one too many for our customs.

Philamante (to Notary): Why do you delay? Write, write, I say, the name of Monsieur Trissotin, my son-in-law.

Chrysale: Write for *my* son-in-law, write, I say, the name of Monsieur Clitandre.

Notary: Agree among yourselves, and with deliberate judgment choose your son-in-law.

Philamante: Follow my orders, monsieur; do the thing I tell you.

Notary: But tell me first which of you two I must obey.

Philamante (to Chrysale): What! you oppose the things I wish!

Chrysale: I will not suffer my daughter to be wooed for love of money.

Philamante: Pooh! who thinks about your money here? A fine solicitude for wisdom and philosophy!

Chrysale: Well, for her husband, I have chosen Clitandre.

Philamante (pointing to Trissotin): I for her husband have selected this man. My choice is fixed; it will be followed; that's resolved upon.

Chrysale: Heyday! that's a top-lofty tone you take.

Martine: Tain't for a woman to command; and I'm for yielding the top place in everything to men.

Chrysale: That's well said.

Martine: Though I get turned away again, I'll say it—the hen mayn't crow before the cock.

Chrysale: No, no!

Martine: And every man is jeered at when the wife at home is seen to wear the breeches.

Chrysale: That is true.

Martine: If I'd a husband—and I say it now—I'd make him be master of the house. I couldn't love him if he played the puppet; and if I argued with him—just to make a fuss—and raised my voice, I'd think it right that he should box my ears and bring me down a peg.

Chrysale: That's talking as you should.

Martine: Monsieur has shown his sense in choosing a good husband for his daughter.

Chrysale: Yes.

Martine: Then why refuse her to him, he being young and mightily well made? And why, if you please, consign her to a learned man who carps and chides at everything? She wants a husband, not a pedagogue. Not knowing Greek or Latin, what need has she of Monsieur Trissotin?

Chrysale: You say well.

Philamante: How long is this hussy to chatter as she likes?

Martine: Pedants are only good for preaching; and for my husband—I've said it a thousand times—I'll never take a man with mind. Mind is no good in household matters; books don't square with marriage. If ever I bind myself for life I mean to get a husband who wants no book but me—a man who don't know A from B, and, begging your pardon, madame, can't preach to any one but his wife.

Philamante (to Chrysale): Has she finished? Pray, have I listened long enough to your most worthy mouthpiece?

Chrysale: She tells the truth.

Philamante: Well, to cut short the whole dispute at once, my wishes will now be executed. *(Motioning to Trissotin).* Henriette and Monsieur Trissotin will now be joined. I have said it, and I will it; make me no reply. If you have given your word to Clitandre, offer him the chance of marrying your eldest daughter.

Chrysale: Ah! that indeed would settle the affair. *(To Henriette and Clitandre).* Come, will you both consent to that?

Henriette: Oh, father!
Clitandre: Hey, monsieur!
Bélise: There is another proposition which might please him better; but the sort of love we strive to introduce should be as pure as the great orb of day: substance that thinks may be admitted there, but we must banish that which is material.

(The closing scenes show how Ariste by stratagem unmasks the fortune-hunting propensities of Trissotin. The latter retires amid general opprobrium, and the Notary proceeds with the contract between Clitandre and Henriette).

(Two centuries pass).

III.

THE PRINCESS: A Medley.

(Alfred Tennyson—1809-1892).

The Lady Psyche:

"This world was once a fluid haze of light
Till toward the centre set the starry tides
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man:
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest."

Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those
That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of Empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touched on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry;
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of Promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost:

But woman ripened earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scattered stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those hornhanded breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place
And bowed her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future; 'everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critics, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls—
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world.

. . . . . .

The Princess:

What fear ye, brawlers? Am not I your Head?
On me, me, me the storm first breaks: I dare
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not, myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, promartyr of our cause,
Die: yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you; but for those
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know
Your faces in the crowd—to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention: then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad.

The Prince:

Blame not thyself too much, (I said), nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man,
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We, too, will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood,
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow—
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the statlier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!

The Princess (sighing she spoke):

I fear they will not.

The Prince:

Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each and always thought in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-celled heart beating with one full stroke,
Life.

The Princess (and again sighing she spoke):
A dream that once was mine! What woman taught you this?

(Fifty years pass.)

IV.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

(Bernard Shaw).

(Scene, an English watering-place; time, August, 1896*).*

Personages:

Mr. Valentine—A young dentist, just starting in his profession.

Mrs. Clandon—"Her voice and ways are entirely kindly and humane; and she lends herself conscientiously to the occasional demonstrations of fondness by which her children mark their esteem for her; but displays of personal sentiment secretly embarrass her; passion in her is humanitarian rather than human; she feels strongly about social questions and principles, not about persons." (Mrs. Clandon has, as it appears from passages in this play not here cited, been living for the past eighteen years in Madeira, while her husband has remained in England; their children know nothing of their father.)

Gloria—Mrs. Clandon's daughter, "is a much more formidable person than her mother. She is the incarnation of haughty highmindedness, raging with the impatience of an impetuous, dominative character paralyzed by the impotence of her youth and unwillingly disciplined by the constant danger of ridicule from her lighter-handed juniors. Unlike her mother, she is all passion; and the conflict of her passion with her obstinate pride and intense fastidiousness results in a freezing coldness of manner. In an ugly woman all this would be repulsive; but Gloria is an attractive woman."

Gloria, with her mother and younger brother, Philip, and sister, Dolly, (twins), has just arrived in England from Madeira. Gloria met Mr. Valentine half an hour ago, on calling at his operating room, where her sister had been his first patient. Gloria's father, whom Gloria had just met for the first time within her recollection, had left the room the moment before the scene depicted in the extract which follows. The father is known as *Crampton,* while the wife and daughters call themselves *Clandon.* Gloria's interview with her parent has not been satisfactory to either side.

—

(Extract from Act II.)

(Gloria turns to speak to Valentine, who comes running up the steps of the hotel.)

Valentine (panting): What's the matter? *(Looking round):* Where's Crampton?

Gloria: Gone. *(Valentine's face lights up with sudden joy, dread, and mischief. He has just realized that he is alone with Gloria. She continues indifferently):* I thought he was ill; but he recovered himself. He wouldn't wait for you. I am sorry. *(She goes for her book and parasol).*

Valentine: So much the better. He gets on my nerves after a while. *(Pretending to forget himself.)* How could that man have so beautiful a daughter!

Gloria (taken aback for a moment; then answering him with polite but intentional contempt): That seems to be an attempt at what is called a pretty speech. Let me say at once, Mr. Valentine, that pretty speeches make very sickly conversation. Pray let us be friends if we are to be friends, in a sensible and wholesome way. I have no intention of getting married; and unless you are content to accept that state of things, we had much better not cultivate each other's acquaintance.

Valentine (cautiously): I see. May I ask just this one question? Is your objection an objection to marriage as an institution or merely an objection to marrying me personally?

Gloria: I do not know you well enough, Mr. Valentine, to have any opinion on the subject of your personal merits. *(She turns away from him with infinite indifference, and sits down with her book on the garden seat.)* I do not think the conditions of marriage at present are such as any self-respecting woman can accept.

Valentine (instantly changing his tone for one of cordial sincerity, as if he frankly accepted her terms and was delighted and re-assured by her principles): Oh, then, that's a point of sympathy between us already. I quite agree with you; the conditions are most unfair. *(He takes off his hat and throws it gaily on the iron table.)* No; what I want is to get rid of all that nonsense. *(He sits down beside her, so naturally that she does not think of objecting, and proceeds with enthusiasm):* Don't you think it a horrible thing that a man and a woman can hardly know one another without being supposed to have designs of that kind? As if there were no other interests—no other subjects of conversation—as if women were capable of nothing better!

Gloria (interested): Ah, now you are beginning to talk humanly and sensibly, Mr. Valentine.

Valentine (with a gleam in his eye at the success of his hunter's guile): Of course! two intelligent people like us. Isn't it pleasant, in this stupid, convention-ridden world, to meet with some one on the same plane, some one with an unprejudiced, enlightened mind?

Gloria (earnestly): I hope to meet many such people in England.

. . . .

(Extracts from Act III.)

(The Clandons' sitting-room in the hotel. Mrs. Clandon is at the tea-table. Valentine enters).

Mrs. Clandon: . . . Will you sit down, Mr. Valentine. I want to speak to you a little if you will allow me. . . . I must begin by throwing myself somewhat on your consideration. I am going to speak of a subject of which I know very little—perhaps nothing. I mean love.

Valentine: Love?

Mrs. Clandon: Yes; love. Oh, you need not look so alarmed as that, Mr. Valentine: I am not in love with you.

Valentine (overwhelmed): Oh, really, Mrs. — *(Recovering himself),* I should only be too proud if you were.

Mrs. Clandon: Thank you, Mr. Valentine. But I am too old to begin.

Valentine: Begin! Have you never—

Mrs. Clandon. Never! My case is a very common one, Mr. Valentine. I married before I was old enough to know what I was doing. As you have seen for yourself, the result was a bitter disappointment both for my husband and myself. So you see, though I am a married woman, I have never been in love; I have never had a love affair, and to be quite frank with you, Mr. Valentine, what I have seen of the love affairs of other people has not led me to regret that deficiency in my experience. *(Valentine, looking very glum, glances sceptically at her and says nothing. Her*

colour rises a little; and she adds, with restrained anger): You do not believe me?

Valentine (confused at having his thoughts read): Oh, why not? Why not?

Mrs. Clandon: Let me tell you, Mr. Valentine, that a life devoted to the Cause of Humanity has enthusiasm and passions to offer which far transcend the selfish personal infatuations and sentimentalities of romance. Those are not your enthusiasms and passions, I take it? *(Valentine, quite aware that she despises him for it, answers in the negative with a melancholy shake of the head.)* I thought not. Well, I am equally at a disadvantage in discussing those so-called affairs of the heart in which you appear to be an expert.

Valentine (restlessly): What are you driving at, Mrs. Clandon?

Mrs. Clandon: I think you know.

Valentine: Gloria?

Mrs. Clandon: Yes, Gloria.

Valentine (surrendering): Well, yes; I'm in love with Gloria. *(Interposing, as she is about to speak):* I know what you're going to say; I've no money.

Mrs. Clandon. I care very little about money, Mr. Valentine.

Valentine: Then you're very different to all the other mothers who have interviewed me.

Mrs. Clandon: Ah, now we are coming to it, Mr. Valentine. You are an old hand at this. *(He opens his mouth to protest: she cuts him short with some indignation.)* Oh, do you think, little as I understand these matters, that I have not commonsense enough to know that a man who could make so much way in one interview with such a woman as my daughter can hardly be a novice.

. . . .

Valentine (turning confidentially to her): Come; shall I teach you something, Mrs. Clandon?

Mrs. Clandon (stiffly): I am always willing to learn.

Valentine: Have you ever studied the subject of gunnery—artillery—cannons and warships and so on?

Mrs. Clandon: Has gunnery anything to do with Gloria?

Valentine: A great deal—by way of illustration. During the whole century, my dear Mrs. Clandon, the progress of artillery has been a duel between the maker of cannons and the maker of armour-plates to keep the cannon-balls out. You build a ship proof against the best gun known; somebody makes a better gun and sinks your ship. You build a heavier ship, proof against that gun; somebody makes a heavier gun and sinks you again. And so on. Well, the duel of sex is just like that.

Mrs. Clandon: The duel of sex!

Valentine: Yes; you've heard of the duel of sex, haven't you? Oh, I forgot; you've been in Madeira; the expression has come up since your time. Need I explain it?

Mrs. Clandon (contemptuously): No.

Valentine: Of course not. Now, what happens in the duel of sex? The old-fashioned mother receives an old-fashioned education to protect her against the wiles of man. Well, you know the result; the old-fashioned man got round her. The old-fashioned woman resolved to protect her daughter more effectually — to find some armour too strong for the old-fashioned man. So she gave her daughter a scientific education—*your* plan. That was a corker for the old-fashioned man; he said it wasn't fair —unwomanly, and all the rest of it. But that didn't do him any good. So he had to give up his old-fashioned plan of attack — *you* know — going down on his knees and swearing to love, honour, and obey, and so on.

Mrs. Clandon: Excuse me; that was what the woman swore.

Valentine: Was it? Ah, perhaps you're right—yes, of course, it was. Well, what did the man do? Just what the artillery man does—went one better than the woman—educat-

ed himself scientifically and beat her at that game, just as he had beaten her at the old game. I learnt how to circumvent the Woman's Rights Woman before I was twenty-three; it's all been found out long ago. You see, my methods are thoroughly modern.

Mrs. Clandon (with quiet disgust): No doubt.

Valentine: But for that very reason there's one sort of girl against whom they are of no use.

Mrs. Clandon: Pray what sort?

Valentine: The thoroughly old-fashioned girl. If you had brought up Gloria in the old way, it would have taken me eighteen months to get to the point I got to this afternoon in eighteen minutes. Yes, Mrs. Clandon; the Higher Education of Women delivered Gloria into my hands; and it was you who taught her to believe in the Higher Education of Women.

Mrs. Clandon (rising): Mr. Valentine, you are very clever.

Valentine (rising also): Oh, Mrs. Clandon!

Mrs. Clandon: And you have taught me *nothing*. Good-bye.

Valentine (horrified): Good-bye! Oh, mayn't I see her before I go?

Mrs. Clandon: I am afraid she will not return until you have gone, Mr. Valentine. She left the room expressly to avoid you.

Valentine (thoughtfully): That's a good sign. Good-bye. *(He bows and makes for the door, apparently well satisfied.)*

Mrs. Clandon (alarmed): Why do you think it's a good sign?

Valentine (turning near the door): Because I am mortally afraid of her, and it looks as if she were mortally afraid of me.

—

(Extract from Act IV.)

(Valentine and Gloria, after wrangling, are apparently on the verge of parting.)

Valentine: . . . After all, I still shall have my own Gloria.

Gloria (facing him quickly): What do you mean?

Valentine: Of my imagination.

Gloria (proudly): Keep your own Gloria—the Gloria of your imagination. *(Her emotions begin to break through her pride.)* The real Gloria—the Gloria who was shocked, offended, horrified—oh, yes, quite truly—who was driven almost mad with shame by the feeling that all her power over herself had broken down at her first real encounter with—with— *(The colour rushes over her face again. She covers it with her left hand, and puts her right on his left arm to support herself.)*

Valentine: Take care. I'm losing my senses again.

. . . .

(Various parties have come in, including Mrs. Clandon, and the twins, Philip and Dolly.)

Gloria: . . . Now let us have no false delicacy. Tell my mother that we have agreed to marry one another. *(A silence of stupefaction ensues. Valentine, dumb with panic, looks at them with an obvious impulse to run away.)*

Dolly (breaking the silence): Number six!

Philip: Sh!

Dolly: Oh, my feelings! I want to kiss somebody; and we bar it in the family. Where's Finch?

(Eighteen years pass.)

—

V.

Seven members of the Women's Freedom League who were arrested in Whitehall on Tuesday night were brought up at Bow Street Police Court. Two were each ordered to find sureties of £10 for their good behaviour, and on refusing were sent to prison for four days. Five others were each ordered to enter into their own recognizances in £5 to keep the peace for six months. They refused, and were discharged on the rising of the Court.—*London, (Eng.), newspaper, February 14th,* 1914.

IN ARCADY

By HELEN M. MERRILL

THE sea is green, the sea is gray,
The tide winds blow, and shallows chime;
Where earth is rife with bloom of May
The throstle sings of lovers' time,
Of violet stars in lovers' clime.
Love fares to-day by land and sea;
On the horizon's utmost hill
The mystic blue-flower beckons still
Beneath the stars of Arcady.

Love fares to-day and deftly builds
To melodies of wind and leaves,
Castles in Spain yet brightly gilds,
And song of star and woodbird weaves,
And flowers, and pearl and purple eves.
With roofs of ever-changing skies
And fretted walls with time begun,
Its portals open to the sun,
On dreamheld hills a castle lies.

No proud armorial bearings now,
But God's white seal on every leaf,
No sapphires gleaming on my brow,
Deep in my heart a dear belief,
No gray unrest, no pain, no grief.
By day a forest green and fair,
Where veeries sing in secret bowers,
And lindens blow, and little flowers,
And blue birds cleave the shining air.

By night a quiet wayside grove
Where Aldebaran lights the gloom,
And silent breezes idly rove
About a shadow-painted room
Builded of many a bough and bloom,
A wafted air of myrrh and musk,
The music of slow-falling streams,
A whitethroat singing in its dreams,
Thou near me in the starry dusk.

THE YELLOW SOFA

From the Painting by John Crealock. Exhibited by the Canadian Nationa Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OPEN SEASON

BY SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

AUTHOR OF "EMPERY," ETC.

THROUGH the green colonnades of Temiskaming firs the morning light came down to the snow. Sharp and bright it came, and under its gleam forms and trails that night had concealed turned clearly into definition.

Looming blackly against the crimson sun-ball, stood a great bull moose, his nostrils to the wind. The large, sensitive muzzle inhaled each drifting current of air and tested it for the hated man-scent. Much had the taint haunted him of late, coming all at once on a morning in the middle of October, coming in a way he could not understand, but this morning he at last seemed to have worked away from it. The air blew free of the man-smell, free as the gibbous sun now risen above the fantastic spruce tops.

So, satisfied that nothing was near, the monster stirred and sought his breakfast. An ample breakfast it must be. For, a king of his class, he measured seven feet from the ground to the maned ridge of his shoulders. His huge, palmated horns spread out nearly sixty inches, and, set upon head and neck of majestic proportions, they made a trophy such as a hunter pictures in his smoke-dreams.

The massive, muscle-corded chest was covered with shiny, black hair which extended over the sloping back and down the flanks, meeting the tawny tint of the belly in a sharp line. Legs of enormous length and of iron strength supported the colossal frame, ready at the slightest sign of danger to tear miles off the runways and spurn them behind with the flying crust.

He was a royal specimen, and with delicate taste he chose a royal meal from the sweet-smelling twigs of the tenderest birches. In dreamy contentment he browsed along the juicy sapling tips, unconscious that his huge form was marked by the field-glass far, far off on a parallel ridge.

The heart of the man who held the field-glass thrilled at the bulk of the pasturing moose. At once he plunged into a labyrinth of muskegs and swales, heading towards the game. An hour's tramp brought the moose in easy eyeshot. Crossing a clearing where the hemlock bluffs slid down to sere, frozen marsh, the hunter saw him plainly on the crest of the fir slope.

But the range was too great. Down on his stomach went the man, worming through the reeds across the marsh to a little ridge, heavily clothed with tamarack, that thrust out like a spur from the main ridge. Once in the thick cover, it was equal chances for hunter and hunted. Warily the hunter wound through the marsh growth where the ruddy sun cast pink flushes on the open snow-spots and turned gray water-lilies to violet and mauve. He moved slowly, circumspectly, silently, invisible as a gliding snake. He reached the spur and vanished into the thick evergreen aisles.

The moose remained at his meal till the voracious appetite which the crisp morning air had given him was somewhat appeased. Then, quite suddenly, he stopped eating. The dawn-wind had freshened to a blustery gale, and the savoury birch-tips batted his nose. Was it the rising wind that interrupted his meal? Releasing the sapling he had straddled, the big bull looked restlessly about. His expanded nostrils turned north, south, east, west. Still no man-scent reached them. Then the great ears listened. No sound! As far as his clear eye could see he scanned the slope, but nothing showed. Only, below in the marsh near his old yarding-ground a gust of wind was stormily shaking some reeds.

There was no enemy he could sense, yet some intuition prompted him, some secret woods-spirit whispered to him to leave the birches. A loud sniff, and he started abruptly over the crest. Down the incline he broke into a shambling run, the click of his cleft hoofs sounding out sharply in the void of the valley.

Skirting the beaver meadow, one of his favourite haunts in summertime, the forest monarch sped on to the shores of the inland lake where the lily roots he had cropped so often were black blotches in the ice. On along its margin and out through the scrubby swales he ran and circled back across the marsh above the ridge which had been his late feeding-ground. The fine exultation of vigorous exercise ran through each artery and muscle. The quick pace sharpened his half-satisfied hunger, and over the marsh he knew were seedling birches, rich, tender, and aromatic. He could imagine he smelled them already, and he launched himself eagerly forward.

Then at the very edge of the marsh he jerked to an abrupt stop, with a quick breath of terror. In the snow at his feet was a trail where something had wormed through, and thick in the air was the dreaded man-scent. A shuddering seized the moose, and his limbs remained for a second paralyzed. The next second a surge of shame filled his wild heart, the knotted muscles woke to life, and the vast bulk flew like an arrow back off the marsh, up the slanting ridge and out on a shrouded runway. At full speed he rushed down the canopied alley, fleeing against the wind, urged on by the horror he had almost stumbled on above.

The stroke of his hoofs, recovering from their spread, grew to a staccato tune, but the bull never paused. His antlers back, muzzle outstretched, and eyes widely dilated, he crashed on. The smoke of his breathing hung in frosty clouds behind. Farther and farther from the menace he pressed, and, crossing another marsh, went up the silent, woody steep of the next ridge. Up through the defile his mighty shoulders brushed their way. Low-hanging twigs tapped his horns as he mounted.

On the crest of the ridge the runway opened straight into the sun. Blinded by the fiery glare, the moose stopped.

And as he stopped, a whip-like report broke near. A stinging pain smote his chest with awful force, so awful that the impact threw him back on his haunches. The blood welled in his nostrils. The sense of ear and eye seemed failing, but innate wilderness cunning told him what he should do. Instead of rising to meet another missle, he half-twisted his body and slid down the way he had come up, slid into the fir fringe at the ridge-base. There he staggered to his feet. The terrible pain still pierced his breast, almost forcing him down, but he called on every sinew in his giant frame and started through the cover.

Another whip-like report! Something whistled through the thick boughs, scattering bark and twigs. It reached the bull, and he felt a wicked thrust from flank to flank. A third report followed, a fourth, a fifth—a

perfect fusillade. From some blind instinct the moose dropped to his knees in the soft snow while the lead rained harmlessly above, and there before his glazing eyes a second moose-bulk flashed past him, quick with life, tensing with the fullness of its strength, ploughing a terrified path from its concealment.

The second moose thundered along the ridge bottom and plunged across the open burnt area in plain view of the man on the crest of the slope.

And the stricken monarch in the cover heard a succession of shots which did not slash down round him. These were aimed at the fugitive bounding over boulders and charred logs and disappearing in the muskeg beyond. That he was hit was apparent by the scarlet that blotched the snow at every stride, and wild with excitement the hunter dashed on the trail. He had seen only one bull, and he thought the one he followed was the old monarch he had shot at first. The trail at the base of the ridge would have told him different, but he had no time to descend on that side. His interest lay all on the other, and he rushed away to make his kill.

Mile after mile he trailed, but the track did not end. Night fell with the hoof-prints still splaying out ahead and the blood-stains showing but faintly. The bleeding had stopped. The second bull was lightly hit.

On the edge of the dark the hunter gave up the chase and turned campwards, while back in the fringe of the fir-trees the first moose still lay in the same spot. All the hours of the silent afternoon a stupor had deadened his senses, and he knew nothing till the tingling frost of evening waked him. Or was it the frost? A presence seemed abroad with the frost, a creeping, stealthy something that approached noiselessly through the thick cover.

Again the moose's wilderness instinct stirred, a final spark as of failing fire on a cooling altar, and, lying in the heart of the Temiskaming wild without power to raise his rending hoofs or swing his formidable antlers, he sensed the invisible forest prowler who stole upon him.

There was no crunching of crust under the cat-footed tread, no swaying of the branches brushed by the abnormal shoulders, yet some strange clarity of the old bull's ebbing spirit revealed step by step the swift, inimical advance.

Now, he knew, the soft, furred feet padded the beaten runway. Now the heavy, lithe, short-tailed body bellied along the fallen, rotting fir-trunk which edged his shelter. Now—the slit-eyed, tufted-eared, fierce-jowled face of a gigantic lynx thrust through the green!

THE MAN WHO DROPPED OFF

BY MARION HILL

HE was a traveller whom activity of mind rather than restlessness of body impelled to seek the car platform at every stop made by his train. From that slight eminence, he good-naturedly exchanged remarks with all and any talkers whom sociable fate threw in his way. The information he thus chanced to pick up was all of a character to contradict the theories of life he had inclined to form at Law School, and was consequently extremely valuable—which he was adaptable enough to realize.

This same generous adaptability induced him to look favourably upon all way stations—whether of existence or of the more literal railroad track—but the placid obscurity of Sunnytop proved too much for his regard.

"Lively, isn't it?" he called in cheerful irony to the one railsitter at Sunnytop depot, and he waved his hand towards the few low farmhouses, asleep in the noon glare, which constituted the town.

He was answered with perfectly courteous gravity by the sitter, a redheaded man in yellow overhauls, a man whose fortunate lack of education had wonderfully conserved his intellect.

"Well, yes, it is," he admitted, proudly, but not unduly so. "Today. Not in general, though. Are you going over?"

"Where?"

"To court."

"Court, eh? who's holding it?"

"Judge Kinney — Jim Kinney — know him?"

"No."

"Then you don't know how mad he is."

"Sounds as if I'm missing something. What's maddened him?"

"Holding court in the schoolhouse. It's cramping to legs and temper."

At this moment, just because his train was beginning to move under him, giving him no time to think, the traveler suddenly decided to visit Judge Kinney's court and therefore jumped lightly to the depot platform, letting his unregretted "accommodation" crawl cityward without him. Our not having time to think is responsible for all the interesting things which happen to us.

No one else left the train, a fact which was regretfully noticed by the red and yellow man.

"I might as well have stayed to school," he murmured. "But Judge felt sure there'd be a crowd come and sent me here to pilot 'em back."

"Well, you've got me," said the traveler soothingly.

"Though it's tight fit enough, the school is, without any more crowd than what it's got a'ready." It is only the city mind which can be switched by jocular side issues; the country man sticks nobly to his theme. "Everybody's there."

"Why in the schoolhouse?" asked the traveler.

He gave away an excellent cigar, lit one himself, and then trimmed his

city stride to fit the more plodding gait of his rural guide, they both setting out by the one way of the dusty wagon road.

"Town hall burned down last night—that's why the schoolhouse. Burned to the ground."

"Too bad. Loss heavy?"

"Several tons of good hay."

"Hay! what was hay doing there?"

"Burning," answered the other. "Town hall was over the blacksmith's shop and barn."

"Ah," said the traveler, expectant of further items. But there were none. The barn was burned and that was naturally the end of it. A farmer narrates facts without journalistic embellishments.

As a possible furtherance to conversation, the traveler then tendered his card.

The countryman took the card and read the name:

Mr. Judson Jurewell.

Then he handed the card back—done with it.

Jurewell pleasantly recovered it. "And your name?" he asked.

"Samuel Hanse."

"And what is Judge Kinney handling to-day, Mr. Hanse?"

"Trying to handle Aunt Bessie; but no matter how much he proves to the dear old soul that she ain't no wife of the dead man's and never has been, she only says, mild-like and gentle, the way she always speaks, 'Now, Jimmie, you know better nor that'. And so he orter—marriage license go-hang. But, land, Mr. Jurewell, you don't know head from tail about, do you?"

"No. Suppose you tell me as we go along."

This, Samuel Hanse willingly did, unfolding an odd little tale of farm life in which comedy and tragedy strangely mingled.

Forty years ago there had come to Sunnytop, buying a small farm there, Joe Cummin and his wife Bessie, hard working, honest young people who had no other ambition than to be self-supporting and respected in the country where they elected to live. This ambition they had fully realized. Childless, they had become father and mother to the whole community, being affectionately known as Uncle Joe and Aunt Bessie to the grateful neighbourhood for miles around. Aunt Bessie had experienced none of the joys of motherhood and all of its cares, for she had devotedly brought up her husband's two troublesome step-brothers, Jason and Isaac Hull. Bad as small children, "Jase" and "Ike" had grown up to dishonest and thankless maturity, deserting the farm when the old people most needed their aid and coming back only after the old man's death, hoping to find themselves remembered in a will. But of course there was no will. Old Joe Cummin was without immediate kin and moreover had nothing to deed away except the undesirable little farm which he most rightfully considered was Bessie's as much as his, having been kept unincumbered chiefly by reason of her lifetime of hard work. As his widow, would she not naturally inherit the property and continue to live on in the old home, sheltered by its friendly shabbiness, nurtured by the grudging acres which would nevertheless afford her a sustenance? Why make a will? In looking for one, however, the hard-fibred Jase and Ike had discovered among the old man's papers a document which badly menaced Aunt Bessie's security.

In an envelope inscribed "Marriage Certificate" they had found merely an unsigned wedding license.

Interrogated, Aunt Bessie had freely given the information that she and Joe, wishing to save a minister's fee, had concluded that the license (costing the frightful sum of two dollars) was certainly binding and lawful enough, and consequently was all that was necessary. In other words, the couple had never been married.

Assured of this, Jase and Ike laid

claim to the property. Aunt Bessie was nothing loath. She had worked for the two boys all her youth and did not utterly rebel at the prospect of having to slave for them in her old age. For she fancied that the extent of their claim merely entitled them to live upon her. However, they announced their intention of selling the place for what it would bring, quite callous as to what would become of the penniless and homeless old woman who had mothered them—and in speaking of her they used a vile name.

The epithet had struck poor Aunt Bessie like a whip-lash and had goaded her into fighting the proceedings.

"But she ain't got nothing to fight," concluded Samuel Hanse sadly. "She admits all right that she and Joe never had no 'extra marriage' as she calls it, but she just peacefully makes fun of Judge and the others when they say she ain't no wife and she tells—'Boys, if I've been a good true wife to Joe for forty years, raising his brothers, nursing him and them when they was sick, cooking their victuals, hearing them their prayers, sewing their clothes, working myself to skin and bone for 'em, how can the turning up of the very license that made me Joe's wife undo it all now that Joe's dead? Boys, don't be so silly. Get done fooling and let me go home. I won't be there so very long. Can't Jase and Ike wait till I'm with Joe?'"

Jurewell had the pleased look which he wore when he was playing chess and was planning "mate in two moves".

"She admits she was never married?" he asked.

"Admits it plumb out."

"Admits that she knew it?"

"All along. Evidently she and that poor old fool of an Uncle Joe never got over shaking hands with themselves for their thrift in saving a parson's fee."

"And yet she is innocent of wrongdoing?"

"As a baby. Aunt Bessie is sure an angel on earth if there ever was one. That license looked like law and gospel to her and does still."

"And have not the two men feeling enough to let the queer old soul alone for the few years she has to live?"

Samuel Hanse spat in the dust. "That for Jase's feelings," he said. He spat again. "And that for Ike's."

"You say she nursed them?"

"Through typhoid. Watched 'em night and day for ten weeks."

Jurewell had drawn out a notebook and was jotting things down.

"And raised them from boyhood?"

"From babyhood. Jase was a year old and Ike three when their parents died and Joe and Bessie took 'em."

"How much is the farm worth?"

"Jase and Ike would be hard pushed to get four thousand."

The two had now reached the schoolhouse, an old wooden building from whose windows hung crowds of struggling rustics, testifying to the greater crowds behind them. Outside, children, dogs, and vehicles made the scene look like a camp meeting.

Pushing his way inside, Jurewell noted that a sort of intermission was evidently taking place, for business order was entirely suspended and a babel of talk was going on. Hulking big men, wedged in little seats, kept their uncomfortable places, fearing to lose them should they get up to stretch their legs. Some few were making an unembarrassed lunch from huge sandwiches, taking unconcerned bites almost in their companions' faces. A proud urchin, barefooted and perspiring, who would not have sold out his stand for a million, was carrying around a bucket of water, and a tin cup. He was working twice as hard as there was any need to and consequently was multiplying his own enjoyment.

The Judge, a gray-haired man of about fifty, was seated at the teach-

er's desk and was pretending to take deep interest in some papers before him concerning the ever vital country question of boundary fences, fences not put up where they should be, or put up where they should not be. He was the only one who was not audibly espousing Aunt Bessie's cause, which had evidently been lost.

Jase and Ike having absolutely no henchmen in that quarter of the globe were reduced to the necessity of talking to each other, and it may be said that both had a most undesirable listner. They were intensely stupid men and made the fact more than patent by their constantly repeated assertion that they were too "smart to be soft-soaped by everybody who came along".

"Aunt Bessie" sat on one of the recitation benches. She was a tiny little creature, with washed-out blue eyes set deep in a thin, spiritual face banded by hair so smooth and white that it looked like the demure linen of a nun. Her knotted old hands that never were comfortable in idleness were tremulously clasped in her decent black alpaca lap. She was of the type of women who can fight even all foes of darkness when entrenched within the mystic solace and refuge of their own home, but who are absolutely stricken to the death when torn away from their familiar place; women who more tenderly love a geranium slip they have raised in a tin can than the finest blossom that may be bought; women to whom each chair is a sacred family heirloom, each garden shrub a record of events, being either a monument to some hope, or a shaft to mark the grave where a hope lies buried.

"Jase and Ike never planted the lilac hedge," she was saying, in a wondering tone to three or four women around her. "How can it be their place?" Then, slightly raising her voice so as to be heard at the desk, "Jimmie, *you* know who planted the lilacs, 'cause you helped me—you was a little boy about ten."

"Jimmie" convulsively tightened his grip on his pencil, but gave no other sign of having heard the appeal—not but what the sympathetic distress on his face showed heartfelt corroboration of every word she said. His duty had plainly been a hard one.

"Now Jedge Kinney—he's a man of good horse sense," Jason Hull was saying to his brother, both furtively glimpsing the eulogised one to see if the praise was effective. "Jedge isn't going to hev honest men cheated of their lawful due."

"And lawful it is," said Isaac, glancing scowlingly around in criticism of the general condemnation. "Who *could* the farm belong to, if not us, the sole survivin' relatives of brother Joe who never married and never had no children?"

"Jimmie," quavered Aunt Bessie gently, "can't you make 'em shut up? Don't seem hardly brotherly for 'em to talk that way about Joe, and Joe dead."

The tow-haired little Ganymede with the water having here come near to Jurewell, he gave him his card and asked him to take it to "His Honour", amending the title, at the boy's stare, to the more familiar one of "Jim Kinney".

That the name on the card was not so unknown to His Honour as it had been to samuel Hanse was evinced immediately by the expectant look which appeared in Judge Kinney's face as he raised his eyes to hunt among the throng for the owner of the bit pasteboard just handed to him.

Jurewell met the glance and bowed profoundly.

"Have I your permission to say a few words?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Jurewell," said the Court, not needing to request silence, for a curious hush was already established. Every eye was on the stranger, who spoke authoritively.

"Your condescension in permiting me to speak is as great and un-

usual as is my effrontery in asking for the favour, but in extenuation let me say that great and unusual also is the interest taken by me in the circumstances of the case which has just been heard, your decision concerning which does credit to your sense of justice, refusing, as it does, to be biased even by the weighty considerations of sentiment and your personal regard for the parties chiefly involved." Jurewell was in the realms of pure guesswork at the moment, but, inclining his head deferentially to Aunt Bessie and nodding with scant ceremony in indication of the brother Hull, he found that public opinion was with him and therefore proceeded jubilantly. "These—gentlemen," he continued, nodding again at the victors, and poising on the word so as to render it distinctly uncomfortable, "are to be congratulated that the law is no respecter of persons and has consequently put into their hands the power to recover the property that so rightfully belongs to them."

"To the relinquisher of the property," went on Jurewell turning to her, "I have this to say: although in the eyes of the Lord and in the esteem of the community, there is no stain upon her fair name, she being the most faithful of wives, the most honest and honourable of women, still, the law having decreed that she never owned a wife's position, the law takes cognizance of the fact that she therefore holds a valid claim against the estate." Tapping the paper upon which he had been making notes, but carefully refraining from explaining that they *were* but notes, Jurewell said impressively, "Here is a statement of the claim presented—For forty years of service, as housekeeper to the late Joe Cummin, rated at five dollars a week, nine thousand six hundred dollars; ten years' service as governess to the half brothers of the deceased, two thousand four hundred dollars; ten weeks' service as sick nurse, two hundred dollars—total fourteen thousand dollars. This is a just and lawful claim, the payment of which the claimant will certainly exact. The value of the property being but four thousand dollars, it seems hardly likely that she will accept from Isaac and Jason Hull a deed to the farm in equitable exchange, yet my advice to her would be to do so."

The fine points in Jurewell's presentment appealed first to the clerk of the court, a sunburnt young man in a bright pink shirt, and he emitted a prolonged chuckle, his Honour soon followed the example, finally the whole throng joined in, sending around the schoolhouse a laugh which rang as joyously as a cheer, bringing amazed resentment but to two.

"Monkey business isn't law," they shouted threateningly.

But Aunt Bessie held otherwise. Pressing to Jurewell's side, she took his hand and kissed it humbly.

"It's good of you, sir. Thank you, sir," she said timidly. No further words could she find, but the big tears which rolled down her cheek made words unnecessary. Then turning to the tJudge, she dipped a little curtsy and said with meek determination, "Jimmie, I think I'm through here, and so I'm going home."

Quite refusing to bother her head with the idea that Jason and Isaac might fight the case and that it might be long before any reversal could be made in her favour, satisfied that her friends would never shut in her face the kindly door which Jurewell had opened, she kissed again the helping hand, bobbed again to the Court, and then thankfully trudged out into the sunlight, her face turned towards the little farm where she had come as a bride, forty years ago, where she had lived with "Joe", where she had held him in her arms when he died, and, from where she had buried him—with clusters of lilac on his quiet heart—the only place which could be "home" to her on this side of eternity.

NEW LIGHT ON THE VINLAND VOYAGES

BY W. S. WALLACE

As all the world knows, America is supposed to have been visited by the Northmen about the year 1000. That, at least, is the tale told by two of the Icelandic sagas, and by some scattered references in Norwegian vellums. Just what degree of truth resides in the story as told by the sagas, has hitherto remained uncertain, and will perhaps remain forever uncertain. But within the last few years some new light has been cast from various quarters on the problem; and while this new light does not dispel the darkness in which the problem is wrapped, it reveals features of it which have not been seen before.

The first recent contribution to the subject was archæological. In the year 1898 there was discovered by some farmers at Kensington, Minnesota, a large stone bearing a Runic inscription. On one side was a legend which may be translated thus:

"Eight Goths and twenty-two Norwegians upon an expedition of discovery from Vinland. We had a camp by two rocks in the water one day's journey north from this stone. We were fishing one day. When we returned, we found ten men red with blood and dead. Ave Maria! Save us from evil."

On the reverse side of the stone there were the words:

"We have ten men by the sea to look after our vessel, forty-one days' journey from this island. Year 1362."

It should be said at once that grave doubt has been cast on the authenticity of this stone. Experts have pointed out what appear to be anachronisms in the runes; and it is unfortunate that the locality in which the stone was discovered is one that should have been for many years settled by Scandinavians. It is difficult, moreover, to see how so large a party of men could have reached Minnesota from Vinland, in the fourteenth century, in so short a time as fifty-one days. On the other hand, the authenticity of the stone has not wanted champions.* It has been imbedded in the roots of a tree of very considerable age, and it is difficult to see how it could have been "planted" there. The suggestion has been made that the stone is possibly the last will and testament of a Norse exploring party which struck inland, perhaps from the shores of Hudson Bay, and perished at the hands of the Indians in the heart of the continent. "Red with blood and dead" is not a bad description of the victims of the scalping-knife.

The controversy regarding the stone is one of such a technical character that no good purpose would be

*See Hjalmar Rued Holand: "Oldest Native Document in America" (Journal of American History, vol. iv., pp. 165-184).

served by embarking on it here. In the absence of any authoritative pronouncement, the stone and its inscription remain at any rate an interesting object of fancy and conjecture.

The next contribution to the problem, in point of time, was a paper by an American botanist which appeared about three years ago in the pages of a scientific journal published a few years ago by a New England learned society. The title of the paper was "Notes on the Plants of Wineland the Good." In it the author, Professor W. L. Fernald, of Harvard University, attempted to discover, by reference to the plants mentioned in the Icelandic sagas of Eric the Red and the Flat Island Book, the location of Vinland. The name Vinland was derived from a plant, called in the sagas a "wineberry," which the Norsemen found in that country. This plant has been commonly identified by scholars as the wild grape (*Vitis Labrusca*); and since the wild grape and other plants mentioned in the sagas are not found in very northerly climates, it therefore became the fashion to identify Vinland with Nova Scotia or New England. Professor Fernald, however, showed, by a convincing use of the old herbalists, that the "wineberry" mentioned in the sagas is not the wild grape but the mountain cranberry, which occurs in the greatest abundance in the country stretching from the Lower St. Lawrence northward along the coast of Labrador. He thereupon placed Vinland on the coast of Labrador, probably in the neighbourhood of Hamilton Inlet, where there is abundance of the heavy timber in search of which the Northmen came. This interpretation of the sagas, it is interesting to notice, removes some of the difficulties and discrepancies which have troubled scholars in the past. There is no longer, for instance, any difficulty in identifying the Skraelings or natives of Vinland, with the Eskimos, rather than with the Indians, whom they do not seem to have resembled in the least.

Professor Fernald's argument succeeded in convincing at least some students of the Vinland voyages. But hardly had his conclusions begun to win acceptance, when the whole question was thrown once more into the melting-pot by a new contribution to the subject. This was a book by the distinguished Norwegian scholar and explorer, Dr. Fridtjob Nansen. In this book, which was entitled "In Northern Mists," and which was a history of Arctic exploration in the early times, Dr. Nansen subjected the Vinland sagas to a ruthless scrutiny. When he was done with them, there was little left of them. He did not, it is true, deny the bare fact of the Norse visits to America: the cumulative evidence in that respect was too strong to be disregarded. But he showed, as perhaps had never been shown before, how large the mythological element in the sagas really is. The details of the story of Vinland the Good, he strove to show, are derived from legendary sources, especially from the legendary literature of Ireland, a country which in the early middle ages was closely connected by trade with Iceland. Wine and wine-fruit, for instance, play a great part in early Irish legend; and it is Dr. Nansen's belief that the story about the wineberries found in Vinland is nothing but a fable drawn from Irish sources. If his theory is correct, the whole of Professor Fernald's elaborate botanical investigations fall to the ground.

Nor does Dr. Nansen's evidence end there. By reference to Scandinavian mythology and philology the Skraelings of the sagas, the natives of Vinland, are shown to be really gnomes or brownies, such as are commonly met with in Norse legend. the "Tyrker" who found the wineberries, and the two runners sent out by Karlsefni when he reached "Mar-

vel-strands," appear to be half human creatures such as Norse mothers used to frighten their children with. The recurrence of the number three in the Saga of Eric the Red, and the recurrence of the prefix Thor—in nearly all the proper names—these are shown to be features characteristic of Norse fairy-tales. Everywhere, in fact, the sagas bear on their face, according to Dr. Nansen's view, the marks of the mythopoeic imagination.

It is perhaps too early to ascertain what effect Dr. Nansen's destructive criticism will have on the estimate in which the sagas will ultimately be held by scholars; but it is likely that it will effectually discredit any conclusions based, as Professor Fernald's are, on an interpretation of the details of the story.

Last of all there comes the evidence of anthropology. Not long ago there returned to civilization a Canadian anthropologist who had spent several years among the Eskimos of the Arctic Circle. This anthropologist, whose name was Vilhjalmur Stefansson, reported that he had discovered among the Eskimos of the far north what he thought were signs of an admixture of Scandinavian blood. On Victoria Island in Coronation Gulf he found Eskimos with fair hair and blue eyes. In some cases, the hair was light brown; in others, it was rusty red, with the redness more pronounced on the forehead. A great many had eye-brows from a dark brown to a light brown, or nearly white. A few had curly hair. One girl had the delicate features sometimes seen in the women of the fjords of Norway. The Eskimos whom Professor Stefansson had brought with him kept protesting: "These are not Eskimos: they merely dress and talk and act like Eskimos."

It must not be imagined that Professor Stefansson was the first to notice the existence of these blonde Eskimos. As long ago as the year 1656, Nicholas Lunes, the captain of a Dutch ship trading in Davis Straits, observed the difference between them and the other Eskimos. "As regards the inhabitants," wrote the chronicler of the expedition, "our travelers report having seen two kinds, who have lived together on the most friendly terms. Of these, one kind is described as very tall, well-built, of rather fair complexion, and very swift of foot. The others are much smaller, of an olive complexion, and tolerably well proportioned, except that their legs are short and thick." The latter are easily recognisable as ordinary Eskimos; the former are obviously the blonde Eskimos with whom Professor Stefansson has come into contact.

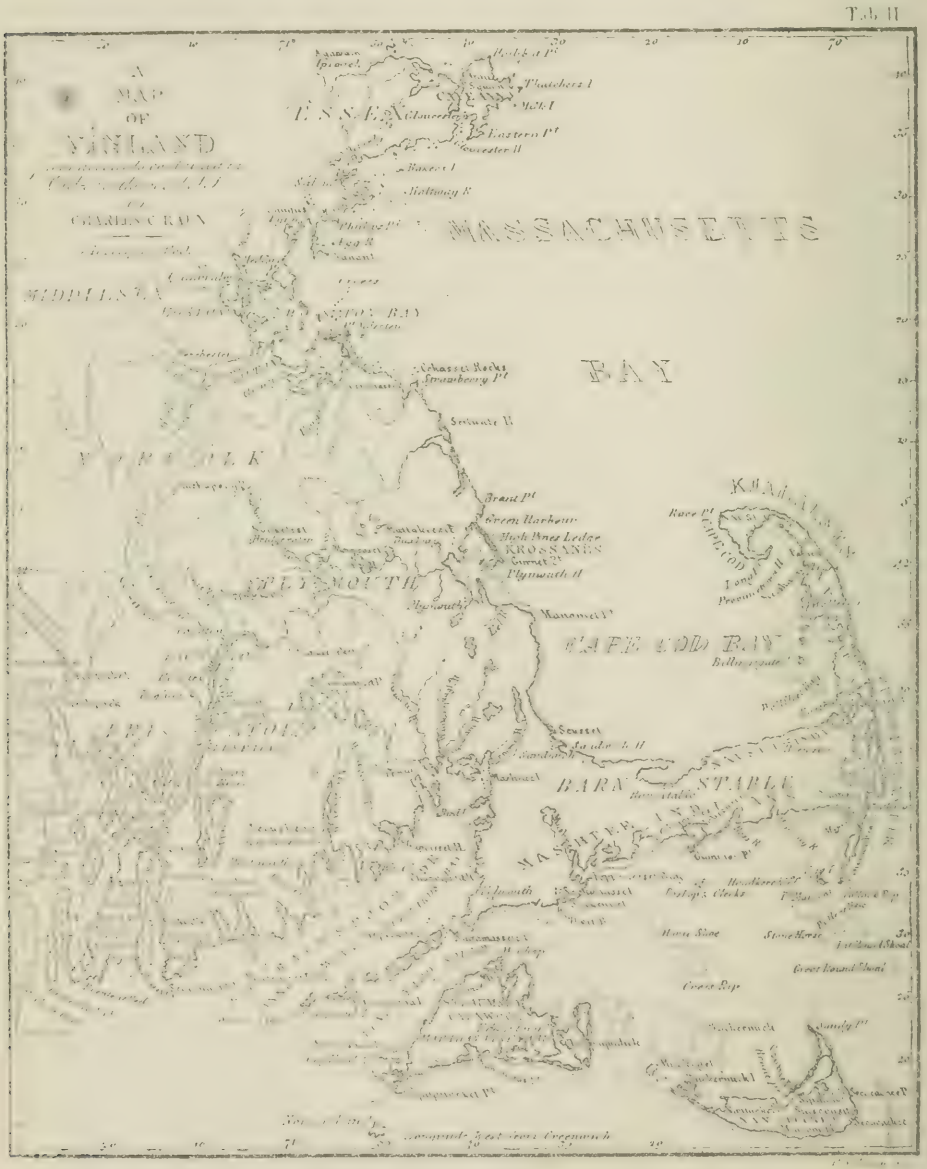
Any suggestions that Professor Stefansson has advanced with regard to the explanation of these peculiarities have been only tentative. He has not attempted to lay down anything more than a hypothesis. But his hypothesis is that the traces of Scandinavian blood in the Eskimos of Victoria Island are due to an admixture in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries between the Eskimos and the Norse settlers of Greenland. There is no fact in history better attested than the Norse colonization of Greenland. Founded by a band of outlaws in the tenth century, the colony lasted until the fourteenth. The ruins of the settlements were wiped out by the Eskimos; and the frail thread which linked Greenland to Europe was broken. It has commonly been assumed that the Greenlanders were massacred. But there is no good reason to doubt that some of them may have been adopted into the Eskimo tribes, or even that whole groups of them may have continued to exist in the Arctic Circle, cut off from Europe and civilization. In that case, the blonde Eskimos are their descendants.

That it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Northmen should have penetrated to the neighbourhood of Coronation Gulf, or of Hud-

son Bay, there exists a proof the importance of which in this connection has not, so far as the present writer is aware, been pointed out. In 1824 there was discovered on the Island of Kingitorsook, in Baffin's Bay, in a region supposed to have been unvisited before the modern age of Arctic exploration, a stone inscription:

"Erling Sighvatson and Bjarni Thordharson and Eindrid Oddson raised these marks and cleared ground on Saturday before Ascension week, 1135."

Thus archæology adds its testimony to the evidence of anthropology.



CURRENT EVENTS

BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE Asquith Government is confronted with the serious problem of how to conciliate the extreme Labour vote which in recent bye-elections has gone against the Liberal candidates. Mr. Masterman, the newly-appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was defeated in Bethnal Green through Labour opposition. An analysis of the voting shows, however, that the combined Liberal and Labour vote was greater than at the election of 1911. Home Rule was a minor issue, the Labour and Unionist attack being chiefly directed against the Insurance Act. The weakness in the Insurance Act is its failure to meet the case of the casual labourer. *The London Nation,* a leading Liberal weekly, says:

"Liberals have to recognize that modern legislation, while aiming at improving the condition of the poor, tends to increase the control of the authorities over their lives. It was stated recently that insurance cards were being used by employers for tracing strikers with a view to preventing them getting other employment. In *The Candid Quarterly Review,* it is stated that 'the writer had heard police witnesses swear a man a lazy and idle vagabond because he had no insurance card about him. . . . In short, the insurance card has become a police passport without which no member of the working-class has a right to live or move in free England.' These are the statements that require investigation. Mr. Thomas asked the Home Secretary if he knew that the Glamorgan police were visiting the home of trades union leaders and asking for a great deal of information about their organizations? All the conditions of modern life and the social re-organization that is going on tend to strengthen the powers of the police, and the duty of protecting the rights of the citizen is becoming not less but more urgent."

Bethnal Green, a neighbourhood of squalid courts, dark alleys, depressing streets, and hovels hardly fit for human habitation is the place where of all others an appeal may be made to the cupidity of the elector, for it is peopled with casual labourers, to whom the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread" is very real. Into this constituency, where two dollars a week is an average income, flocked silk-hatted and frock-coated canvassers and orators and fashionably-dressed ladies. Down the dark alleys, along mean streets, and up the creaking stairs of insanitary tenements the candidates and their friends pay court to King Demos. The natural order of things is reversed at these elections. It is Lazarus, the rich man, who sits at the door of Dives the beggar, crying, "Votes, for the love of Allah, votes!" The out-of-work, the casual labourer, and the poor who, like their pre-historic ancestors, are compelled to hunt for a living are beginning to sit up and take notice.

Times have changed since the days of the rotten boroughs. The worker is no longer satisfied to vote Liberal or Conservative. Nor is he willing any longer to permit his representative in Parliament to be absorbed by the Liberal party.

It is the Parliamentary system that is on trial, with its traditions of Cabinet control, and it is interesting to observe that the attacks on the system are not confined to the extreme wing of the Labour Party. From more than one quarter a plea has been put forward for the substitution of committee for ministerial control of the public departments. These committees would be appointed by all parties in the House of Commons in proportion to their membership. Under such a system no party would be excluded from a share in government and administration, and the failure to carry certain bills would not, as at present, involve loss of Cabinet prestige and the resignation of the Government in power. Lord Esher advocates the appointment of such Parliamentary Committees for the control of naval policy and Foreign affairs. With the present Parliamentary system under criticism from men of such widely-divergent views as Lord Esher and Mr. Jowett, the Labour M.P., it is evident that Great Britain, in her constitutional evolution, may go further than the reform of the Upper Chamber. The whole Parliamentary system is obsolete, over-weighted, and cumbersome, and requires overhauling. The workers are in revolt against the Parliamentary policy of the Labour Party in the House and will continue to mark their dissatisfaction at the poll until some remedy is found. It is stated in British Labour circles that one hundred Labour candidates will go forward for election at the next appeal to the country.

The murder in Mexico of a British subject named Benton has been magnified into an international issue. It is alleged that Villa, the leader of the Mexican Constitutionalists, shot Benton in cold blood. Villa claims that Benton was executed after a trial by court-martial, but the affair has all the aspects of a dark and sinister crime, such as is too common in that blood-soaked Republic. Great Britain and the United States are determined to unravel the mystery. Sir Edward Grey has acted with great restraint and has not allowed the British ferment over Benton's tragic end to warp his diplomatic judgment in his relations with the United States Government. The comment of *The London Times* reflects the sober thought of the British people in regard to the murder:

"Americans have taken the murder of a number of their own citizens so quietly that many of them do not seem to understand our indignation over the death of Benton. One thing only will satisfy us, and that is a complete, searching examination into the deed and the exemplary punishment, as soon as punishment is possible, of all who may be answerable for our countryman's blood. We shall be surprised and grieved if all that is best in the United States does not recognize the justice of that resolve."

The feeling in Europe with regard to the Monroe Doctrine and Mexico may be summed up in ex-President Roosevelt's advice to Britain in Egypt —"Get on or get out!" The United States must see that other countries are sensitive of any dishonour to their flag in Mexico. It has always been the proud boast of the British people that their lives and property were sacred, and that reparation would be exacted for any violation thereof. Other outrages on foreigners—including the burning of several American railway passengers in a tunnel—have been reported, and the indignation these have excited may have a prejudicial effect on the reform movement in Mexico. President Wilson is naturally anxious to abstain from active interference by the despatch of

troops, for this would involve the United States in a war of tremendous magnitude, but inaction in the face of such outrages on foreign residents may easily become impossible.

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President Wilson, in a communication to Congress last month, pleaded for repeal of the provision of the Panama Canal Act which exempts American coastwise shipping from tolls. He declared that his reason for asking the repeal was that everywhere except in the United States the toll exemption was regarded as a violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and he further asked it in support of the Administration's general foreign policy.

"We consented," says the President, "to the treaty; its language we accepted, if we did not originate it; and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or refined a reading of words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do: a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so once more deserve our reputation for generosity and the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation."

This attitude in regard to a delicate international dispute which has been the subject of embittered controversy for more than two years, will enhance President Wilson's reputation as a statesman throughout the world.

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During the debate in the Upper House on the amendment to the address, Lord Macdonald, former Under-Secretary in Ireland, accused the Lords on the Opposition benches of being actuated by bitter sectarion animosity. Lord Middleton had said that under Home Rule Nationalists would fill public offices with men of their own party. But the figures of an inquiry made when he was connected with the Government of Ireland were a reply to such a supposition. They referred to counties in the three Nationalist Provinces and in Ulster. In Galway, which had a population of 192,000, the percentage of Protestants in the population was six, and the percentage of paid posts which they held under local governing bodies was nineteen. In Roscommon the percentages were respectively three and sixteen, in Mayo two and eleven, in Munster ten and twenty-one, in Carlow eleven and forty, in Tipperary six and twenty-nine, in Kildare fifteen and twenty-three, in West Meath nine and thirty-two, and in King's County eleven and forty-eight. "Was there any confirmation in these figures," he asked, "for the statement that the Catholics of Ireland were given to hunting their Protestant neighbours out of their locality? He took the other side of the shield, and in the County of Antrim he found the percentage of Catholics in the population to be twenty-six, while the percentage of public appointments which they held was eight. In Armagh the percentages were respectively forty-five and six, and in Tyrone fifty-five and ten. When a charge was brought against Roman Catholics of intolerance in the exercise of their public functions, surely some sort of official statistical information might be produced in order that they might be able to judge for themselves of the validity of the charge."

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Despite the alarmist fears of the Ulster Unionists there has been a distinct rise in Irish securities. Referring to this fact *The Economist* remarks:

"For our part we cannot understand why the investors of Belfast are content to leave their money in the old securities if the country is

really overshadowed by the danger of warfare and bloodshed. It is too much to believe in civil war on a basis of four per cent."

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In the House of Lords, Lord Murray of Elibank made a personal statement regarding his share in the Marconi deal. He declared that when he made the investments in Marconis it did not occur to him that there was any impropriety in so doing. He understood that the American company had nothing to do with the English contract. But he now recognized that he ought to have seen that his action was open to criticism; he regretted his error, which was one of judgment and not of intention. As to the purchase of shares bought for the Liberal party funds, that, too, was an error of judgment, and he was doing what he could to make amends by taking them over at the price paid for them, at a considerable personal loss. Far from his resignation of the post of Chief Whip having anything to do with these transactions, it had been mentioned in February, 1912, to the Prime Minister, who had begged him to remain in office till the end of the session. Lord Lansdowne said that this explanation clearly showed that Lord Murray did not think the matter could be left where it had been left by the Commons Committee. A committee has been appointed by the Lords to inquire into the whole affair, on which Lord Loreburn, a Liberal ex-Lord Chancellor, has agreed to act.

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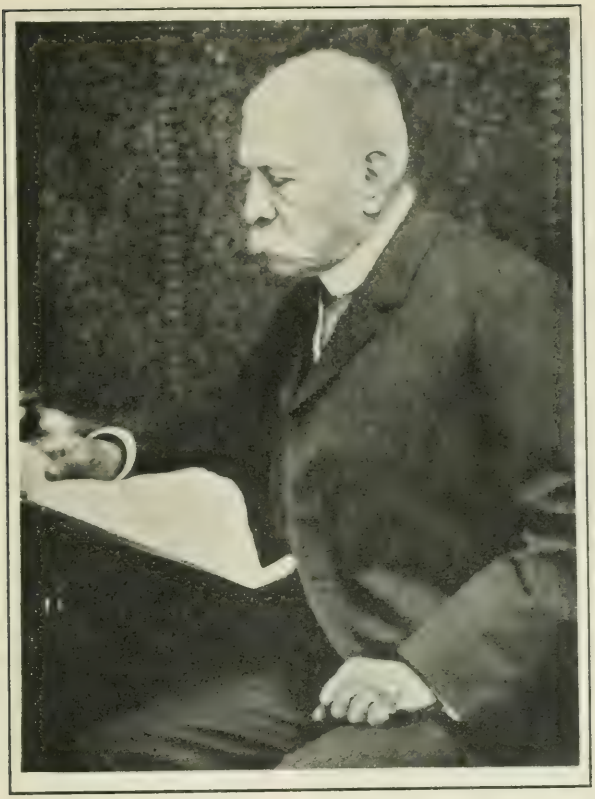
A way out of the Ulster difficulty was suggested by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, his plan being local option for each of the Ulster counties and boroughs. Any county or borough voting by a bare majority for exclusion would continue as heretofore, for a period of six years, to be represented in the Imperial Parliament. As the Unionists have always contended that no compromise on the basis of the present Bill would be acceptable to them it is extremely unlikely that this fantastic proposal will make for a settlement. Were a plebescite of the Irish electors taken, the Unionists of Belfast and the adjoining two counties, Antrim and Down, would carry exclusion for these units. Other parts of Ulster would probably vote the Nationalist ticket. The chief difficulty in the way of a settlement by consent on these lines is the fact that no Irish Parliament, deprived of Belfast, Antrim, and Down, could possibly carry on without additional financial aid. As it is at present, Ireland would have to resort to rigid economy to make ends meet, but without the revenue from the most wealthy parts of Ulster, suitable provision would have to be made, by way of amendment of the financial clauses of the Bill, to compensate Ireland for the loss sustained by the withdrawal of any part of the northern Province. The British electors are not in the humour to increase the finacial grant to the Irish Parliament, and as any amendments to the Bill must pass unchallenged the prospect of a peaceful settlement is not particularly bright. An election in Ireland on the one issue of exclusion would stereotype the Ulster opposition and aggravate sectarian divisions.

BRÜHL TERRACE, DRESDEN

From the Painting by Gotthard Kuehl. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE



PORFIRIO DIAZ, LATE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

THE LAND OF TO-MORROW

A GLIMPSE OF MEXICO UNDER PORFIRIO DIAZ

BY ELIHU STEWART

IT is only about four short years since the writer made a rather hurried trip through the Republic of Mexico, and yet what a change since then! At that time the old autocrat Diaz ruled supreme from the Rio Grande on the north, to the Assumacinta on the south, and perfect order everywhere prevailed. The authority of the Rurales (military police) was undisputed. You met them everywhere, on all the highways of the country from Chihuahua to Chiapas. No mountain trail was too rough for their mules to traverse, and the pestilential forests of the Tierra Caliente were as familiar to them as the cultivated fields surrounding Monteray or the City of Mexico itself. In almost every town throughout the whole country, at night, you would see one of these men with his red lantern posted at the intersection of every important street to watch the traffic and to apprehend the unruly.

To-day disorder is everywhere. The poor peon is bewildered with his frequent change of rulers, as one or other of the military factions is successful in the battles in which he is compelled to take an unwilling part; for he cares little who the ruler is if

he will only give him security of life and property.

Mexico is in many respects to America what Egypt is to the Old World. It is the only portion of America which shows indisputable evidence of a civilization similiar to that of Egypt, and probably quite as ancient. The pyramids, near the City of Mexico, are only equalled in size and in the labour required to construct them by those wonders that rise from the sands of Egypt. The buried cities of Mitla and Palinka are only surpassed by those of Thebes and Lucknor. Enter the museum in the City of Mexico, and you can almost fancy you are in the Egyptian quarter in the British Museum or the Louvre. These ancient works date farther back than either the Aztecs or even the Toltecs, the latter of whom it is believed entered Mexico in the Seventh Century. It is interesting, as I have said, on account of what it reveals of a great past history, extending through a period as dim as that which envelops the land of the Pharoahs.

It is equally interesting when we come to more modern times, say from the invasion of the Toltecs to their overthrow by the Aztecs and also through the several centuries that the latter held sway, down to their conquest by the Spaniards. This latter period might well be called the golden age in Mexican history. The annals of the world afford no parallel to that exhibited by these people. In the old world the torch of civilization, ignited in Egypt, was carried to Greece, thence to Rome and then on to her distant colonies; but the Mexico of this period developed unaided and alone a civilization which was in many respects equal if not superior to that existing among the nations across the Atlantic during the same era. This brilliant period, however, was darkened by a religious rite which involved the sacrifice of human life.

Amid the unmistakable evidences of happy life among the people of that age it is disheartening to look at the great sacrificial stone, still preserved, on which the priest stood and offered up his fellow beings as a sacrifice to the gods in fancied expiation of human sin, and one cannot but wonder how such a belief found its way into the minds of this isolated people.

Again, Mexico is interesting as furnishing the field for the earliest settlement of Europeans on this side of the Atlantic. Long years before the English and French had started colonies in North America, Spain had conquered Mexico and established a thriving colony there, on the ruins of the kingdom of the Aztecs.

The island of San Salvador, the first land seen in the new world, was discovered October 11th, 1492, and twenty-seven years later, about 1519, and one hundred years before the landing of the Pilgrims on the New England Coast, we find Cortez in Mexico; and to-day in the City of Mexico you will see the church he built and even the very house he occupied, as well as one adjoining, where his Lieutenant-General, Alvirado, lived. The climate is such that structural works withstand the ravages of time far better than in our varying temperature.

The Republic of Mexico comprises twenty-seven States, covering an area of some 800,000 square miles. It is 2,000 miles in length by 800 in greatest width. After Spain had lost authority over the country, now nearly a century ago, its political conditions were unstable for many years. All know the attempt of Louis Napoleon to establish a monarchy there and its overthrow and the sad fate of the short-time Emperor Maximilian. Following the execution of Maximilian was the establishment of the present Republic based on that of the United States of North America with President Jaurez at its head. Jaurez was succeeded by Porfirio Diaz, who was a general

in the war against the Maximilian forces. Though the constitution demanded an election of a President every four years Diaz succeeded for many years (from 1884 to 1911) to retain his place without any interregnum. Many say and probably with a good deal of truth that the means adopted were not always what would commend themselves to the self-governing Canadian, but there is no doubt that he was the man for Mexico, and was one of the most conspicuous rulers in the world; a man of pure private life, who knew his country and his people and who had the wisdom of a Cavour coupled with the iron will and determination of a Bismarck to carry out his views. He made his country honoured and respected among the nations, and whatever of discontent there was among some of his own people on account of the means he sometimes employed there was but one feeling on the part of the foreigners in the country, when I was there, and that was of sorrow that his rule could not last much longer.

I confess that I was surprised when the old warrior abdicated his position as President and voluntarily left the country. It must have been trying to the man, who, whatever his methods, had given his country a stable Government for many years, to say good-bye to all that was dear to him; to view probably for the last time from the heights of Chepultepec the beautiful valley land surrounding it; to take a last look far across the plain, on snow-clad Popocatapetl and near by at the towers and spires of the city he had beautified.

It may be said that in his case discretion was the better part of valour. It must be remembered, however, that Diaz was a man of iron, who never feared a foe. Far back in his early life he was Mexico's greatest soldier and seemed to inherit the bravery and dash of those valiant Spaniards who centuries ago had won the country for their sovereign.

To my mind this voluntary exile is greatly to his credit. It shows a strength of will, to lay down authority without a struggle. A weak man would likely have temporized and hesitated until a bloody struggle had convinced him that resistance was useless. I can fancy the old veteran driving down the Plaza from the castle and boarding the train for Vera Cruz. Then it passed out into the Maguey fields and through a country with its towns and villages that he knew so well, finally reaching Vera Cruz—Vera Cruz which he had at his own behest within a few years changed from a pestilential seaboard town, where the ravens were the scavengers, to a clean, sanitary city. Here a steamer was waiting to receive him, and his last words were in perfect keeping with his character. When addressing the assembled crowd from the bridge of the steamer, he said:

"Senors and Sonoritas, I am leaving your country and mine for the sake of peace and to prevent bloodshed, but though I am eighty years of age, if during the remainder of my life you need me I will return at your call."

Long before passing the Rio Grande which separates the United States from Mexico we become somewhat familiar with Spanish America. Once in the State of Texas we realize that we are face to face with much that bears the marks of Spanish colonization. The mission style of architecture; the adôbe buildings as well as the appearance and language of many of the people bring to mind the fact that we have entered territory once under the domain of the Spanish Sovereigns. The sandy arid plains, with the cactus so much in evidence over a vast arid tract both north and south of the Rio Grande, makes one value all the more the fertile land of our own country. This continues until we ascend the Mexican table land; after this, both the soil and the climate greatly improve, and as we proceed, vast fields of

grain are seen until we approach near to the City of Mexico, when the greater part of the land seems to be given over to the cultivation of the Maguey plant from which the native beverage pulque is made. The Maguey is a species of the century plant which if allowed to grow will reach a height of twelve to eighteen feet, but the Mexican has other uses for it than that of bearing flowers, so he cuts off the portion which would shoot up and bear the flower; and the liquid substance that would if undisturbed produce the upgrowing stock and the flower is gathered for pulque. This beverage is applied to uses similar to that which we in the *more civilized* North apply to other alcoholic drinks.

I shall not refer to the numerous towns and villages on the way but one we must notice. Just outside its bounds stands a small church built on the very spot where Maximilian, with some of his officers was led out one bright morning and shot, the day after his wife, poor Charlotta, had made an ineffectual appeal for his life; this is the village of Queretero.

Soon after passing Queretero we begin to see evidences of our near approach to a great city. The highways are in better condition and along with the familiar pack mules are seen carriages and even automobiles, and almost before we are aware of it we find ourselves at the station in the City of Mexico.

What shall I say of this metropolis? Rather what shall I not say? For there are so many things so strange to a Northerner, and yet so interesting that if I were to attempt to relate them all, I would have no time left for the other places which I wish to notice. One thing that struck me very forcibly was to see here a city which in many respects is more beautiful than any other on this Continent and yet where a majority of those we meet on the streets are Indians, with a small admixture of Spanish blood in their veins, but who have adopted the language and many of the customs of Old Spain. The women especially from their wearing shawls which partly cover the head very much resemble the Indian women. Notwithstanding their appearance, however, the native Mexican both male and female have adopted the politeness so characteristic of their distant relatives in Andalusia or Castile. Among other Spanish customs the embrace is as common as our handshaking.

I cannot do better than quote from a recent writer regarding this. He says that even with the almost pure blooded Indians along the Gulf Coast, there is when they happen to know you an elaborateness about your meetings and partings on the road that amounts to a kind of ritual. The following conversation might quite likely occur after the embrace:

"Is this horse yours, senor?"

"No, it is yours."

"How are you?"

"Thanks to God there is no change! How are Don Guillermo and your Mama?"

"Many thanks, they are as always." (then a pause)

"The roads are bad, senor. Is there much coffee?"

"Enough."

"I am coming to see you next week."

"Come when you wish to. Well until we meet again."

"Until we meet again—if God wishes it."

"May you go with God!"

"Many thanks, Vicenti. Remain with God."

"Thank you, senor—if God wishes it."

"Adios."

"Adios."

And I have seen myself, on entering a very dilapidated dwelling in the Tierra Calienta (hot Country), the master of the cassa, a diminutive and insignificant looking native, welcome us as if we were entering a

real castle with the words, which translated would mean, "This dwelling is yours." And the best they had would be given us. In the evening before retiring all the half-naked children would approach us with outstretched hand and an *adios noche,* repeated by each to everyone of us. In the morning an appropriate salutation would also greet us by every member of the family.

Besides the peons (peasants), there are in the country, of course, a higher class, some of whom are well educated and cultivated people, whose manners are really charming. Many of the latter in addition to the good training in the colleges of the country have taken a course in the universities of other countries, especially of Spain. So much for the people of the country. Now to return to the City of Mexico.

It is situated on a high plateau of great extent. The elevation of the city above sea level is 7,349 feet. It has a delightful climate and even temperature. The mean from October to April is 56, and from May to September 63. Among its notable buildings and institutions are the Free National Library, with nearly 200,000 volumes. The National School of Fine Arts, The National Museum, before referred to, The Cathedral, The Post Office, a gorgeous building, and lastly and most lovely of all, the Castle of Chapultepec. The latter is built on an enimence; the beautiful Hill of the Grasshopper, where stood the home of Montezuma and the Aztec kings. This magnificent structure is only surpassed by its surroundings. The view of the park at the foot of the hill, and surrounding it on all sides is simply beyond description. Winding roadways lead us beneath cypress trees and rare shrubbery. Again stretching in a direct line from the gates of the Park to the glorieta of the statue of Charles the 4th of Spain, is the Paseo de la Reforma, a magnificent avenue more than two miles long, shaded by splendid trees and bordered by flowers and shrubbery known only to a torrid climate. The Paseo widens into circles here and there, called glorietas, in the centre of which are statues in memory of historic characters in the past history of the country.

I can only refer to one other distinguishing and unique feature of this wonderful City, namely the Viga Canal.

This is not the great drainage Canal recently built at a cost of $12,000,000, but a water highway constructed by the Aztecs long before the discovery of America. It was used before Cortez's time, for the same purpose that it is to-day, namely, for traffic between the outlying towns and villages and the city, and no person visiting Mexico should miss seeing this great work. It leads from the Alameda, (a large park in the centre of the city) to Lake Charles, a distance of about twelve miles.

The Mexican is passionately fond of flowers, and it would appear as if almost as much space was allowed for their cultivation as that devoted to vegetables. Among numerous varieties, the poppy was the most conspicious. Acres and acres of these were seen. It would seem that the natives have some special veneration for this flower, for with it they garland themselves on fête days.

I witnessed a very pretty spectacle at a lakelet near the canal entrance. It was a family party in a small canopied barge covered with flowers. They had with them a number of wooden crosses decked with roses and poppies, to these they attached weights and sank them in the water, which was so clear that they could be distinctly seen at the bottom about thirty feet down. Evidently they were commemorating some anniversary in their family history. After a short stay at Santa Anita, a village of thatched houses, a relic of primitive times, but within sight of the spires and towers of the

great modern metropolis, we took again our conveyance for lunch at the country club. This latter, near the town of Charubusco, is one of the handsomest of its kind in America. Its grounds too are very large, containing tennis courts and splendid golf links.

On our return we passed by the new Plaza de Toros, (bull ring), a great circular building of stone, with an interior, which is an immense amphitheatre capable of seating thousands, and from which, on a Sunday afternoon, mey be seen the national sport of the country, which is only a little less barbarous than that witnessed from the Colosseum in pagan Rome two thousand years ago.

The next morning we were at Beuna Vista station at 7 a.m., and soon we were on our way to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, the principal seaport of the country. It is two hundred and sixty-three miles distant, and is reached in about twelve hours. To describe this journey fully would alone require a volume. At first, the track follows along an ancient roadway, which for three centuries has been trodden by pilgrims to the great shrine at Guadaloupe. All along are lesser shrines where prayers were offered up by the faithful, as they journeyed. Snow-capped mountains are in sight, and far away, if the day is fine, you may discern the volcanic peaks of Popocateptl and Ixtacihuatl glistening in the tropical sunlight.

Soon we see, at some distance to the left of the track, two elevations which look like large conical hills. These are the pyramids of the sun and moon, the former 216 feet high and the latter 151 feet high; neither of them as high as the great Cheops of Egypt, but the base of the larger one covers nearly double the area of its great rival of the Lower Nile. When they were constructed, and by whom, is a secret unrevealed.

Continuing on through innumerable fields of the maguey plant, where the natives are seen gathering its product to cheer, or rather stupify, those who use it, still on through this great Valley of Anahuac, with here and there at varying distances villages with their church spires glistening in the distance, till at noon we reach Esperanza, where we stop for lunch and obtain a view of our fellow passengers, as varied in appearance as the languages they speak. For the greater part they are inhabitants of the country, some retaining the handsome features and proud mein of the Spanish grandee, but the majority resembling more the native Indian. Along with these are English, Americans, and Germans, on their way to Vera Cruz to take passage to more northern lands.

After half an hour's pause, during which we have endeavoured to cultivate a taste for Mexican dishes, the tortillas, frioles and especially meats, highly seasoned with peppers and garlic, we resume our journey and soon reach Apizaco, the highest point on the route, over eight thousand feet above the sea. To the west is the immense tableland of the country, while to the east are vast mountain ranges down which we start to descend with very little aid from the engine. A magnificent panorama opens to our view with the volcano of Orizaba far above all the other peaks. In about eighteen miles we descend more than 6,000 feet. The road with winding curves clings to the sides of the hills, while in the valleys below are fields and orchards and villages—a magnificent picture.

The town of Orizaba is reached before we have completed this great descent, but we find a very marked change in the temperature, and shortly after when stopping at Cordoba we realize that we have at last reached the Tiera Calienta, and on the station platform are seen a crowd of native women with baskets filled with oranges, mangoes, pineapples, bananas, etc., fresh from the surrounding orchards.

One can scarcely conceive possible the great change in temperature from the pleasant climate of the upland. In two short hours by a descent of some seven or eight thousand feet, we have passed from a moderate temperature to one of torrid heat. To accomplish the same change on the level would certainly necessitate a journey of at least one thousand miles in the direction of the equator. Between Cordoba and Vera Cruz, the heat continues very great and the words, *muche calore* (much heat) are heard on all hands.

I will never forget my first night at Vera Cruz. On arriving at our hotel we found a crowd taking their evening meal on the boulevard. They were all clad in garments of the lightest material and supplied with fans, which they industriously used between the courses. Another traveller and I were assigned to a very large double room overlooking the harbour. When it became time to retire I pulled my mattress off the bed and spread it on the floor near an open window. There was a church across the Plaza, the bell of which for some reason was rung every fifteen minutes throughout the whole night, which with the heat left us very little sleep. We however consoled ourselves with the anticipation of getting a good rest the following night when we would be on the water.

At four o'clock the next afternoon our steamer left the dock at Vera Cruz, bound for Frontera in the State of Tabasco, some two hundred miles farther south. There was but little wind and of course it was hot. I had always understood that in the West Indies and in the neighbouring seas the climate was made delightful by those land and sea breezes, blowing from the sea in the day time and from the land at night. We were a little too late starting to expect much that day from the former, so we looked eagerly for that refreshing breeze that would soon be due from the land. The land was not very far away but not even a zephyr did it vouchsafe to us. A dead tropical calm seemed to spread over the sea, the like of which is portrayed by Coleridge, in his "Ancient Mariner." My stateroom was only a degree cooler than the engine-room, and I soon realized that there was no sleep for me in it, so unfolding a small army-cot, with which I was supplied, I passed the first night rather comfortably on the open deck. Lying here with the moon, brilliant overhead, as the steamer glided over a halcyon sea, the situation was very strange, if not weird. Here on the waters of the Bay of Campeachy, with strange stars overhead, one could not help allowing one's mind to wander where it would, before unconsciousness arrived. What thrilling scenes were witnessed here in the early days! Cortez's ships plowed these waters before the Indians of this continent had ever beheld the pale-faced European. They were also the resort, a little later, of the Buccaneers. Here too came the galleons from old Spain to carry back the riches of a despoiled land. With such thoughts floating across the mind, only disturbed by the songs and conversations of my fellow passengers, I finally fell asleep and was unconscious till about five o'clock next morning. When I awoke it was to witness a scene as strange as it was beautiful; a tropical dawn. Shortly before the sun rose from the depths of the ocean it cast its rays on the ethereal spaces far above us, and produced a brilliancy of colouring which our own beautiful twilights at their best can but faintly emulate.

In the evening we reached the mouth of the Assumacinta River two hundred miles South from Vera Cruz, but too late to ascend the stream to Frontera, so we anchored for the night outside the harbour in the open sea, which was as calm as the proverbial mill-pond. Frontera will one day be an excellent harbour when the bar at the mouth of the

River is removed. Here we took passage on a flat bottomed River Steamer for Tennosique, some three hundred miles up stream and at the head of navigation.

The Assumacinta is the largest River in Mexico. At the mouth at Frontera it is about two miles wide but soon contracts to less than half that width. Let us take a seat on the deck of the steamer under the canopy which is supposed to shade us from the heat of the sun, and watch the panorama that passes before our eyes as we pass up stream. In some respects it is similiar to what we might expect under similiar conditions here in the North, but in others, very dissimilar. At first great marsh lands and lagoons, stretch away to the horizon reminding one of the Tantramar marshes of the Bay of Fundy, referred to as "The melancholy marshes," in Longfellow's "Evangeline." As we proceed farther up stream, the banks are lined with banana plantations, then with fields of sugar cane, then the corn and bean patches wherever a peon has his home, for these furnish the staples of his existence. Here we meet a barge laden with bananas, another with corn floating lazily down stream; there, a raft of mahogany timber on its way to the ocean. Next we stop to wood-up, when we have time to visit some of the native houses and the small orchards which usually surround them, containing mangoes, limes, oranges, bananas and other native fruits. As night approaches, you will probably hear a fearful commotion in the forest. I am certain you will be wrong in guessing the cause. You will think that a fight is going on in which perhaps a dozen lions are engaged, if there are any in this district, and will be surprised to learn that they are monkeys, for it would seem impossible that so small an animal could produce such a noise. I am certain at two miles distant we have heard them in the woods and the shrieks they uttered were anything but musical.

Continuing on our journey farther up the river the banks become higher and the appearance of the country and the villages more interesting. The palm tree of many varieties is seen everywhere, the royal palm being the most stately and growing to a height of 100 feet and a diameter of perhaps two feet. Those bearing the cocoanut will also be seen along the banks, but most conspicuous of all is the ciba, a tall stately tree with a canopy top very much in the shape of an umbrella. Other varieties of trees and shrubbery, some of them bearing blossoms of rare and delicate colours, serve to make a most charming woodland picture.

Space will not permit me to attempt a description of the scenes witnessed along the Assumacinta, suffice it to say we passed numerous villages where we beheld life in its primitive stages: where in the early morning we would see the women grinding the corn on stones, for the early meal, just as it was done in far Eastern lands two thousand years ago.

Leaving our steamer at Tennosique, an inland Town of perhaps two thousand inhabitants, we remained in camp for two days of intense heat. Then we engaged some thirty mules; twenty of them were loaded with packs containing our camp equipage and supplies for the trip, and the rest were to carry us and our native attendants. When I mounted mine it seemed to me impossible that so small an animal would ever be able to complete the task assigned to him, but he carried me safely through sixty miles, and over a very rough forest trail, apparently without regarding that he was doing anything extraordinary, and on the fourth day I dismounted at the end of the trail, on the bank of the Assumacinta, the same stream that we had left below the rapids. Here we were met by a very large mahogany canoe manned by four natives that had been sent

some seventy miles down stream to take us up to a large mahogany forest which it was our mission to inspect. Some eight days were occupied in making this journey. The current was strong throughout, and many rapids were encountered. In fact every foot was gained only by poling the canoe along the shore. Finally we reached Buenos Ayres, the head-quarters of the mahogany cutters. Here we met a cordial welcome from Senor Antonio Aburto, the contractor, who was the major-domo of the Village. Everyone here was his retainer, dependant on him as much as any slave ever was on his master. The laws of the country compel a labourer to remain with his employer as long as he is in the latter's debt, and he is generally hopelessly situated in this respect. The proprietor of a far-away ranch or finca, as one writer says, acquires a certain proficiency in the performance of almost every kindly office from obstetrics to closing the eyes of the dead and our Senor Aburto was certainly no exception to the rule.

After meeting us with an embrace in front of his village, built of bamboo poles and thatched with palm leaves, he led us up to his cassa. Then we began to see the numerous and varied offices he filled. First calling one of his sons, he gave him an order in Spanish, unintelligible to us, but we soon saw a bullock brought up and under the direction of our host quickly despatched to furnish a feast to us, in which all the village shared. I noticed Aburto superintend the distribution of the meat to his vassals. While this was being done a man came hurriedly in who was suffering from the bite of some insect. Aburto quickly cauterized the affected part and sent him away satisfied. Sitting on a chair on the verandah as the night was fast closing in, I was politely asked to vacate my seat for a young woman who had just approached, and for a moment I wondered at this apparent deference to her, who I knew was the cook at the cassa; but Aburto appeared immediately with a pair of forceps. A man was asked to hold the woman's head, and the next moment a shriek was heard as a large tooth was extracted.

After spending a night under the hospitable roof of our host, we went next day some six miles through the forest to see the cutting and taking out of mahogany. This valuable tree grows only in valleys in the hot country, and nowhere is it found growing, like our own pine, in clumps, but is scattered here and there among other varieties of timber. It, however, is the giant tree of these woods, frequently attaining a diameter of six to eight or even ten feet on the stump. It is cut and squared in the woods and trailed to the streams by oxen. We saw one tree which squared a little more than four feet and was forty-two feet long. The product of this giant sold for $700 the next year in the Glasgow market.

We had been told in the City of Mexico that probably we would reach our destination about the close of the dry season, and this prediction proved true. Shortly after commencing our journey up the river in the canoe, we heard the first thunder one afternoon and saw gathering clouds in the distance, but no rain fell. The next afternoon this was repeated, but also without bringing the usual results. But on the third day we experienced a real tropical shower, and thereafter nearly every night brought a reptition of the same, only with increasing intensity. At first these cloudbursts (this is the only appropriate name) were rather pleasant, as they somewhat cooled the atmosphere, but later on they would burst on our poor tent with such drenching violence as to cause us not only inconvenience but real alarm, while the crash of thunder and the vividness of the lightning are rarely, if ever, witnessed in our latitude.

After making a recognisance sur-

vey of the Mahogany Zone, which we had come to examine, it was time for me to start on my return journey.

One word about our party. There were four of us who were English speaking, four Mexican canoemen and last but not least an Oriental gentleman from Canton whom we engaged at Frontera, in the double capacity of cook and interpreter. He was known by and answered to the euphonious name of Charlie Foo. We soon found out that he knew very little about cooking, less about English, and even less about Spanish than he did of either English or of the culinary art. Among us was also a Scotsman, whose accent, to say the least, was very pronounced. The latter knew a few words only, of Spanish, but was fluent in pigeon English with an Aberdonian inflection, and the conversation indulged in between the latter and the man from Canton served to beguile many a weary hour as we passed on our snail paced journey up stream under that scorching sun.

One day as we were approaching an ancient ruin, I asked the Aberdonian to convey to the canoe men, either directly or through our regular interpreter, my desire to camp for the night at the nearest point to this ruin. He chose to do so through the medium of the Oriental and began in this fashion:

"Charlie, tell the men to stop at the ruins. Savez vous?" Charlie replied, "Me savey, Mr. Buchanan," and immediately started off in a dialect probably made up of equal parts of Chinese, English and Spanish, but the only observable result was that they steered the canoe a little nearer the shore. After ten or fifteen minutes it was apparent that there was a mistake somewhere, and I asked Buchanan to try again. so rather indignantly he asked Charlie what he had told the man. Charlie replied, "All right, Mr. Buchanan, me tell him you want catchem turtle." More indignantly Buchanan broke out, "No Charlie, not turtles, ruins, *Ancient* Ruins," but the qualifying adjective did not assist Charlie in the least. Evidently the word ancient as well as ruins was not in his vocabulary. However, the Mexicans knew what he wanted and stopped where a path led to the desired spot.

It is always easy going with the stream, and what took us eight days in ascending was made on the return in a day and a half and on reaching Desempanè the next day after leaving Beunos Ayres I found very much to my delight a man there with mules awaiting me.

The Mexican has a motto which is: "To never do to-day that which can be done manyanni (to-morrow)" and he lives up to it, so I was not surprised to learn from Antonio that he was not intending to start till the next day, but to make up for the time we were losing he informed me that we would start very early and go all the way, sixty miles without stopping. I knew this was impossible and so did he, but one becomes accustomed to the wonderful things that they are always going to do "manyanni." By the way Mexico is known as the land of manyanni.

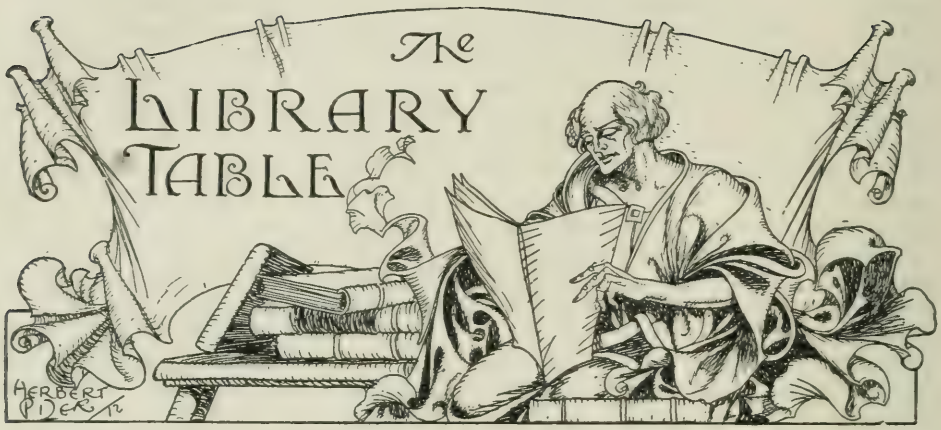
On the following morning at seven o'clock I mounted my docile charger of the mule persuasion, while Antonio rode one of the same species and led another which carried my scanty outfit. We were soon rushing over the forest trail at a speed of not less than four miles an hour. At five in the afternoon we reached an open space in the forest where we had camped the second night on our way in. Here we found a large party of natives engaged in carrying raw rubber across the portage. They were busy arranging their camp for the night, and I was rather pleased than otherwise when informed that we would do likewise, especially as there were evidences of an approaching shower. However, the first one passed by, permitting us to witness a beautiful tropical sunset.

On our arrival here, I noticed with the other party, a half-naked Indian who, I was informed, had just arrived from the Caribee Mountains, and was evidently expecting to be a guest with the Mexicans. His manner was very strange, which to me suggested insanity. As the sun was disappearing in the west, he commenced some strange incantations, apparently directed to that orb as the object of his worship, if such it could be called. The Mexicans seemed puzzled at his actions, and I was sorry that my ignorance of their language made it impossible for me to ascertain their opinion regarding him, though it seemed to me they would have been just as well pleased if he had not chosen to visit them on this occasion. As the night began to fall on the forest, I could not but reflect on the strangeness of the situation. I had been warned before leaving of the treachery of the native Mexican, that it was always wise to travel behind him on the trail, but I had learned to discredit much of such information, and besides my poverty would insure me against violence on the part of any sane person. But who could tell what a savage bereft of his reason might do? However, any such forebodings were unjustified, for once this sad-eyed son of the forest had been furnished with his evening meal he became quite rational and was soon sleeping as peacefully as any Christian beneath the spreading branches of a ciba tree.

The lowering clouds left little doubt that we would have rain before morning and my man assisted me in making some preparations against it. We constructed a light framework made of small branches over which was spread a small tarpaulin and a rubber coat. Under this I spread out my cot, and, covered with a very light blanket, lay down, feeling quite secure from the elements and without the least fear from any quarter. I was about drifting off into the land of dreams when suddenly the whole woods were for an instant as light as day; then a few moments of more than Egyptian darkness, succeeded by a terrific crash of thunder. For ten or fifteen minutes there was a succession of these exhibitions, then down came the rain in torrents such as is never seen in our latitude. For a few moments I rather enjoyed the supposed security that our improvised roof afforded me, when suddenly the whole structure collapsed, emptying several gallons of water that had collected in the folds of the covering, down on my poor bed. Antonio was on hand to sympathize with me, but assistance now was useless and all we could do was to continue to take our shower bath as complacently as possible till the clouds had rolled by. This they did in about twenty minutes, when Antonio assisted me in ringing out my clothes and blankets, when I retired to my cot again but not to sleep. I feared a dreadful cold, but the sweltering heat of the next day seemed to act as an antidote, and I was none the worse for this interesting experience.

We arrived at Tennosique at noon the following day. It was a Sunday, but very unlike the same day with us. There was a church at the corner of the plaza, the only one in the town, but I was informed that it had not been used for some years. The Government obolished the State religion years ago and took over the church property, and rural Mexico is now a country without a religion. The day was being celebrated by horse-racing on the main street, and in the evening a ball was given by the citizens in honour of the Jeffi politico (political boss of the district).

On arriving at Vera Cruz I found the steamer Monterey at the pier, and three days thereafter I took passage on her and started on what proved to be a nine-days' voyage to New York.



THE OXFORD BOOK OF CANADIAN VERSE

Chosen by Wilfred Campbell. Toronto: The Oxford University Press.

ACCORDING to this the latest anthology of Canadian verse, there have been produced in Canada so far just exactly one hundred poets. To call them versifiers might be fairer, because the title of the book makes no mention of poetry, nor does Mr. Campbell in his introduction claim for his selections that superior distinction. So that we would be misled by any inference that we have or ever have had within the length and breadth of the Dominion one hundred veritable singers. Nevertheless, the book makes a creditable showing of native verse, and we suspect that there are within the covers at least one or two selections that will go in time to swell the great volume of English literature. But while that may be true of a few poems, it is far from being applicable to the great mass of the book's contents, and notwithstanding the efforts that several anthologists already have made we can show but few poets indeed whose work would be taken up greedily by anyone seeking verse that would make a universal appeal. One thing in particular, however, can be said for this collection, and that is that it is quite thoroughly comprehensive of the writers, both early and late, who have any claim whatever on our attention, although a difference of opinion could be found easily on a consideration of the selection of examples. Here appears in consequence names that are found in no other anthology, and one might be pardoned for hoping that they never will appear again. But that condition is almost inevitable. Mr. Campbell should not be blamed for all the bad verse that is included or credited with all the good. Nor should it be supposed that the selections have the approval of the University of Oxford. But some day the history of the making of this anthology may be written. Whether it be written or not, the public would be justified in regarding the book as an honest and intelligent undertaking to present

in one collection the best verse of the Dominion. It is more complete than any other anthology of Canadian verse, being inclusive of writers who recently have come before the public, and it is also more discriminative. Examples have been sought beyond the common channels, with the result that we have in this "Oxford Book" verse that otherwise might not have found a permanent place.

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THE HISTORY OF NIAGARA

By Janet Carnahan. Toronto: William Briggs.

NIAGARA is one of the most interesting historical spots in Canada, and at least as far as Ontario is concerned, it is one of the most important. Few persons know its history as intimately as the author of this admirable volume. Miss Carnahan is secretary of the Niagara Historical Society, a position which she has filled with credit and honour for many years, and because of her position and her fine historical sense, she has been able to produce a volume of more than ordinary value. But no better idea of what the book contains could be given in a few lines than that contained in the foreword by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario:

"The local narrative is in itself of wide interest because Niagara is a kind of mother-colony, and from it have gone forth to other parts of Canada families and individuals retaining memories and traditions of the early settlement. But the book is much more than local in its theme. As the first capital of Upper Canada, where the Legislature began its sessions, as a battle-ground in the War of 1812, as a border town intimately associated with international disturbances, Niagara touches national history at many points. Miss Carnachan has left nothing unrecorded. From the rich stores of her knowledge have been drawn details of political, social, religious, educational, and commercial beginnings. We get a complete picture of life in one of our oldest and most interesting towns, and can reconstruct in the mind's eye what Canada was like more than a century ago."

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

By Wilfred Meynell. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Son.

WHILE every one who pretends to know anything at all about the best of recent English literature acknowledges the great merit of Francis Thompson as a poet, it has remained for his friend Mr. Meynell to tell us what manner of man Thompson was and what method in life he pursued. To this great task Mr. Meynell came splendidly equipped. Not only had he been a profound admirer of Thompson, a litterateur of fine taste, and a gentleman of excellent culture, but he had been as well for many years on the most intimate friendly relations with Thompson himself. His book, therefore, while not going beyond the scope of a single volume, is large and inspiring in content. It describes the circumstances under which many of the poems now well known were written. It tells about Thompson's early struggles, about his profound religious convictions, and about his supreme sacrifice of everything but the highest attainments in his art. Thompson knew that he was a great poet, and although he was one of the humblest of men, he seemed, nevertheless, to carry about with him all the time the feeling that there was reposed in him a great heritage, which was not merely a personal heritage but a national heritage. He seemed to think that his life would really only begin after what was mortal of him had passed away.

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams as that with bread;
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head
And my fruit is dreams as theirs is bread:
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap, but after the reaper,
The world shall glean of me, the sleeper.

This volume is in style and binding

the same as the definitive edition of Thompson's poems, issued by the same publishers.

ASIA AT THE DOOR

By K. K. Kawakami. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

THIS is a book that should be read carefully by all who are interested in international relations, particularly those relations that affect immigration. The author, who is himself a Japanese, has made a careful study of the problem, both in his own country and in the United States, Canada, and other countries where his own countrymen live. He is already the author of another book entitled, "American-Japanese Relations," and he has contributed an article entitled "White Canada" to *The Canadian Magazine*. While the book contains vivid descriptions of the author's personal experiences, it is as well a close study of the Oriental question as it affects the Occident, and also a plea for the fraternity of the races and for international peace based upon justice and humanity. It is written in a calm, dispassionate style, and it should add much to the literature of what has become an intensely vital question.

THE ROCKS OF VALPRE

By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: William Briggs.

TO all who like the sentimental, conventional, and withal melodramatic novel, we commend this book, but to those who enjoy good writing, good ideas, living characters, and a well thought-out plot, we should say that it would not be read with profit. The author made a pronounced impression with her first novel, "Knave of Diamonds", and almost an equal impression with "The Way of a Needle", neither of which can rank as an achievement in recent fiction, except to be among the good sellers. Nevertheless, there is in this, her latest volume, the quality of fascination that attaches to the handsome young man who has so often sacrificed his own personal interests in order that the beautiful, wayward girl of his admiration may achieve a respectable and conventional happiness with her straightforward husband.

PEACOCK PIE

By Walter De La Mare. London: John Constable.

THIS is indeed a refreshing volume of verse. To call it a book of nursery rhymes would be to do it an injustice; and yet its contents will be heard with delight in many a nursery. To use a trite expression, it is a book for old and young, as one may judge by these two selections:

TILLIE.

Old Tillie Turveycombe
Sat to sew,
Just where a patch of fern did grow;
There, as she yawned,
And yawn wide did she,
Floated some seed
Down her gull-e-t;
And look you once,
And look you twice,
Poor old Tillie
Was gone in a trice.
But, oh, when the wind
Did a-moaning come,
'Tis poor old Tillie
Sick for home;
And, oh, when a voice
In the mist doth sigh,
Old Tillie Turveycombe's
Floating by.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

There came an old soldier to my door,
Asked a crust, and asked no more;
The wars had thinned him very bare,
Fighting and marching everywhere,
With a Fol rol dol rol di do.

With nose stuck out, and cheek sunk in,
A bristling beard upon his chin—
Powder and bullets, and wounds and drums
Had come to that soldier as suchlike comes—
With a Fol rol dol rol di do.

'Twas sweet and fresh with buds of May,
Flowers springing from every spray;
And when he had supped the old soldier trolled
The song of youth that never grows old,
Called Fol rol dol rol di do.

Most of him rags, and all of him lean,
And the belt round his belly drawn tightsome in,
He lifted his peaked old grizzled head,
And these were the very same words he said—
A Fol-rol-dol-rol-di-do.

MAPLE LEAVES AND SNOWFLAKES

By Rose Ferguson. Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS dainty little book of verse is the work of a Canadian writer of fine sentiment and dignified construction. Sincerity and a profound sense of spirituality are marked characteristics. We quote this sonnet:

WE FALTER IN THE MISTS.

One winter morning, forth from my abode,
Which stood upon the summit of a hill,
I issued into sunlight, and a thrill
Of keen delight swept o'er me, for the road
Was gemmed with jewels, and the sun bestowed
Bright smiles on all the waking world until
The trees burst forth in crystals, gleaming chill,
And all the world with splendour overflowed.

Beneath, the vale lay wrapped in vapour gray,
And from the glory of a brilliant morn
My path led on through where the shadows lay,
With not a gem to brighten or adorn.

So youth's ideals past, in life's brief day,
We falter in the mists that dim the way.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Suburban's Garden Guide," by Parker Thayer Barnes. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"Things Mother Used to Make," by Lydia Maria Gurney. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

In the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge: "Problems of Village Life," by N. N. Bennett; "Common Sense in Law," by T. V. Vinobradonn; "Prehistoric Fiction," by Robert Munro; "Unemployment," by A. C. Titou; "Literature of the Old Testament," By George Moore. Toronto: William Briggs.

—One of the chief literary events of the year in Canada will undoubtedly be the publication within the next few months of John Boyd's history of the life and times of Sir George Etienne Cartier, the illustrious Canadian statesman and father of Confederation. While there have been numerous biographical sketches of Sir John A. Macdonald's eminent colleague, there has as yet been no attempt to do adequate justice to his work as a great nation-builder, especially in connection with the establishment of the Dominion, or to deal exhaustively with the important events in which he played a conspicuous part. The forthcoming history, upon the writing of which Mr. Boyd has been engaged for more than a year, will be not merely a compilation or sketch, it will be a serious contribution to Canadian historical literature, fully covering the career of one of the greatest politicians in the Confederation, whose life was contemporaneous with some of the most memorable happenings in Canadian history, such as the period of 1837, the union of the two Canadas, the struggle for responsible government, and the movement for Confederation. It is understood that a large amount of new data of great national interest and importance has been placed at Mr. Boyd's disposition, and the work, therefore, should throw new light on the men and events of one of the most memorable epochs of Canadian history. Mr. Boyd has been a frequent contributor on historical and other subjects to *The Canadian Magazine*.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

Give Him A Long Season

At a certain college in the north of England the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so and was court-martialed.

The head master, addressing him, said:

"Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offense is 50 cents, for the second $2.50, for the third $5, and so on, up to $15."

In solemn tones the tresspasser said: "How much would a season ticket cost?"—*The Argonaut.*

She Took Him

Kenneth was discussing the baseball team of which he was a member, and said to the girl:

"You know young Barker? Well, he's going to be our best man before long."

"Oh, Kenneth," she cried, "what a nice way to propose to me."

McAndrews (the Chemist, at 2 a.m.): "Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for the wife's indigestion at this time o' night when a glass of hot water does just as well—!'

Sandy (hastily): "Weel! Weel! Thanks for the advice. I'll no bother ye at all. Good nicht."—*Bystander.*

An Insult

Mariana—"Why don't you like him? He wrote a poem to you."

Mabel—"Yes—and called it 'Lines on Mabel's face.'"—*Judge.*

In The "Profession"

A widower who was married recently for the third time, and whose bride had been married once before, wrote across the bottom of an invitation to the wedding to be sent to a well-known concert artist, "Be sure and come. This is no amateur performance."

The Rooster: "Gee! there's extravagance for you—raising a family and eggs sixty cents a dozen!"—*Harper's*

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